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Vol. I. No. 32. Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper. SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1934. 321 PITT STREET, SYDNEY. Phones: M 2081 (4 lines). 40 PAGES



PRINCESS

To the world worried, there is a message of hope in the simple beauty of childhood, as portrayed in this drawing by our artist, Boothroyd, of Princess Margaret Rose, three-year-old sister of Princess Elizabeth. We can look ahead, through the solemn eyes of a lovely child, and find comfort in the future. Children are the supreme philosophers. Nothing worries them. One thing we know for sure; while there are children on earth, there will always be happiness.

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WIVES *and* TEST TOUR!

How They Feel at Being Left at Home



MRS. DON BRADMAN.
—Dayne.

They're all keen on the Game

This question of whether cricketers shall be allowed to take their wives with them when they set forth on the big trek for the Test matches in England is a very difficult one—in theory.

In actual fact, however, there are not likely to be any complications so far as the coming tour is concerned.

The Australian Women's Weekly interviewed the wives of a number of players who may be regarded as Test certainties, and did not find them lamenting their fate.

THE rule that wives must not accompany their cricketing husbands when they leave these shores for official visits abroad has only been introduced into Australian cricket within recent years.

It was not enforced owing to any undercurrent or unpleasantness on behalf of the wives who had accompanied their husbands, but rather as a method of keeping the team spirit intact.

In this, the wives themselves concur, for they are anxious, above all, that their husbands should excel on the field.

"I would not dream of going with Don to England, even if I were allowed," said Mrs. Bradman. "I thoroughly enjoyed our trip to America with the cricketers last year, and also many of the interstate tours, on which I am made to feel as welcome as the cricketers themselves."

"But, this," she added with emphasis, "is their longest and most strenuous tour, and all their interests should be with the game."

* * *

MRS. OLDFIELD, the wife of the dapper and amazingly effective wicket-keeper, expresses herself as being in complete agreement with Mrs. Bradman.

"Personally," she smiled charmingly, "I would not like it a bit. I certainly would not be happy with only half my husband's attention.

"I would much prefer to wait and let us tour together later. The cricketers go as a team and are entertained as a team, so the wives would have to be content to remain in the background."

"Bertie" and Mrs. Oldfield spent their honeymoon in England. This time—it is her husband's fifth trip with a Test team—two small daughters, Ruth and Judith, will engage their mother's attention.

* * *

STOUT - HEARTED bowler, Bill O'Reilly has only been married for a few months, and this will be his first trip with the eleven. However, Mrs. O'Reilly appreciates the spirit in which this rule has been made.

"I suppose I shall feel very lonely at first!" she said, "but I am planning to make a round of visits after Bill goes."

* * *

NEITHER Mrs. Ponsford nor Mrs. Woodfull wished to commit herself on the question of whether or not she should accompany her husband to England.

Both of them have stayed at home on two occasions when their husbands have gone to England with the team, and beyond telephone conversations across 12,000 miles have had to be content with letters, cables and Press reports, instead of a personal view of the cricketing feats of their famous husbands.

They accompany them occasionally on interstate trips and watch most of the matches in Melbourne in which their husbands take part.

Mrs. Ponsford said she would not be at all happy about going to England with the team, without the full approval of the board. As her husband has not been well, Mrs. Woodfull has taken "Bill" to Portsea with their two children for a holiday.

o o o

THOSE two redoubtable Queensland players, Oxenham and Hornibrook, are both married. It is highly uncertain at present, however, whether either will secure a place in the team.

* * *

MRS. DONNAN, wife of Harry Donnan, the well-known international cricketer, toured with the team during one of the trips to England, and later accompanied her husband while touring America.

Mrs. Gregory, her sister-in-law, and wife of Syd. Gregory, whose name is well known to cricketers both in England and Australia, accompanied her husband on several of his tours, her last visit being in 1912, when her husband was captain of the team.

This appears to be the last occasion on which a wife actually accompanied her husband. Perhaps it is not without a certain significance that there is no definite record kept at the association headquarters.

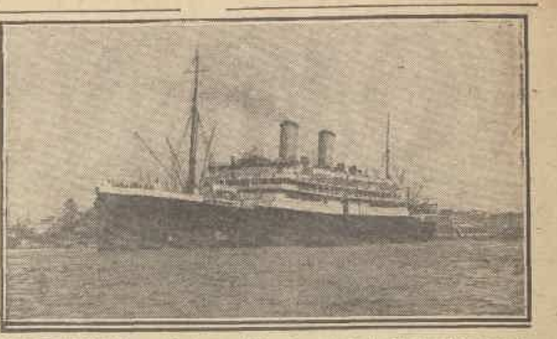
The cricketers' wives are all keenly interested in the cricket itself. They rarely miss a match played locally, and fully appreciate the finer points of the game.



MRS. W. A. OLDFIELD.
—Monte Luke.

"Would not go if I were allowed,". . . Mrs. Don Bradman.

MRS. W. M. WOODFULL.
—Broothorn.



MOST WOMEN would give anything for a trip to England in one of the luxury liners like the "Otranto," pictured above, but the cricketers' wives evidently place the game before everything else.



MR. AND MRS. O'REILLY, taken on the occasion of their wedding eight months ago.
—Pair.

MORE ABOUT *the* SINAI Codex

One Book Denies Divine Origin

By Our Clerical Observer

Widespread interest awakened by England's purchase of the "Codex Sinaiticus" gives rise to still another question:

What about the two Apocryphal Books included in the celebrated manuscript, known as the "Epistle of Barnabas" and the "Shepherd of Hermas"? Who were the writers, and what subjects do they cover?

THESE two books, which follow in the "Codex" after the canonical documents, belong to a number of more-or-less similar writings known as the New Testament Apocrypha.

Because of their doubtful authorship and their variation from the general tenor of New Testament teaching, they did not acquire the importance accorded to the better-known Old Testament Apocrypha, which hold a place of honor and are even given a subordinate use in some branches of the Christian Church.

Uncertainty attaches to the authorship of the "Shepherd"—the word being used in the sense of "pastor."

Its writer is thought by many to have been the "Hermes" mentioned by St. Paul in Romans 16.14. Origen, the most learned of the early Fathers, who flourished in the first half of the third century, was of this opinion.

Though the date is also uncertain, its general tone suggests its appearance well on in the second century.

Visions

It consists of a series of "visions," parables, and commands, and has been called the "Pilgrim's Progress" of the early Church. Its style is to a degree fantastic, as it professes to record messages received from angels.

The book shows a close acquaintance with the teaching of Christ and with other portions of the New Testament, notably the Epistle of St. James, whose author was the oldest of the brothers (some think the cousins) of Jesus. It also contains pointed allusions to the Book of Revelation, which it in some respects resembles.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE Epistle of Barnabas held, at the outset, a more important position; and in the recently purchased Sinaitic manuscript it is placed directly after the Book of Revelation. It even got the length of being read in some of the churches for some time onward. It is freely quoted by Clement, a fellow-laborer of St. Paul, and by Origen.

Christian sentiment would like to claim it as the work of the Apostle Barnabas. Even Clement and Origen so regarded it; but ruthless criticism has prevailed. Still as a product of the first Christian age it has an interest of its own.

Its subject-matter is in the style of the Epistle to the Hebrews, though it carries the spiritualising of the provisions of Old Testament religion to much greater lengths. It even denies the divine origin of many of these, including the temple and its services, giving them a wholly symbolical interpretation.

Its reading of the Genesis account of the Creation is correspondingly fanciful. It fixes the end of all things earthly and mundane at the end of 6000 years, as suggested by the six creative days, followed by the Sabbath rest.

* * *

THE early disappearance of these books from the New Testament proper—as finally ratified, on the ground of universal usage by the Church, at the Third Council of Carthage, A.D. 397—and consequently of those of less authority and importance, goes to strengthen confidence in the genuineness of the New Testament as it stands to-day.

Thrilling New SERIAL For OUR *Readers*

IN a response to a large number of readers who have asked for a thrilling serial story by an Australian writer and about Australian people, The Australian Women's Weekly has secured a new serial by the well-known writer, Jessica Urquhart.

The first instalment of our new serial, "For Love of a Lady," will appear next week.



Miss Urquhart

JESSIE URQUHART, the author, has already done a great deal of work for Australian papers. Serials, short stories, travel articles. She leaves for Europe in February to gather new material for future work.

This is her second trip abroad, and on her return, six years ago, she wrote many descriptive articles for Sydney and New Zealand papers.

IN "For Love of a Lady," the heroine, Roberta Erskine, a beautiful but obscure English girl, is on her way to Australia to claim the fortune left her by an unknown uncle, who has recently died.

While on her way from Port Said to Cairo she meets Gilbert Lane, also en route to Australia, to take up work as jackeroo on a station. From the first they become very friendly, although her severe and aristocratic chaperon is suspicious of the young man whom she regards as a mere fortune hunter.

Richard Foxley joins the train at one of the stations en route, and instantly the two men take an instinctive dislike to each other.

A day and a night is spent in Cairo, during which Richard Foxley steals into Lane's room at Shepheard's Hotel and tries to secure the younger man's wallet, hoping to discover who he actually is. All three rejoin the ship at Suez and on the voyage the most exciting things take place.

Look out for the first fine instalment next week.

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Let's Talk Of

INTERESTING PEOPLE . . .



HUNGARIAN M.P.

THE Countess Albert Apponyi, of Hungary, was, like Lady Peacock, of Victoria, nominated to a seat in Parliament left vacant by the death of her husband.

She is president of the National Council of Women in Hungary and has taken a prominent part in many movements for the advancement of her sex.

Countess Apponyi is the fourth woman M.P. in Hungary, the other three being Miss Anna Kethly (Socialist Party), Baroness Orosdy (Christian Social Party) and Mrs. Lilla Melcher (Agrarian Reform Party).



NEW BEAUTY TYPE.

WITH so many beautiful girls everywhere it is no wonder that the experts are always discovering new beauty types.

America—land of beautiful girl competitions—has found another in Miss Margaret de Young.

She is Oregon's first "All American Girl," and won the title in a beauty contest sponsored by the school's athletic association.

Unable to agree on a lone winner for the contest, the judges had to seek the assistance of an independent tribunal to make the final choice.



HOSPITAL WORKER HONORED
—Spencer Shier

MRS. LUCY HALLENSTEIN, O.B.E., of Melbourne, whose name was included in the list of New Year honors, has given outstanding service to the Alfred Hospital.

She has worked tirelessly for the past ten years as president of its auxiliary. She is also president of the hospital's boutique committee and of the St. Kilda branch committee, and can still find time for numerous other philanthropic causes.

With her brother, Mr. Fred Michaelis, who is president of the hospital, and other brothers and sisters, she provided the children's ward at the Alfred.

"THUS . . . My DAYS Have PASSED"

Mrs. Daisy Bates Tells of Grim Life In Blacks' Camp!

BELOW we publish a first article from Mrs. Daisy Bates, who has just been awarded a C.B.E. by the King for her work on behalf of the aborigines.

Mrs. Bates has lived for many years in a blacks' camp at Ooldea, on the most desolate section of the trans-Australian railway.

As a result of her life study of the blacks, she hopes to bring the Australian public to a realisation of the need for treating the blacks on lines quite different to what has been done in the past.

Her grim revelations of the actual conditions of aboriginal life, and of their present-day cannibalism, are startling.

By Daisy M. Bates, C.B.E.



MRS. DAISY BATES

A LOVELY summer day. I went over to the camp with porridge, potatoes, bread flour, tea, and sugar, and found that Moonyin had a little new baby, born at daylight, and so very fair that I feared at first it was half-caste.

But I remembered her man Mooja's fair skin, for there are, and always have been, two types of natives, a fairer and darker type, and Mooja is of the fairer type.

Ang-gaji, Moonyin's mother, was busy rubbing the wee baby with charcoal and ashes, and the little group of three being in strict seclusion at this time, the two women were able to eat every portion of the food given.

After promising Moonyin a new frock for herself and the baby, I went to the women's fire where old Jin'nawill, Nyee'-dura, Ngain'gana, and others were waiting expectantly and gossiping and scandalmongering to their hearts' content.

All had a little water, obtained from the kindly fettlers at Ooldea Siding.

Damper making starts at once, the fire having been started as soon as they saw "Kabbarli" ("Grandmother," their term of address for me) emerging from her breakwind.

Then food is given to the older men, to Ang-gaji's big son who is a cripple, to lame young Marburning, and his little brother, and to Djurain and his little mates.

Djurain's father was killed and eaten when that group trekked down to my camp in 1929, and there is no mother for the boy in the group, so he is thrown on his own resources.

I give him a good helping, as he will be expected to share his portion, not only with his little mates, but with some of the men who may occasionally give him a rabbit-leg or head.

* * *

EVERY native wandering along the East-West Line and round the edge of the Nullabor Plain has come down from the great aboriginal reserve of Central and West Australia.

They begin their trek sometimes in large mobs, but these disintegrate quickly, and henceforward all along the way the little mobs stalk each other and kill and eat, annexing the women and children.

The largest mob that has come to my Ooldea camp since 1920 had only about half a dozen men in a group of over thirty, including women and children, the rest having been eaten.

Fighting over the women of the killed and eaten men continues until Ooldea is reached.

Therefore when a new mob comes to my camp, I explain the white man's laws as to killing, with the first meal I give them, and there has been no case of adult eating in any of the camps among these Central and Border groups.

* * *

BEING Justice of the Peace for South and West Australia, I have formulated my own code of laws to meet certain conditions, "Coventry" being my chief punishment.

I have had three cases of infant cannibalism.

All these things and happenings call for special alertness always.

Minor quarrels among the men can be settled by themselves in a duel of one spear throw in the thigh, and many of these duels I have superintended, the last being one between two brothers.

In'ya-ooji had for his wife a woman who was his mother's sister, and was therefore his group "mother," and Dhaa-guli, his brother, wanted the woman, who refused to go to him.

He threw his spear into the bough hut sheltering the woman and her sister, both women "mothers" to both men.

The spear struck In'ya-ooji's own mother, going through her cheek. Wong-gur was brought to my camp, where she died six weeks later. The duel was fought beside the dying woman's shelter, and resulted in Dhaa-guli being slightly wounded in the thigh. Honor was satisfied, and Dhaa-guli came and sat by his mother's side and was waited on by Jinnunga, his other "mother," and his brother's "wife."



ABO CHILDREN of the interior. Mrs. Bates says she has to be constantly on the alert to prevent children being done away with.

AND thus my days have passed. Each day brought its work with it, and rarely were two days alike.

There is no hope for such promiscuous hordes as those wandering along the Plains edge, or for those who are still wandering over their emptying country and waters.

There have never been chiefs or "kings" among them. On their way into civilisation such as the fringes of white settlement present to them they are not only among strange white people, but they also are in strange native country, and as soon as they enter into areas beyond their own wide Central boundaries, they are possessed by fear of the dead natives of those strange areas, and this fear is with them until death.

They are also both ignorant and afraid of the vegetable products of the "strange" countries they enter, and we have to eat those foods before them, and show them how and where to obtain them, before they overcome their objection. We have our term "foreign" for countries other than our own.

The natives call Ooldea and other foreign countries and their occupants Ngadh'ari—meaning "strange," "foreign," etc., and those areas such as Ooldea, whose owners are all dead, are called wee'dula murn'da—"orphaned" country.

These are some of the apparently insignificant things which have been responsible for their steady decline and the absolute extinction of groups in areas far beyond white settlement.

And so it is the day's work, of example, of service, of patience, and, above all, of cheerfulness under all conditions to these irresponsible children of the Stone Age.

WHY NOT a TURTLE as a *Boudoir* PET?

From DOROTHY DUNCKLEY, our Special Representative in Hollywood.

TWO latest boudoir pets here are quaint little wire-haired dogs, standing about a foot high and real tiny turtles—usually in pairs.

A wreath of blue forget-me-nots or baby pink roses is enamelled on each tough little turtle back, and they live in a goldfish bowl where they play about in a few spoonfuls of water and disport themselves on a microscopic beach of white pebbles and pearly shells.

To protect the hands of housewives, typists, shopgirls, maids—for everyone here indulges in expensive manicures—there is a new filmy cream on the market which makes an invisible covering and protection, and is easily removed with ordinary soap and water.

Periodically the large stores have what they call a "Hostess Week," every afternoon of which has its own programme, carried out by a cultured, charming, specially-appointed woman. One day there is a cooking demonstration, the next a lecture on informal entertaining. Another time the hostess just chats to customers about various problems of housekeeping, laundry, etiquette, formal table setting, etc.

NEW jewellery fashions include tiaras, dog-collars, brooches, lockets, all the antiquated clumsy stuff we hastily disposed of when old gold brought such a good price. However, the modern "antiques" are only gold-plated, feathery light affairs.

The old-time pendant necklace or locket is being worn on frocks with a high neckline, the fine chain goes around the neck above the collar, and the pendant drops below. Dog-collars are of beads fastened in front with a large rhinestone, or any fancy clasp or large old brooch in front.

A novelty necklace for decollete wear is the two-row pearl necklace worn down the back and clipped to each shoulder, leaving the front of the neck unadorned.

Pearls are definitely back, real, unreal, any old sort, and are even worn with semi-sports wear.

A clever trick is to have bracelets that are a part of one's sleeve or glove; in the case of gloves they are made of two or three rows of large beads, usually wood or metal, and caught to the glove. On sleeves they may be made of three rows of braid matching the dress color and finished off with three large beads of a contrasting shade.



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SLACKS, SHORTS, DRINKS CIGARETTES!

These Mannish Habits... Are We Adopting Them?

Women everywhere are arousing comment by wearing slacks and shorts, for parading stockingless legs, for excessive smoking, and, latest of all, for drinking the plebeian beverage—beer!

To what extent is Australia incriminated in all these charges that are laid at the door of our womenfolk?

ON Sunday last it all at once came on to rain.

Quite as a matter of fact, a pillion rider, apparently fully clothed, stopped her boy friend's bike in the middle of Hornsby, took off all her clothes until she came to a bathing costume, parked the clothes under cover, and hopped back to her seat to continue the journey.

Quite a lot of people were watching, but nobody seemed to care, for Sydney is rapidly becoming "Continental"—meaning freer and more mannish in its ways and dress.

On the same day the innovation of shorts for tennis was given its seal at a party at the home of the City Health Officer, Dr. Purdy.

Manly, with its promenade and beach packed with girls sporting the new smart suntan powder and brilliant red lips, was very Lidoish.

The bush was full of short-clad hikers.

* * *

SLACKS, which have been worn in Parliament House, Canberra, have not yet been worn to the races, and are not general (at least, among people we know) in Pitt St. But on Bellevue Hill we have met Mrs. Arnold Robertson in them, and Dr. Marie Bentivoglio, President of the Women Graduates' Association, goes visiting round about her Coogee home in red ones.

At the seaside the rule seems to be "slacks for round the house, and shorts for the beach" for those of taste.

Even then the new slacks are well tailored, with very wide legs, not the common variety.

For yachting in earnest shorts are practically universal, but white slacks and jumper, with royal blue jacket, perhaps, adorn Elizabeth Robinson and some others.

Alix Lamb has started a fashion of jumping out of a beautiful car in white shorts to do her housekeeping.

* * *

BARE legs have been with us for some years. They go into picture theatres and round suburban streets in droves.

They have even been worn to Government House balls, though the girl's toilet included the conventional long gloves, and one of the Dibbs' girls arrived at a Government House tennis party in tweed coat and skirt, but no stockings.

A sun-back dress, also a common fashion this year in the city streets, was worn at Government House recently for tennis by Joyce Finlayson. Mrs. Jack Crawford, at the White City, combines bare legs and a backless frock, and Betty Ross-Gore, at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, plays "squash" in shorts.

Ask the chemist about bare legs. One not only manicures one's hands to-day, but buys a specially-prepared pumice composition and scrapes the hairs from one's limbs.

* * *

ONE must admit, however, that on Sydney beaches bathing costumes may be backless and have chunks out of their sides or middles, but they aren't the handkerchief-over-the-chest and little shorts of fashionable Melbourne and the Continent yet.

Nor do we here, as at Torquay and elsewhere, roll our bathers down to our waist to sunbake, even though we do fall out of them in the excitement of a dumper.

When one is not sunbaking on a cruise it is not usual to wear shorts, but slacks or beach pyjamas (though the exclusive minority passes by slacks for frocks still).

It has even been necessary to tell passengers that they must be careful about their frocking on disembarkment at the islands, natives being recently so horrified at seeing a young woman in shorts as if she had been in a nightgown. They knew nothing about being "Continental" in their out-of-the-world home, merely becoming intensely disillusioned about the white man's "prestige" in having such womenfolk.

Smoking has for so long ceased to be man's prerogative that it is unnecessary to mention it.

Beer Drinkers

A FEW years ago the more conventionally inclined were upset at seeing young men and girls popping into the big city hotel lounges for cocktails. Now it is as likely as not to be beer.

The Pickwick Club gave a "beer and pretzels" party, following overseas custom, recently, and intends to have another soon, such was its popularity.

At dances nowadays the familiar wine bottle is being largely replaced by the beer bottle.

Girls have not yet encroached on man's little home circle at the bar yet—that is their world, and they resist invasion—but that may come. You can't keep a good girl down.

* * *

EVEN settling down and having babies does not stop our modern energy.

Bee Meares, of Coolah, has had two pairs of twins. Where mother would probably have asked for smelling salts, then resigned herself to endless weighing of foods and sewing hems, this modern matron is making quite a name for herself in tennis at the White City, leaving the twins with father.

In Other States

WHEN Sheila Miller was brought before a Melbourne Court for the wearing of unconventional garb in public, and the case was dismissed, it looked as if Melbourne was in the vanguard of advanced feminine fashions.

But a survey of Melbourne women in the mass rather suggests a clinging to femininity in dress.

Those who do affect masculine garb on occasion, do so with certain modifications.

Brisbane has had quite a lot to say about the increase of uncovered female legs in its midst. But comfort is likely to outweigh convention in the Northern State. Even the sheerest silk stockings are an extra burden there in the sweltering summer heat.

Brisbane picture theatres as well as being "all talking" are also "all smoking," for any night, in any show, one will find as many women as men lighting a cigarette and leaning back to enjoy it while the cinema is being operated.

* * *

BUT it is said, however, that Melbourne leads the way in the matter of sunbaking attire.

Frankston, Portsea, and Macedon upheld this reputation. There has been quite a lot of "bareing" on the beaches this year, as the photo on our pictorial page shows.



MISS JOAN LONG INNES, of the well-known Sydney legal family, playing squash racquets at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.
—Women's Weekly photo.



MISS JOYCE HAY, Brisbane, demonstrates the charms of shorts.
—Harold Simonds Studio.



MISS ZENA ANDERSON, daughter of J. O. Anderson, the ex-international tennis player, and Miss Suzanne Crookston, daughter of Doctor Crookston, who represented Camden during the country matches at Rushcutters' Bay.
—Women's Weekly photo.



AT RIGHT: Miss Sheila Miller was haled before a police court in Melbourne last week for wearing this attire, but the case was dismissed.
—Melbourne "Star" photo.

DOROTHY JORDAN tells you a secret



"I've used Lux Toilet Soap for a good many years and from the very beginning I noticed the improvement in my complexion. This nice soap keeps my skin beautifully soft and makes it really younger."

Dorothy Jordan
R.K.O. RADIO

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MORE *Big Bridge Matches* PLANNED

More important bridge matches are proposed, following the recent interstate matches between New South Wales and Victoria. Future plans include a suggestion that a Queensland team might visit Sydney.

DR. F. V. McADAM'S team of four bridge players, which recently defeated the Victorian representative team, is to be tried out against a representative team selected by the N.S.W. Bridge Association.

The matter was discussed at a meeting of the Bridge Association this week. A letter from David Jones Ltd. stated that much public enthusiasm had been aroused by the recent interstate matches against Victoria, and it was considered that a further match between Dr. McAdam's team and the "rest" would prove of outstanding interest.

David Jones Ltd. offered to donate a trophy to the Bridge Association, to be called the David Jones Challenge Cup, to be competed for on conditions determined by the Association, the only stipulation being that the first match for the cup should be between the team which defeated Victoria and a team selected by the Association.

Dr. McAdam's team is to be considered as defender of the cup, and the Association team as challenger. The date suggested for the beginning of the match was January 22, the match to comprise five sessions of 30 hands each.

The Association decided to accept the trophy on the terms offered with regard to the first match, leaving details of further contests for the cup to be fixed at a conference between the Association and the firm of donors.

During the week Dr. McAdam received a telegram from Mr. Frank Cayley, the well-known Australian Women's Weekly bridge writer, who is now in Brisbane, stating that Mr. Cayley was endeavoring to arrange for a Queensland team to visit Sydney for interstate matches.

The committee of the Melbourne Centenary Celebrations has decided to include an all-Australian bridge tournament in its programme for the festival week, and efforts are being made to secure representative teams from all the States of the Commonwealth for the contest, which will be held in the Southern capital during Centenary week.

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The DUKE'S EMERALD

How a girl's ready wit and quick shooting frustrated a clever plot!

Another... Tiger Dawn Story





Illustrated by WEP

By SELWYN JEPSON

THE wind that night flung the heavy rain against the library windows, a north-easterly gale to be remembered even in Eastblyth, where high winds came often. The North Sea thundered against the stone buttresses of the small harbor, and the white froth of its fury glimmered through the trees. The girl stood close to the eastern window, and watched, waiting for the messenger who would bring the Duke's emerald.

Because she was young, and because she was John Dawn's daughter, she waited with impatient eagerness. He was dead, that spirited, adventurous father who had named her "Tiger," and she was lonely without him in the great house which had cradled the Dawns since the dark days of the first James. On such a night, with mystery in the air on account of this emerald, she was conscious of her heritage, and her loss.

She held apart the tapestry curtains, and could just distinguish through the rain-sluiced panes the red light on the harbor wall, a crimson blur on the streaming darkness. "The Black Crow" would reach sanctuary by that guiding point of radiance, and it irked her that she could not be out there to greet the yacht's arrival. The salt sting of the gale must not touch her face; she must stay quietly and sedately under the sheltering roof of "Blyth House"—and wait.

As she returned to the log fire, she frowned at the silver dish of pate-de-foie-gras sandwiches and the bottle of hock which stood on a side table.

IT was an unsatisfactory business, this matter of the Duke's emerald. She could not remember the day "The Black Crow" had sailed without her, and to have relinquished the captaincy on this Dutch trip had been a difficult thing. It was not that George English was either untrustworthy or inefficient—he had been John Dawn's chief mate for twenty years—but she had never found inactivity a comfortable state.

It was all very well for Carfew Northcote to dash up to Eastblyth in his Rolls, fire a lot of queer instructions at her, and then escape back to St. John's Wood, to his collections of jade and porcelain. Admittedly he was her godfather, truly he was a multi-millionaire, and assuredly he was the most tireless and unscrupulous collector of antiques who had ever quarrelled with his fellow experts; but none of these seemed adequate reasons for expecting her to sit twiddling her thumbs whilst an adventure, perhaps a great adventure, hurried mysteriously over her head.

Even the weather conspired to make it more thrilling for those who were actively concerned in it, for George English, for the crew, and for this messenger whom she was to receive from Holland, this unnamed person who was to bring the Duke's emerald.

That was to be the extent and limit of her role, to be the hostess in her ancestral home, and to impress the messenger with her social position as Northcote's respectable godchild, and hand him sandwiches and hock when he arrived.

It seemed so stupid.

TO her demand that she should be allowed to fetch him herself from Holland, from the point off the Terschelling coast where he was to be picked up from a fishing-boat, Carfew Northcote had raised immediate and pronounced objection. He had shaken his bald head furiously and glared at her through his gold-rimmed spectacles, a dynamic, spluttering little man.

"Wouldn't do at all!" he had cried. "What 'ud he think of you, eh? Prowling the deck of that black, wicked-looking craft, your hair on end in the wind, with frightful and unladylike oaths coming from those red lips every other minute! There's too much of John in you, Tiger, when there's a deck under those elegant feet. It I'm right, this man will be one of the Duke's own people — an aristocrat. Temporarily disowned by the Duke, mind you—because I gather that if the Duke was caught selling the emerald, some kind of lid would blow off. His messenger will be the sort of man who is going to feel relieved when he gets safely into a house like this, with a girl like you in it—a high-born Englishwoman."

"Fatuous nonsense!" Tiger had remarked. "Your'e a snob, Little Man."

"Maybe, maybe. But I am also a judge of my fellow-men. I've seen a lot of 'em. And I've met blue-blooded Dutchmen. By the Beetle! they're so blue-blooded they won't look at anybody unless the fellah's family tree is growing out of him!

No, Tiger, you're going to stick here, and welcome him on my behalf, when he comes. As my godchild. He'll know he's dealing with the right people when he sees you, and that's going to make a lot of difference to his attitude when I begin to do business with him."

"You must want the emerald pretty badly—to take all these precautions."

His wrinkled face had become intent, his voice grim.

"I'm going to get that emerald, if I die getting it. I saw it once, years ago. It's one of the most magnificent stones man ever dug out of the ground. It's superb! Thank God, I've had this chance at it! To be able to arrange all the details for its secret transport to this country means that I am to have the first option to purchase it. I know what it's worth—fifty thousand, Tiger, fifty thousand! And I'm prepared to pay that for it. It's a very beautiful thing. . . ."

She could hear his excited voice again; it had caused her to withdraw her opposition, to hush her own preferences. He had been like the child who sees in a shop-window a toy which assumes such an importance in his desire that nothing matters in the world save that he must acquire it; the person who prevented him would hurt his very heart.

Fifty thousand pounds! It must be an emerald above all other emeralds.

THE house trembled to the blows of the shouting wind, and the flames of the fire roared gustily in the great chimney, reflecting a dancing light on the black oak panelling and serried ranks of books. The six duelling rapiers on the farthest wall—they had belonged to a famous if somewhat over-gallant ancestor—shimmered redly, as with blood.

It crossed her mind, in that impatient, idle moment, and as Monsieur Fourre's pupil (he had been the greatest swordsman in France before they exiled him into John Dawn's service) to discover which of those six rapiers would have best suited her wrist had she lived in those unregenerate days. She went to them and took them one by one from their resting-places, to swing and balance them in turn, making quick feints and lunges.

For a few moments he was conscious of nothing save the sharpness of the pain, and when he looked up again it was to see Tiger Dawn standing over him.

In the racket of wind, and because she was momentarily absorbed, she did not hear the door open, and Jeames' voice startled her.

"Mynheer van Duytens!"

She wheeled quickly, to face a thin-featured man who paused irresolutely on the threshold at the sight of the sword in her hand. He saw dark, ravishing beauty . . . and a strong, lithe young body poised behind a shining blade; poised to thrust and kill.

His hand dropped to his side-pocket. Tiger did not mistake the significance of that gesture. She lowered the rapier and said quickly:

"I beg your pardon. I have been waiting for you. But I did not hear the yacht's siren——"

"It was sounded at the harbor mouth, but in this wind. . . ." He shrugged his shoulders.

Oddly, he had a slight American accent, and his jaw was long and thin.

"In this wind, of course," she said, and measured him with a glance which impressed him more even than had the sword. He eyed her warily, and Tiger was conscious that she was failing in the role for which Carfew Northcote had cast her. "I was feeling the weight of this rapier," she explained.

Mynheer van Duytens inclined his lean head to indicate his complete understanding, and seated himself at her invitation before the fire. While she crossed the room and returned the sword to its place, he watched her covertly, noticing her slenderness and the fine quality of her bare arms and shoulders.

"For a moment," he confessed apologetically, "I feared that I had walked into trouble. So far the affair had gone smoothly; so smoothly that I was perhaps suspicious of my luck. The meeting with your yacht at Terschelling took place to the minute, the voyage was not interrupted by the storm, and the danger I half expected had not appeared."

"There is danger, then?" she asked quickly, with a sudden brightening of spirit.

For an answer he thrust his hand into his breast-pocket and brought forth a small velvet-covered case, of which he pressed the spring.

TIGER'S dark eyes widened as she gazed at the jewel which the Duke desired to sell. It held within its living heart a more perfect color than she had ever conceived, even she, who had known the sea in all its moods. The emerald lay in its nest of white satin, and blazed up at her, a great loveliness contained in a square inch of igneous crystal.

She drew her breath.

"There would be danger, always," she said.

"Yes, and the mere fact that it is being moved from one place to another, from one country to another country, and from one owner to a new one, is sufficient to bring that danger closer, to invite it from its dark lair." Mynheer van Duytens snapped the case, and returned it to his pocket.

Tiger was silent for a moment, still awed by the beauty he had revealed to her.

"The next step," she said, "is to bring you and my godfather together without letting too many people know about it. In case you were followed from Holland, he thought it better not to meet you here until we had made quite sure your presence in this house was not suspected. All this was assuming that there were people waiting for—an opportunity——"

"There are such people," said Mynheer van Duytens simply. "Jewel thieves of the type called 'international,' who see in this movement of the emerald a remarkable chance; for, you understand, it is an unofficial movement. The Duke could not call upon the police of the world to recover the stone in the event of its theft without making public the fact of its intended sale. And that would be a most disastrous scandal. The need for money in this case is not a personal, but a political need, a secret I cannot divulge."

He spread his lean hands apologetically. "Let it rest thus; there is danger, constant danger as long as this jewel is not in a place of considerable safety and its whereabouts hidden from those who would possess it illegitimately."

"The sooner it is sold, in fact, and out of your hands, the better pleased you will be."

"I cannot deny it."

"My godfather can be here by breakfast-time," she said, "if I telephone to him now."

Mynheer van Duytens took a deep breath.

"I would be very grateful," he murmured.

It was in a contradictory mood of triumph and dissatisfaction that Tiger indicated the sandwiches and wine, and went downstairs to the telephone. She was glad for Carfew Northcote's sake that the Duke's messenger was so ready to begin negotiations, and sorry for her own that the adventure showed such early signs of petering out, before, indeed, it had reached her.

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The DUKE'S EMERALD

Continued from Page 5.

She got through to London in four minutes, for it was past one o'clock, and spoke to the millionaire.

He received her news with jubilation.

"It will be safe to come up at once? He is quite easy in his mind?" he demanded.

"Easier than he was when he started, I gather. And I could have fetched him from Terschelling myself without upsetting him at all. There's nothing of the blue-blooded aristocrat about him. He's just a well-educated American."

"Nonsense! He is the Duke's cousin. You haven't lived long enough, Tiger."

"You didn't tell me the other day that the Duke was going to send his cousin."

"I didn't know then, but there was a letter from the Duke in the post to-night. He is afraid things may not go smoothly, and warns me to be careful. He mentions that he has entrusted the mission to his cousin, van Duytens."

"All right," said Tiger; "see you in the morning. Don't come to the house. We'll meet you at Beecher's Mill at nine. You can talk business there while I watch the countryside. I'll be the perfect girl-guide. . . ."

So that hatchet-faced man upstairs was the Duke's cousin? Dukes, of course, varied, and their cousins with them; and she had never seen this particular Duke. He might have an American cousin called van Duytens; the Dutch had been emigrating to the States more or less continuously for years and years.

She surveyed with swift but impartial judgment a suspicion which entered her mind, weighing its value. How long could the fact that the man upstairs looked and talked like an American stand against: firstly, his name, which coincided with the name the Duke had written to the Little Man; secondly, his acquaintance with the details of his mission; and thirdly, his possession of the emerald? It could not stand long, and remain reasonable.

She did not, however, return immediately to the library, but paused to interview George English, who was drinking hot rum in the kitchen with three other men from the yacht. It had been a thick night for them. They stood up when she entered, and she bade them remain seated.

"Everything went all right, English?"

"O.K., miss."

"Fishing-boat where you expected to find it?"

"To the dot. Gen'l'man came aboard comfortable enough. No sea runnin', to speak of. We sent a boat for him."

"They were flying the proper signals?"

"Yes, miss; a hoist o' three red pennants, two white, two red agin, as expected."

"Right. Thank you, English. Good night."

She sighed on her way upstairs; it was almost disappointing to have one's suspicions so completely allayed. She found Mynheer van Duytens eating the pate-de-foie-gras sandwiches with a good appetite, and informed him that Carfew Northcote would reach Eastblyth within a few hours. She explained the precaution of meeting him at Beecher's Mill.

He signified his satisfaction with all the dignity one could desire in the cousin of a duke, and it was scarcely marred by his vague American accent.

She showed him to his room, demonstrated the secret of the double lock in its door, and bade him good-night.

BEECHER'S MILL, now a derelict and deserted ruin of a place, stood in splendid isolation on the top of a small hill a mile and a half outside Eastblyth village at a point where the moorland became pasturage.

Tiger could not have chosen a more suitable spot for the meeting of Carfew Northcote and Mynheer van Duytens. Below the hill the whole countryside lay visible, and from the edge of the heathland to the London road, five miles to the west, nothing could move and remain unseen.

She walked with Mynheer van Duytens to Beecher's Mill, and he professed himself satisfied with the strategical virtue of the rendezvous. His lean face seemed more hatchet-like than ever this morning, and his eyes more watchful. He carried out a careful exploration of the ruined buildings, and stared upwards at the ancient tower, from which one dilapidated sail still hung precariously.

The sun shone warmly after the night of rain, and the earth, spongy with moisture, sent forth a smell of hot-houses. The world, as far as the eye could see, seemed empty and still, save for the slow drift of smoke from a cottage chimney on the outskirts of the village. Some of the wariness left Mynheer van Duytens, and he looked at his wrist-watch.

"Five minutes of nine," he said in a steady voice.

Tiger nodded. In her mood this morning she seemed to have lost something of her alertness, as though the adventure had lost its interest for her. Mynheer van Duytens observed her abstraction, but did not comment on it.

"Mr. Northcote will be punctual?" he asked.

"Yes; he has a passion for arriving at the exact minute. There is his car."

She pointed to the narrow, winding cart-track—it was little better—by which the mill had kept in touch in the old days with the larger world. A car was coming slowly down it.

"Drives himself?" inquired Mynheer van Duytens casually.

"On an occasion like this he would." Van Duytens nodded with approval.

He gazed once more round the wide view, and found it satisfactorily quiet.

"I'll introduce you to him," Tiger said, "and then fade away."

"You will return to the house?"

"Oh, no; I shall stay and keep an eye on this bit of Suffolk while you—er—discuss things."

Her eyes caught the slight bulge in his breast-pocket made by the jewel-case. She imagined the blaze of green fire lying in the darkness.

The car stopped at the foot of the hill, and Carfew Northcote came rather breathlessly up the path. His keen brown eyes were alight with excitement.

"Got it with you?" he demanded, grasping Mynheer van Duytens' hand, and shaking it warmly. "Got it with you, hey?"

"Good morning, godfather," said Tiger in that tone of voice she judged becoming. "I'll leave you two men to yourselves. I shan't be far away if you want me."

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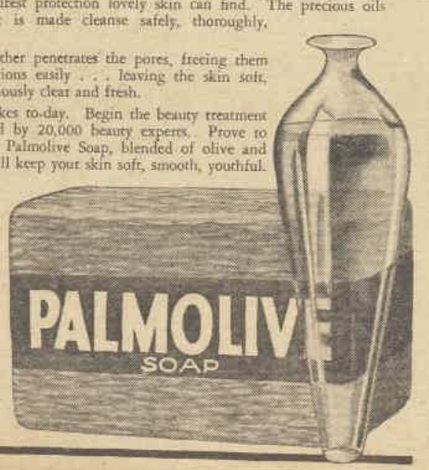
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HE: Well, I think we've done rather well—theatre, supper, and four night clubs!
SHE: My dear boy, don't say that you know of no more?

HOFF Holbrook says: My Worcestershire fiance is the perfection of flavour. Aye, it is the world's greatest appetiser.★★★

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY F.W.L. ESCH

ST. GEORGE WAS A ROMAN *Soldier*



ST. GEORGE, The Roman. One of the many illustrations in Appleton's book.

The story of St. George and the Dragon is familiar to everyone. Yet few people know whether there was such a person as this patron saint of England.

AN interesting version is to be found in E. R. Appleton's book, "An Outline of Religion for Children."

George was a handsome young officer in the Army of Diocletian (Roman Emperor). Although secretly a Christian, he had taken up this career and had attracted the Emperor's notice, being a man marked out for a brilliant future. He even sat at the Imperial table, and one day in the year 303, when Diocletian said that he had issued an edict ordering an attack on Christians, George stood up and revealed himself as one of this "sect."

Diocletian allowed him to leave the palace unmolested, hoping that he would escape the persecution, but George remained in Rome and was one of the first to be killed.

The martyr was venerated for centuries all over the East as a heroic saint, and the Crusaders later adopted him as their patron. In this way he became the patron saint of England.

Important Book

"AN Outline of Religion For Children" is a new book of major importance. The author presents a history of religion in a popular form which should appeal to young and old.

"Perhaps you will say," he writes in the preface, "that you don't enjoy reading religious books, but then I shall suspect that you have a silly idea of what religion means. I cannot help thinking that you would like to know how to use the greatest power in the world, a power which can be yours, and that you would like to enjoy the greatest adventures that life can offer."

Mr. Appleton strikes the right note with this beginning.

Too many people look upon religion as something you have got to do when really it is something you have to use for your own benefit and the benefit of others.

The book is in five parts. First comes "The Egg of Creation," dealing with religion until the incarnation. Part two deals with the Life of Christ. Then there is "A Rushing of Mighty Wind," which concerns the period from Pentecost to the Reformation. Part four is called "The Fountain of Life," and it covers religion up to the Great War. In the last part, "Man Made in the Image of God," the author deals with the modernisation of religious belief.

This book should be in every modern home. "An Outline of Religion for Children." Appleton. (Hodder and Stoughton. 9/6).

Now *He* Waits At the Door

This delightful little fable, which might have come from the pen of Anatole France, is taken from the chapter, "Folk Tale and Legend," in Violet Mason's wholly charming book about Poland, "The Land of the Rainbow."

The Wolf Legend

IN the beginning God gave all the animals their food. The Wolf came to him and said, "What shall I eat?"

God said, "You may eat bread."

Wolf said, "Where shall I find it?"

God said, "You will have to grow it. First you must plough the land."

"And then do I eat?"—"No, you must sow the grain."

"Then do I eat?"—"No, the grain will shoot and grow."

"Then can I eat?"—"No, when the corn is ripe, you must reap it."

"And now I can eat?"—"No, you must thresh the corn."

"And now eat?"—"No, you must take it to the mill and grind it."

"And now I can eat?"—"No, you must make the bread and bake it, and then you can eat."

"Oh, that is much too slow. Give me something else."

"All right, you may eat meat."—"Where shall I find it?"

"See, over there is a mare with her foal. You may eat the foal."

The Wolf ran off to the Mare and said, "God says I may eat your foal."

* * *

THE Mare said, "All right, take him by the tail and try." So the Wolf took the foal by the tail. The Foal kicked the Wolf very hard in the mouth. The Wolf let go and went back to God. "I don't like the Foal you gave me to eat. Give me something else."

God said, "Look! There is a Ram on that hill. You may eat him."

The Wolf went to the Ram and said, "God says I may eat you."

"All right," said the Ram, "only, please don't eat me in little bits. Eat me whole."

"All right, but how shall I do it?"

The Ram said, "Listen! You stand over there, against that wall. Open your mouth wide and I will jump down your throat."

So the Wolf stood with his mouth wide open. The Ram went back, lowered his head, took a good run, and butted the Wolf as hard as ever he could, straight in the mouth. The Wolf was knocked head over heels, and the Ram went away. The Wolf picked himself up, feeling rather giddy. He looked round and could not see the Ram anywhere. Then he said, "Did I eat him? or didn't I? I think I did."

* * *

THE book is beautifully illustrated with etchings by Zofia Stanklewies, and line drawings by the author and Princess Laura Saphieha. It is one of the most interesting travel books that has been published in recent years. "The Land of the Rainbow," Violet Mason. (Hodder and Stoughton. 10/6.)

SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"S.S. Murder." Q. Patrick. An intriguing atmosphere forms the basis of this new novel, which consists mainly of mysterious murders. Most of the action takes place on a liner bound for South America. The problem is for the reader to identify the murderer, who works in disguise among the persons who are possibly involved. (Cassel. 7/6).

"A Dinner of Herbs." Mona Messer. In her early twenties, Verity Fane marries Robert Tressilian, a lawyer of thirty-five. He is later called to the front, and, during his absence Verity develops in intellect and capability. When peace is declared and he returns home, she refuses to take up the status of a domestic wife. Many complications set in because of her independence. (Stanley Paul. 7/6).

"Wonder Malady." Francis Watson. The plot in this novel is exceedingly weak, but the author retains the reader's interest by descriptive passages and interesting dialogue. The scenes are variously laid in Continental trains and cafes. The four principal characters in this book are two young ladies, a young hero, and an engaging old parson. (Lovat Dickson. 7/6).

"Oversea." Peter Brook. The tale commences with a shady financier and apparent murderer seeking refuge on board the liner "Altura," bound for America. He suddenly disappears, and suspicion falls upon his mistress who has a large and handsome cheque in her bag. Her guilt is never properly faced; the solution given is entirely sentimental. (Mallison. 7/6)

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The HEIRESS

By FRANK SWINNERTON

Aunt Gertrude was convinced that an idle young man must be an unhappy man ...so she took nephew Bill in hand... with surprising results.

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES



"BILL," said Aunt Gertrude, sharply; "it's time you did something."

Bill, rather startled, looked up from his sausages and bacon as if he had bitten on a bone.

"My dear Auntie!" he murmured. "How explosive you are!"

"An idle man" proceeded Aunt Gertrude, "is an unhappy man.'

She did her best to look stern as she said this, by frowning and compressing her lips into a thin line. But nothing could make Aunt Gertrude look really stern. She had such white hair, and such a kind, placid face that sternness was outside her range. Even the far-roaming stranger cats that came into the garden knew that when Aunt Gertrude said "Shoo! Be off!" they had only to advance towards her, arching their backs and waving their tails, to obtain saucers of milk and scraps of meat. So Bill was not in the least impressed by Aunt Gertrude's sternness.

"As far as I am concerned," he observed at once, "I don't believe it. What you said about idleness. I'm not unhappy. Far from it."

"Then you ought to be!" declared Aunt Gertrude.

"I've tried to work. I've given my valuable time to several unappreciative employers. I have revolutionised their businesses; and at the last moment their nerve has failed."

"Quite natural," said Aunt Gertrude. "But very unfair."

"I've offered to manage your own financial arrangements, Auntie."

"My dear Bill, I really wouldn't dream——"

"You see," interrupted Bill, sadly, "you don't trust me."

"I wouldn't dream of troubling you."

There was silence. Bill's eye returned to his sausages and bacon. He started with delight at finding them still there, unspoilt by this disagreeable topic, and was resuming his breakfast when Aunt Gertrude began again. Groaning, Bill looked at her disconsolately. He was a very tall young man with a long brown face and droll brown eyes. His hair was brushed carefully back from his forehead, and his mouth, long and thin and mobile, was as droll as his eyes.

"Bill," said Aunt Gertrude, with determination. "Listen. You've got no money."

"A pittance," corrected Bill.

"A mere nothing," said Aunt Gertrude. "Either you must get some work to do or you must marry money."

"Ah, the old story," moaned Bill, pushing his plate vaguely from him and leaning back in his chair. "One would think you weren't glad to have me staying with you, helping to make your tea-parties a success, mowing the lawn——"

"Perkins would rather you didn't mangle his lawn, by the way."

"Keeping the goldfish under observation, being the life and soul of the village——"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Aunt Gertrude. "Now, listen, Bill. I have decided. You must do something. Otherwise, when I die, you'll be stranded. Don't forget that I only have a life interest in my money——"

"My dear Auntie. There is always Great-uncle Ephraim's money."

"Pooh! Uncle Ephraim will live another thirty years; and he'll leave his money to the Dogs' Home. Don't think of it. I've thought of everything. If you won't work——"

"Auntie!" Bill was reproachful.

"You must marry."

"My Great-uncle Ephraim is rich. He must have a million dollars, which as you know, my dear Auntie, is two hundred thousand pounds. On such a sum one could live—I won't say luxuriously——"

"Rubbish. Uncle Ephraim is a fraud."

"I'm not so sure. What will you bet me?"

"I'll bet you—— No, I won't. You can't spare it. Uncle Ephraim is—after all, why should he leave his money to you? He's never seen you——"

"Exactly. Why shouldn't he?"

"I know the very girl for you."

"I'm afraid no girl in the village could ever——"

"I don't mean a girl in the village. I mean an heiress." Aunt Gertrude ignored Bill's calm smile, and proceeded: "I'm not joking. I mean what I say. In fact, I've taken some steps——"

"Good Lord!" Bill was genuinely alarmed.

"The very girl. I haven't seen her for ten years, and she's an orphan. She lost her mother two years ago, and her father when she was a child. She's got a fortune. About fifty thousand pounds. Her name is Elizabeth Barry. She's twenty-two. And she is coming this afternoon to stay with me for a month."

"Coming!" screamed Bill, sitting upright. "This afternoon! My dear Auntie, I'm called suddenly to town——"

"You're meeting her with me, and driving the car, at three o'clock."

"Impossible. I shall insult her! I shall drive you into the ditch."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. If she's a nice girl—I knew her mother very well, and I expect her to be nice—you'll fall in love with her."

Bill gave a ghastly laugh. He looked round the pretty little breakfast-room, and out through the latticed windows at the brilliant garden. It was June, and the sun was high. The trees were very green, and the birds still made merry among the clustering leaves. Within the room, with its plain cream walls and its old oak furniture, all was delicious and full of ease and comfort. But Bill was filled with consternation.

"Love!" he laughed.

"It might happen. We'll arrange for you to save her life, or something. That always does wonders."

"We'll arrange! I like that!"

"You can leave the whole thing to me," said Aunt Gertrude, confidently. "In fact, I may say that I've put the matter in train."

Bill groaned. He was terrified.

"Does she know——?" he stammered.

"Does she know your plans?"

Aunt Gertrude demurred.

"I've mentioned that you're staying with me," she replied. "I even sent her a snapshot of you—standing by the lily-pond—just to give her a notion—and if the girl is sensible she'll realise that the situation has possibilities."

"Golly!" cried Bill. "Snapshot. Well, I should think so. Snapshot, indeed! A bit crude, eh? Still, she's coming. I suppose she hasn't sent her own photograph?" Although he spoke with levity he had the appearance of a rabbit confronted by a stoat.

II.

AUNT GERTRUDE'S delightful Elizabethan cottage stood amid five or six acres of orchard and garden, at a distance of seven miles from the nearest railway station. It was two and a half miles from the village of Piurt, and was as rural as any human being could wish. Bill loved to lounge in the garden, to walk briskly about the countryside, to talk to the villagers, and to speculate endlessly upon existence. He was a born speculator upon the problems of existence. It was not that he was wholly an idler—he was not—but circumstances had led him latterly to a somewhat idle way of life. War experiences in the East had left him shattered. Some sort of rest and rebuilding of his strength had been essential. And so, with gradually returning vigor, he had found Aunt Gertrude's home a haven.

More than that. Aunt Gertrude was the only mother he had known; for his mother had died in giving him birth. His father had not long survived her. Bill, left a baby, with a very small income, had been tended by Aunt Gertrude until it was time for him to go to school. His holidays had always been spent with her. And so soon as his schooldays had ended the war had arrived, and with the war came Bill's real entry into the rough world. He had played his part as a youngster, had been wounded, had suffered in the East from all the rigors of warfare. And ever since the termination of the war he had been trying hard to earn a living.

In vain. His own account of his experiences, although exaggerated, was not untrue. He had gone into several offices, had shown the quickness of his wits, his energy, and his disrespect for ordinary business convention. In each case, by a misfortune, he had worked for men of the conventional beefy type; and the result had been—for Bill—disastrous. After the last experience, which had ended six months before, Bill had suffered again from malaria; his health had collapsed; and he had sought refuge with Aunt Gertrude. This refuge was now to be destroyed. As he sat beside her, driving to the station to meet the disquieting heiress, Bill knew that duty pointed once again to the long, long trail.

"I must get along." His lips moved; but he did not speak aloud. The car shaved the edge of a deep ditch. Far off, they could see a cloud of white smoke. A shrill whistle sounded. That was the train. It would reach the station-platform at about the instant at which they would draw up by the station-door.

"Hurry, Bill," commanded Aunt Gertrude.

Mechanically, Bill accelerated. The car sprang forward, whizzing as Bill loved to make her whiz. But his heart was very low. They beat the train by a couple of seconds, and Aunt Gertrude was upon the platform, with Bill in attendance, as the long row of coaches came grinding to a standstill.

Only two passengers left the train. One was a farmer known to them. The other was a girl who looked as if she had come from an orphanage. She wore a wide-brimmed, flat-topped straw hat with a red ribbon round it, and a shapeless blue cloak which fell nearly to her ankles. She helped, tip-toeing, to lift her single dressing-case from the carriage, receiving it from the hands of a late fellow-passenger; and then stood looking dolefully along the platform towards Bill and his aunt, and the lumbering old porter. Her attitude bespoke complete dejection. Her mouth was drawn down at the corners, and pursed. Her eyes peered from behind large black-rimmed spectacles.

"Our visitor hasn't come," murmured Aunt Gertrude. "Dear me, I hope she's not lost."

Please turn to Page 8



"I'd better carry you to the house. Where's your dressing-gown? Here, take mine."

JEALOUSY

And one day she'll be old . . .
Her fresh youth dead, the hot blood cold,
And the wild hair you love to-day,
Thin and grey.

Age will have stabbed her ardent heart,
And all the fire of which her youth is part
Will have died in her bleak age.
Oh! Turn the page

And see what lies beyond, beyond to-day,
The fading, the inevitable decay,
The stiffening limbs, the stooping back,
And the black
Eyes grown lustreless and cold . . .

Across the years I'll shriek, "She's old . . . she's old
And ugly." And I'll laugh at you.
But where's the use? . . .
I shall be ugly too.

—P.D.B.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

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The HEIRESS

Continued from Page 7.

BUT the girl, catching sight of our friends, began to carry her dressing-case towards them; and Bill, with quick wittedness in excess of his aunt's, ran quickly to relieve her of its burden. He heard his aunt ejaculate incredulously; saw her step hesitatingly forward and take the hand of the little spectacled figure, was introduced, caught at a limp little paw, which hung—or seemed to hang—at the end of a pump-handle, and followed the two of them out of the station.

"Good Lord!" thought he. "And this is the heiress! Good Lord!"

He had the front seat of the car to himself. Aunt Gertrude, sitting behind with the little creature who had arrived by train, was strangely and significantly silent. Gloom gathered behind Bill as the car swept through the lovely scenery and between the scented hedgerows, but Bill himself, managing the throttle and the steering gear with revived skill, found difficulty in restraining a smile in which thankfulness vied with mischievous pleasure in Aunt Gertrude's discomfiture.

III.

WORSE was to follow. They reached home very quickly, and Bill put the car away. He strolled round the garden, smoking a cigarette, in order to avoid Aunt Gertrude, and then went in for tea. His aunt was sitting in her usual chair by the window, with the little tea-table drawn up in front of her. She did not meet his glance, and thereby confessed her state of shock. Instead of speaking, indeed, she began to fidget nervously with the cups and saucers.

The faint clinking had barely begun before Bill heard Aunt Gertrude gasp. He looked up at her, followed her gaze, and was petrified in his turn. The stranger had entered the room, and was upon them, overwhelmingly. Bill had never seen anything like the apparition at which his aunt had gasped. Elizabeth Barry stood there very awkwardly, her shoulders bent and her arms hanging, and her dress was the most disagreeable thing Bill had ever met with in the course of his lifetime. It was a perfectly frightful kind of electric pink—a pink so raw and so strident that it killed everything that came near it. Aunt Gertrude's smile of welcome, for example, was slain instantly, and withered upon her lips. Bill could not wonder. He felt himself shivering in sympathy.

Above the pink dress there was the doleful little spectacled face of the stranger, and a mat of dark hair, which seemed to hang about her head like rats' tails. She held herself badly, walked badly, in a sort of stumbling, shambling way, and seemed overcome with nervousness. Quickly sliding into a chair, she stretched out her hand for the cup and saucer which Bill carried, and sat with downcast eyes, as if speechless, her feet indescribably crossed, like a pile of old boots. Only one thing could Bill see in her favor. It was that her hands, as she received the cup and saucer, were exquisitely small and delicate. For the rest, she was appalling. He retreated. The three were tongue-tied for quite two minutes, which seemed like an hour and a half.

Aunt Gertrude was the first to make a desperate effort at conversation.

"I hope you found everything you needed in your room, Elizabeth?" she said, with her natural kindness. And then, quickly: "Do they call you Elizabeth or Betty?"

The strange child hesitated.

"Lizzie," she said, hoarsely.

Bill felt his aunt shudder. He surmised that she would be out of action for a few moments; and so he rumbled along to the rescue.

"D'you like the country?" he asked. "I mean this sort of thing."

Again that hesitation. Then, as if it was said in a flurry of nervousness:

"I love it!" That cracked little voice! The wriggling of her shoulders!

"Riding?" persisted Bill, gently. A quickly shaken head. "Driving? Walking?" As Bill spoke, he looked down at her feet, and almost jumped as he saw the big, ugly shoes which Elizabeth wore. No wonder she shambled, if her feet were as big as that!

"I like sitting still," said the stranger, abruptly.

"An excellent device," Bill assured her. "The garden here is made for loitering. It's the perfect garden for that."

"As Bill well knows," Aunt Gertrude had recovered her coolness. "I hope you won't encourage him to idle, Elizabeth."

"Oh, no," said Elizabeth, with a cackling laugh. "I won't encourage him." She looked dully at Bill through her glasses as she spoke; and Bill knew that she would not encourage him. "What does he do for his living?" asked Elizabeth, sharply.

Bill winced. So soon? His eyes roved the room for escape. After all, it was Aunt Gertrude who had invited this girl here. He had not been consulted at all. And if he left the next morning, to resume his efforts to earn a living, nobody had any right to complain.

"I advise business men how to run their businesses," he answered, as gaily as he could.

"Oh!" She seemed to consider. "Do they take your advice?"

"On the whole, no," admitted Bill, candidly. "But they will. But they will."

"I wonder if they will?" The cracked voice was barely audible. Bill was not to be perturbed; but he was forced to admit to himself that this chit was excessively pert.

"I have every confidence," he told her, smiling.

Did he imagine it, or was he not mistaken in thinking that a gleam of interest came into the dull eyes of the visitor? Spectacles are such liars when it comes to the eyes behind them! Aunt Gertrude, at any rate, had missed the gleam, if it had arisen at all, for she came hurriedly to Bill's assistance with a diversion.

"Do you play or sing, Elizabeth?" she asked.

"A little. Haven't got much of a voice. I've brought some music," briefly and hoarsely Elizabeth answered. "You see, I've been a good deal alone since mother died." There was a tired break in that weary voice. It was gone instantly. "Most of the time I've been travelling about with friends."

"With friends" Bill heard his aunt's murmur. He knew that she was thinking: "What sort of friends can they be, to let you wear a dress like that?" And, as if Elizabeth had somehow uncannily known it also, she continued:

"This is the first colored frock I've worn for ages. I'm sick of black. I thought as I was coming here to stay I'd better get some fresh clothes. My old ones are all—— There's some more coming on by post."

"Some more." Aunt Gertrude merely echoed the words. It was as if she had screamed in a whisper. Her pale face twitched with apprehensiveness. One hand was pressed nervously against her cheek.

"Yes," said Elizabeth. "I didn't have time to get all I wanted before starting. So I asked one of my friends to get me some."

"Indeed!"

"Travelling about, I haven't seen anything—you know—suitable for the country."

Suitable! Was this—this fearsome, eye-pulverising, murderous garment—what she considered suitable? No hint at all of incongruity on that demure little face, with the downcast eyes and the clustered rats' tails. Suitable! What fresh horrors had she in store? What new enormities would be arriving by post? Bill could have imagined that Aunt Gertrude shuddered from head to foot. Nevertheless, his aunt, observing with an effort at self-control that the girl had finished her tea, held out her hand, and Bill hastened to recover the superfluous cup and saucer.

"More tea?" Aunt Gertrude asked.

"No thank you."

"No? Another cake? Then would you—would you like to come for a walk in the garden?"

Bill, from his place at the door, watched Elizabeth rise and shamble past him into the garden, following Aunt Gertrude. He had never seen a stranger contrast than the slim, delicate erectness of his aunt and the bent, almost shapeless ungracefulness of Elizabeth. It was hard to believe that they belonged to the same sex and the same class. Here was another problem for the philosopher to consider deeply. Was it not insoluble? Bill thought it was.

He presently took the same direction as the others, drawing his pipe from the pocket of his tweed jacket and slowly loading it. As he did this, he laughed unexpectedly. His heart was lighter. Clearly Aunt Gertrude could not hold to her original plan. On the other hand, would not a month of this be more than they could stand? After all, one cannot concentrate upon a pair of exquisite hands for four solid weeks, especially when the owner of those hands appears to be slightly humpbacked, splay-footed, pert, and possessed of an electrifying wardrobe. What was Bill to do? Go or stay?

It was a difficult question. He sauntered in the wake of the others, ever and again watching them as they paused by the lily-pond, or in the rose-garden, or upon the edge of the tennis-lawn. Always, when he did this, he was amused—almost touched—at the quaintness of Elizabeth's odd figure and shambling gait.

IV.

THEY had listened to her singing in a cracked voice which at times could not reach the notes at which it seemed to be aimed, and they had heard the excruciating mess made by her fingers of some apparently simple pianoforte pieces. And they were sitting in dizzy silence, quite fogged by dismay, when they heard Elizabeth say:

"Don't you play or sing, Mr. ——? You are a lazy thing!"

She had clambered noiselessly across the carpet, and had surprised Bill and Aunt Gertrude in the paralyzed attitudes of those who have abandoned interest in life. She now stood by Bill, looking down at him—peering, rather, through her deceptive spectacles.

"I neither play nor sing, Miss Barry. In fact, I don't care for music."

"Bill!" It was a whispered — a smothered, choked — protest from Aunt Gertrude.

"You mean my music?" asked the cracked little voice. "How unkind!"

"All music," responded Bill, firmly. "Beethoven, Mozart, Gershwin. Music is abhorrent to me."

"I love it!" cried Elizabeth, ardently. "'And each man kills the thing he loves,'" secretly quoted Bill. Aloud he said: "I'm sure you do. And so does my aunt."

"No, Bill," said Aunt Gertrude, with reluctant decisiveness. "I can't say that I have any ear for music."

"I'll train it while I'm here," declared Elizabeth. "I'll have all my music sent to me. We'll have an orgy of music."

"You mustn't trouble," begged Aunt Gertrude. "Really, I couldn't think of it——"

"I'd love to. It's so nice to feel that you've really helped somebody. And you don't know what you're missing."

"Others have tried," said Aunt Gertrude, lugubriously. "But in vain."

"What a triumph for me when I succeed! We'll have an hour's music every evening. It will be lovely. And what shall we do now?"

"What would you like to do?" It was Bill's turn to speak, and he gallantly rose to his duty.

Elizabeth peered up at him, and gushingly responded to his question.

"I wish we could go out into the moonlight. It's so romantic." She giggled.

"I have rather a headache," wavered Aunt Gertrude. "I——"

The stiff little figure gave a jerk that was intended to be arch.

"Then of course you mustn't, Miss Paget. But you, Mr.—Mr. Bill. I don't know your other name. Won't you join me? I'm sure you're romantic." She looked up meaningly through the rats' tails, and a quiver ran through Bill at such early and inappropriate archness. Nevertheless, he was staunch.

"I'm ready," he declared. "Come along. I'll take you along to the mere."

That word caused a remarkable gush of sentiment.

Please turn to Page 38



SHE: It was on this same beach you met me 30 years ago, John.
HE: Yes—all through not having a bath in the house!





Bad Breath is often caused by decaying food particles lodged between the teeth. Colgate's corrects this condition.

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Send 3d. to-day to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. Ltd. (Dept. W.W.), Box 2701 C, G.P.O., Sydney, for FREE sample. Use it for 10 days. Then notice the greater beauty of your teeth.

Also in Powder Form 1/6 a Bottle

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1/3d a large tube

HOST Holbrook says: My Worcestershire Sauce is tempting to the appetite. Ah! it is the world's sweetener.***



DON'T CHEAT YOUR CHILD

MANY devoted mothers, in endeavouring to give their children good care, often cheat them of the things they need most. Many a complicated dish lacks proper food value, many a bright-coloured sweet has no nutriment in it at all!

Mothers, assist your children to proper health by giving them Hansen's Junket. Sweets made with Hansen's are practically 100% pure milk, Nature's perfect food for growing children. Hansen's Junket does not overload the stomach with rich thickening mixtures, but its soft custard is easily assimilated and actually creates healthy appetites in "finicky" children.

★ Be sure you use Hansen's for purest quality and perfect results.

HANSEN'S **Junket** TABLETS

* Sold at all grocers and chemists.

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They Cheered When He Left The Clinic

L. W. LOWER'S
Tale of Kindergarten Days

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's foremost humorist.
Illustrated by WEP.

When I was six months old and just learning to ride a bike, my mother said to me, "Leonard, my boy, I'm going to take you to see a doctor."

I was polishing my rattle at the time, but I put it down and, looking her squarely in the eye, I said, "Flora, old girl, bunk to that suggestion. I have already seen one or two of them from a distance and they do not appeal to me."

I PUT my bootee down firmly on that idea, but now I see it was a mistake. Had I but seen a doctor as I have served my King, he would not have deserted me in my last bout of megrims, as Cardinal Wolseley remarked at the battle of Trafalgar.

In my young days, you whippersnappers, there were no Baby Health Centres, and no Clinics. The nearest I got to a clinic was the clink.

I was brought up under catch-as-catch-can rules, and I must say that I am a credit to my parents. However, we are not gathered here to-day to talk about details which can be looked up in any "Who's Who."

* * *

IT'S about clinics and kindergartens. Don't go away, you're going to get some information and instruction which will do you a mound of good. The first thing they do to a baby after it has been lugged unwillingly to the clinic with its shining mourning face, as Shakespeare puts it (Crikey, ain't he cultured!) is to weigh it.

After the baby has kicked the springs out of the weighbridge and had its weight painted on its side, it is washed and wrung out (hence the term, wet nurse). The child is then handed over to the doctor. The doctor examines it for signs of gout, spavins, foot-rot or St. John's Wort, and if everything is in order, he marks the child O.K., and it is then stuffed back into its clothes, jammed into its cart, and is pushed off, a sadder but wilder child.

So much for the clinic.

* * *

THE kindergarten is different. Children in kindergartens are never washed, as the egg marks and jam stains are useful for identification purposes. A child, on joining the kindergarten, is put down on the records as:

Jones, Maggie. Female.
Egg mark on top lip.
Jam stain on right cheek.
One shoe lace undone.

She is then regarded as a student and is given a lot of colored blocks to play with. This is what is known as the Montessori method of training.

Cards are also used. The teacher holds one out to the child. "What have I here?" she says. "A card," answers the child wearily. Two more cards are then produced.

"What have I got now?" asks the teacher.

"Three cards."

"Good," says the teacher. "Now see if you can pick the Queen." When I was at kindergarten my teacher was a wow at this sort of thing, and used to win our play lunch money regularly.

* * *

YOU very soon learn to spell in these places. I remember the very first words I learned to spell were "KICK ME." The process was a bit painful, but the knowledge has stuck to me.

Shortly after I learned to spell I was promoted from the Minus Z class to the Z, and was made a monitor. Being a monitor carries with it the right to scrounge all the chalk you can get away with, and you also dish out the beads. I got my blue for bead stringing in my second year, and I still have the string with the three beads on it at home.

When I was leaving the kindergarten at the expiration of my sentence the teacher said to my justly proud parents, "This boy will go far." He was right, too, because shortly after that we moved to Perth.



WEP's idea of a clinic with L. W. Lower in attendance.

I shall always look back with pleasure on my formative years when my character was being moulded. I was the most belted child in the kindergarten, and it speaks volumes for my character that I came back in the night after leaving and burnt the place down. And now, here I am with my character all formed, and not a damn thing to do with it.

Ah, well

You may go now.

How a BANK *Helps When You* TRAVEL

By MARTYN WHYTE

Whether you intend travelling to a nearby town, another State, a foreign country, or on a world tour, your local bank can render most valuable assistance.

APART from dealing with the money side of the matter, the modern banking service provides all kinds of travel information. In the head offices of several of the banks special travel departments are conducted for the use of clients. Here, among the many tourist services offered, railway and boat tickets can be purchased, reservations made, passports fixed up, and hotel accommodation booked.

The facilities of these travel departments are available also through the many branches of the several banks, although wherever possible a personal visit to the head office would naturally be more satisfactory.

No holiday or trip can be planned, of course, without making provision for that all-important factor—money. In these days it is a very foolish practice to carry large sums of cash about the person. The risk is far too great, and really unwarrantable when bank arrangements are so convenient and easy.

* * *

THERE are three chief ways in which a bank can transfer your holiday and travelling money requirements. They are by draft, by mail transfer, and by letter of credit. Before leaving the home town it is wise to visit your local bank, state your plans and general requirements, and the banker will advise which method of transfer will best meet your needs.

Let us take the draft and mail transfer ways first. We will presume that you are going on a holiday, say, to Perth or New York, with £100 to spend there. Certainly a pleasing prospect. Suppose your banker suggests taking a draft for £100. This means that (for a small charge) in exchange for your £100 he will give you a draft made payable to you at a specified bank in Perth or New York. At the same time he will get a specimen of your signature to forward on to the other bank for identification purposes. Thus, when you reach your destination the bank there will be expecting you. You call upon it, present the draft (which you have most carefully kept), and on the back sign your name. The teller will compare your signature with the specimen he has and will pay you either £100 or £100 worth of dollars.

By the mail transfer method your bank does not give you an official document, such as a draft, but just a formal receipt. You will be told to call at a certain bank in the distant town when the money will be available upon identifying yourself. Here again, for this latter purpose, a specimen of your signature will be obtained to forward on. Whereas if you lose a bank draft during the voyage the foreign bank could not pay you, under the mail transfer method it is not even essential to show your home town bank receipt. It is sufficient to state that money has been transferred from So-and-So bank and your signature will identify you.

* * *

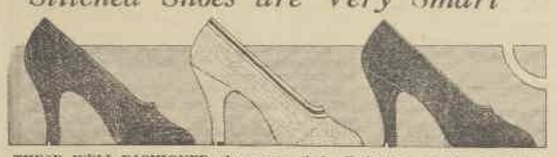
THE letter of credit is, however, deservedly the most popular and convenient way of securing money during travel. In exchange for your £100 the bank gives you two important documents —the letter of credit itself and the letter of indication. With these it is possible to draw small or large sums as you require upon the trip at particularised banks in practically every large town in the world. Even the pursers on many large ships will make payments under them.

Thus, for example, suppose you are on a trip to England, you could cash, say, £5 in Colombo, another £5, say, in Port Said, another in Marseilles, and have £85 left when you reach London. You cash some there, then proceed to the Continent and draw further sums at various foreign towns. Incidentally, in foreign countries you receive so many pounds' worth of the prevailing currency.

This wonderful system, which can be used for extensive travel even in Australia, works in this way. All the big banks to-day are inter-related, acting as agents for each other in every corner of the world. The letter of indication is really a small booklet giving the names and addresses of banks all over the world which are agents of your particular bank. In the centre pages you write your signature.

The letter of credit is a document serving as an official introduction, guaranteeing your drawings under it up to some aggregate sum, say, the £100

Stitched Shoes are Very Smart



THESE WELL-FASHIONED shoes owe their distinction to the fact that "Emilienne" has "sewn a fine seam" with strands of soft silk. In the first model the stitching has been worked in a clever design, giving a slender grace to the foot. The other two pairs, one white and one black, are stitched all over, though the rows of stitching have been guided in distinct lines in each.

DEPENDABILITY!..

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Marlene DIETRICH in "The Song of Songs." Prince Edward.
Sylvia SIDNEY in "Jennie Gerhardt." Plaza.
"Disgraced" with Helen Twelvetrees. Regent.
"Too Much Harmony," musical comedy. Prince Edward.
"Counsel's Opinion," with Binnie Barnes. Plaza.



● *Watch for these Paramount Pictures:*

"THE WAY TO LOVE" starring Maurice Chevalier
"GOLDEN HARVEST" Richard Arlen, Chester Morris
"THIS DAY AND AGE" Cecil B. DeMille production
"I'M NO ANGEL" starring Mae WEST
"CRADLE SONG" starring Dorothea Wieck
"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" brought to life!



If it's a Paramount Picture, it's The Best Show in Town.

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An Editorial

JANUARY 13, 1934.

ARTISTS ARE MADE—AS WELL AS BORN



THE Australian Broadcasting Commission now controls about 90 per cent. of the music produced in Australia.

How much is actually listened to nobody knows. Nobody can tell.

It was different when music was produced by concert managers and entrepreneurs, who could only produce when enough listeners were interested enough to pay at the ticket-office.

One very important rule was observed under this old-fashioned system. It was that "he who pays the piper calls the tune." The public would like to know if the new-fangled Broadcasting Commission has any method of finding out what tunes are liked by the people who pay license fees.

Another thing learnt by the old-fashioned entrepreneurs and managers was to cry their wares. With two rival side-shows out for business, the one with the best spruiker always got the crowd. That's elementary advertising knowledge.

A third thing they did differently in the box-office days was not to drag out an artist's season too long. They found that an artist in front of the public all the time went stale; but when stood down for a while could command a popular return season.

But being a Government department, the Broadcasting Commission is not strong on either advertising or box-office lore. Singers and musicians are stuck on colorless programmes all the year round, without stunting or stage-managing. Any artist will fit into any old programme, any old night.

Apart from the present opera season (a brilliant exception) there is a lack of planned concert direction. There should be a constant building-up of programmes with new songs and musical works. This means organised control of the artists; and perhaps paying them for rehearsing new stuff.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

DAWN

TRAGEDY is standing naked in the wind
On a hill's high crest at dawn,
With arms upflung and dry, hot eyes,
Prayerless and unbelieving . . .
Soul that is blank and stark with pain,
Distorted with grief and immovable
Upon the heights of human passion.

Wise in an age when wisdom comes
At a cost too high . . .
After Folly has mocked and fled
Leaving Tragedy
Standing naked in the wind at dawn.

—P. Duncan Brown.

POINTS OF VIEW

Arise Lady So-and-So

AN interesting issue has been raised in England by the Women's Freedom League, which has protested, says a cable, against the exclusion of women from all but the lower divisions of the British Empire Order in the New Year's honors list.

The protest states that while men received peerages, privy councillorships, baronetcies, and knighthoods, women, even for a lifetime's political or public service, had to be content with an O.B.E. or an M.B.E.

It is unfortunate that traditional custom, which governs the endowment of honors, prevents a woman from holding anything higher than the somewhat matronly title of "Dame," except by marriage or birth.

As the daughter of a peer, or the wife of a knight, a baronet, or a peer, she can be "Lady So-and-so," but she cannot earn this honor, no matter how famous she becomes.

The only way she can get a title is by marrying one.

There is no real reason, however, why this tradition should not be altered, nor why a woman who has done great public service should not be "Knighted" and arise, after being crossed by His Majesty's sword, "Lady So-and-so."

❖ ❖ ❖

Idol To Settle Down

IT is a relief to learn that Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, Australia's airman idol, has announced his intention of giving up long-distance flying after the Centenary Air Race.

Lady Kingsford Smith tried to stop his long-distance flights when she married the airman, but he was evidently not quite ready to settle down on terra firma.

Sir Charles will be 37 next month, and he feels that he is too old for the strain of long flights.

No airman in the world has earned a better right to retire from the record-breaking field.

❖ ❖ ❖

Mikes For Court

IT has been left to the Sessions Court at Newington (London) to solve the problem which affects every Court of justice—that of making witnesses speak so that they can be heard by everyone in the courtroom. Microphones and loud-speakers have been installed in the Newington court, the experiment being the first of its kind in an English Court.

Most Australian courtrooms have been designed absolutely without regard to their acoustic properties, and the atmosphere of a Court appears to have the effect on most witnesses—especially women—of causing them to drop their voices to a whisper when giving evidence.

It is hoped that the Newington experiment will be given a trial in Australia.

❖ ❖ ❖

Woman Teachers

ALTHOUGH there are 11,000 women State School teachers in the Commonwealth, no woman, with the exception of six who fill minor posts as inspectors, holds an administrative position in the work of education in Australia.

Theoretically, women are admitted into the teaching profession on an equal footing with men, and, consequently, women teachers resent the virtual closing to them of the higher positions in the profession.

"The Status of Women Teachers" was one of the subjects on the agenda sheet of the Inter-state State School Teachers' Conference held last week in Melbourne.

But only two women were present to put the point of view of their colleagues, Miss L. G. Woodcock, delegate for New South Wales, and Miss M. Flynn, one of the Victorian delegation.

Who Was Your Great-Aunt?

IN spite of Hitler, or because of him, some day we will know which, Germany is setting the world many good examples.

The latest, according to a cable, is that the German Department of Racial Culture is appealing to all Germans to become genealogists and to begin the serious study of their own family histories.

It is surprising, when you come to think of it, how few people can trace the family tree further than two generations.

Most of us know all about our fathers and mothers, and we know who our grandparents were, but we know next to nothing of our great-grandparents, and nothing at all of our great-uncles and aunts.

Yet these people are all branches of the same tree. From their stock we have sprung. We are part of them, and their blood is in our veins.

Genealogical study is a wonderful eye-opener. And, of course, it is of real value to those about to marry.

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Let's All Be Students

THE Federated State School Teachers' Conference came to a very modern decision in Melbourne last week when it agreed that unemployed youths should remain at school to the age of 18, and that suitable schools should be provided for them.

There are many modern thinkers of to-day, among them H. G. Wells, who are of the opinion that continued education will provide the solution to the unemployment problem.

The main trouble of unemployment is not lack of money, though this is bad enough, but lack of mental occupation.

If there were schools for people of all ages, in which they could study congenial subjects, for nothing, or at a very low cost, the worst feature of unemployment would be removed.

In England something of the kind is on trial.

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Sex in Life

DR. CYRIL BURT, M.A., Professor of Psychology at London University, is a very well-known savant, but he never made a wiser remark than when he said last week, according to a cable, that too much importance is attached to the sex instinct. He added that enormous harm is done by popular nonsensical statements.

His remarks deserve deep thought. Here they are:—

"The sex instinct is supposed to be so violent that it is difficult to withstand its temptations, many being hypnotised into thinking that resistance is impossible.

"Hunger is a much more violent instinct than sex, which comparatively is weak, as the instincts are no longer absolutely necessary, and tend to die down.

"It is wrong to suppose that immorality and promiscuity cannot be stemmed, as the sex instinct is not more violent than acquisitiveness or pugnacity, both of which we are able to control."



NOT SOME NEW KIND OF FLOWERS, but a hat farm at Hightown, Luton, England. A huge field attached to the factory is covered with more than 5000 panama hats laid out to dry.

JANE'S JOURNAL —— The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.

Marriage & Love

Why Does It Gradually Wane?

By "A MERE MARRIED PHILOSOPHER"

LET me tell my story, and goodness knows it is true enough. It should be a lesson to any young couple embarking upon the matrimonial journey.

MARRIED life is just exactly what a couple decide to make it. They start out on the honeymoon and find life just too sweet, and then they settle down to a routine.

This routine, by the way, is not prosaic and stodgy. It is full of thrills, excitement, and worry. The latter item makes itself evident in sickness and finance, and in the arrival of little ones with their successive ailments peculiar to their development.

But discounting the question of finance and ailments, there are too many young women who resent married life after a period, because it takes from them their old associations—their friends and habits.

They overlook the fact that they are moving forward, growing older, and that their friends are also going through the same metamorphosis.

The consequence is that they begin to fret and find an occupation in looking at the younger couples who still manage to find plenty of time for amusements, dancing, pictures, and for sports which call for a fair amount of spare time.

Then there is a constant comparison between their husband and the younger chaps who have so far met none of the graver responsibilities of married life.

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YES! A lot of husbands are subject to this constant pin-pricking analysis, which gradually permeates their system until they turn round and . . . that is when the trouble commences. Bickering. Plenty of it. Even a good-tempered chap has his limits, and, after holding himself in for a long period, he suddenly develops a temper. Then the fat is in the fire. He is a brute . . . an inconsiderate beast!

WHOSE HUSBAND WROTE THIS?

THE article, appearing in this column, was sent in by an anonymous male reader. He sent no address and said he did not want any payment, but he added:

"God . . . I hope this is put in and that my wife sees it."

Forgotten are the years of wiping the dishes, and working hand-in-hand, and he perceives that he can escape the worrying atmosphere by staying in town, or joining a club, or developing a taste for some other hobby . . . yes, and many slip slowly but surely, by a process of devolution into an apathetic mentality.

That is when the marriage vow begins to lose its meaning. I grant that there are many men who may be to blame. I don't doubt it for one moment, but the point in my argument is that, when it is too late, the woman suddenly wakes up to an alarming realisation, and wants to retrieve her position—usually too late.

Mental Explosions

IT is a tragedy surely, but there are many decent husbands who desire an affectionate wife, and a contented home. They are good-tempered at their office, and among their friends, but their home life is a series of mental explosions, each one gradually eliminating affection and respect.

When the day arrives that hubby packs his bag and stays away from home, he is listed as a brute, and a deserter. In actual fact, the majority would capitulate if the wife adopted self-analysis and tried to realise her position.

A good wage coming in each week, a roof and home, with meals and an allowance in accordance with their means, plus amusements, is not to be sniffed at in these perilous days of high finance.

Provided a husband has a regard for the decencies of life, he is to be excused if he develops a desire for a quietude in his own home at least a few days in each week.

Because he looks for and expects his house to be run on a system, he has a right to complain if the home is higgledy-piggledy; the children clamoring around unwashed and untidy when he is prepared to sit down to his meals.

It is not conducive to happiness when a husband arrives home and finds the baby being just prepared for bed, and that means washing and the usual time-taking service.

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BAD management! That is the crux of the position, as I find it these days, in many families of younger couples. Too much apathy displayed in the routine work. It is a nuisance—a dragging routine! That is the way some young women term it, but when a husband suggests that there should be just as much interest displayed in housekeeping as he has to display in his office routine, he is an unfeeling, unthoughtful brute.



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The WAY to a MAN'S HEART



Variety is the spice of life, so the saying goes, and Janet Brook tells of a young wife who learnt how necessary it is to remember those words.

Complete Short Story

Illustrated by Boothroyd



EVERYBODY told Stella that now she was engaged to Dennis she would have to learn to cook. But Stella only laughed, and would not be convinced.

Mother would say on a Sunday morning, from a position entirely surrounded by greens and potatoes and pastry-board and rolling-pin and pie-dishes and so on:

"Now, Stella, watch me make this batter-pudding. Make sure the basin's dry, put in this large cupful of flour, make a well in the middle——"

"Rats!" Stella would reply, more emphatically than politely. "I've to meet Dennis at eleven-thirty. We're walking through the Park to Richmond."

Granny Osborne would quaver in her thin little granny-voice to the disappearing swish of skirts:

"Not right, my girl, not right. I taught your mother how to cook and your mother should teach you——"

Aunt Margaret would say sagely as she offered Dennis one of her delicious chocolate buns with cream filling:

"Oh, Stella dear, you must really learn to cook! Why, your Uncle Herbert always says that it's only these buns that stop him from leaving home when he feels fed-up with me! The way to a man's heart is via his tummy, you know!"

"Rats!" Out would come Stella's favorite scornful epithet. "That theory was all right in the old days. But nowadays men aren't like that, Auntie. Are they, Dennis?"

"Of course I don't care if you can't boil a potato!" he would say.

"Oh, I can boil a potato!" Stella would assure him. "And fry them! I've often done chips for myself when Mum's been out."

"Well, what's the matter with that? Jolly nourishing food, chips. All sorts of things go with chips."

"Yes; eggs—and ham—and corned beef—and——"

"Fish!" he suggested with a twinkle.

"Of course! How silly! I never thought of fish!"

And their young laughter would ring out.

Stella's chum, Lou, was engaged also, and to Dennis' cousin John. Lou was taking her engagement seriously; attending night classes for cookery, dressmaking, domestic science, and what not. She, too, was inclined to reproach Stella rather condescendingly.

"You know, Stella, you ought to come to the classes. They're such fun! I'm learning an awful lot. I didn't know I was so ignorant!"

"Can't be bothered," yawned Stella.

"But what will you do? You can't cook, can you, dear?"

"Oh, do shut up, Lou! I'm tired of hearing that word! One would think that marriage was one long menu! Cook this, bake that—stew this—oh, hang it! What's the odds? You can always scratch a meal together without even using a gas-ring, I know!"

Lou faded away.

Their Honeymoon

SO one Spring day Dennis Thorne took Stella Harlow to wedded wife, whole-heartedly and willingly, irrespective of her culinary incapabilities.

It was great fun being married. The three weeks' honeymoon was everything that honeymoons should be; not a thought or care in the world; happy bridegroom, happy bride; nice little hotel, marvellous sea air; delicious meals, the preparing of which concerned them not in the least.

"Dennis, wouldn't it be fine if we could always live in an hotel!" Stella said one evening. They were having coffee on the terrace; the night was enchantingly mild, and from the distant shore they could hear the gently-breaking waves.

"No petty household worries," she went on. "I'd be always the same to you as before we were married. No dirty, grimy jobs—you'd never see me with nails-in-mourning or hay-stack hair!"

"Oh, come dear, not always!" Dennis put in. "This sort of thing is all right in small doses, but, personally, I'm longing to come home at night to a sweet little wife in our own little home, ready with a cosy little dinner——"

"Dennis, you're not expecting——"

"Sorry, Stella. Of course I don't mean a four-course affair or anything like that. I mean——"

"Well, you know I'll get you something ready, but you mustn't expect anything elaborate. You know I can't cook. Still, remember the chips!"

"Of course, darling. There'll always be the chips!"

LATER.

Menu for the week:—Sunday: Dinner at Mother's. Monday: Hard-boiled eggs and chips; tinned pineapple. Tuesday: Ham and chips; tinned pears. Wednesday: Salmon (tinned) and chips; bottled peaches. Thursday: Cold pressed beef and chips; tinned loganberries. Saturday: Lunch in town with Dennis.

"Anyway," Stella said gleefully at the end of the week, "you can't say you're not getting variety, Dennis."

"M—m." Den said, rather thoughtfully.

This sort of thing went on for a month or two. Dennis insisted upon getting his own breakfast; said that there wasn't the slightest need for Stella to get up until nine o'clock.

Stella never bothered about breakfast for herself. Dennis used to do himself well with the ready-cooked cereal and milk, and he could fry bacon and eggs fine. Little waifs would come stealing up to Stella and make her feel hungry, but she could never fag to cook just for herself when she did get up. She made do with the tea left in the pot and a biscuit.

Sometimes in the evenings they went to dinner with Stella's chum, Lou, also married. Dinky little dinners, all done by Lou; delicious tomato soup, thick and clingy; crisply fried tiny fish fillets; a delightful entree with fancy-shaped saute potatoes, and a divine jellified-creamy something for a sweet.

"Poor old Lou!" Stella would giggle when they were going home, snuggling into Dennis' arm. "She looked positively haggard over that dinner—wondering feverishly if everything would go off without a hitch and show me up properly!"

"M—m," Den said thoughtfully. "But, Stella—I did enjoy it. Lou can cook, can't she!"

"Den! You sound so—cheated! You don't want me to be like Lou, do you! After all we've said! Look at her! Just a harassed housewife, looking dowdy and housey already——"

"No, of course not, darling!" he said hastily, sensing tears in the offing. "I want you as you are—everything just as it is."

"Even the chips?"—roguishly.

"Even the chips!"—heroically.

So Stella went on in her sweet easy-going way, always calm, cool and collected with her tinned dinners, ready to be brightly alert and cheery, or wifely soothing and sympathetic, in the evenings, whichever her home-coming lord desired. She was right! She had proved that she was right. Marriage wasn't one long menu, or it needn't be, if you handled your man the right way. The way to his heart wasn't always via his tummy!

And then came the bombshell!

For nearly three weeks Dennis had been late home in the evenings. One night it was seven-thirty instead of seven o'clock. A night or two later it was seven forty-five. Then it got to eight o'clock for a fortnight. Gradually it went up to eight-thirty.

"Pressure at the office," Den murmured, as he fell to the awaiting ham, sardines, or eggs and chips. "Gee! This tastes good, sweetheart."

"You're hungry, darling, that's why," Stella said, secretly pleased, nevertheless. This late working at the office was a godsend.

She mentioned it casually one day to Lou. Lou looked wise and rather catty.

"H'm! Den has started early," she remarked.

"Early! What do you mean, Lou?"

"Oh, the old yarn, my dear, 'late at the office.'"

"Why, Lou, how dare you! I know perfectly well that Den wouldn't dream——"

"All right, all right. Don't get excited, darling. Have it your own way; only don't say I didn't warn you."

"Why should my Den be like that any more than your John?" Stella asked hotly.

"No reason at all, dear, except——"

"Well—except what?"

"Well, John simply loves coming home; he says he wouldn't miss my little dinners for anything."

With this parting shot Lou went, leaving a distracted Stella. What if it were true? Supposing Den was growing tired of his meal-less home, tired of the everlasting cold meals and chips, and was seeking attraction elsewhere?

"I — I must tell you — must warn you. I saw Dennis last night with —a woman."

She determined to surprise him that night. She went out and bought a cookery-book, a thing she had always sworn should never "disgrace her bookshelf"; sorted out "braised oxtail, Lyonnaise potatoes, sprouts, and rice mould with glazed apples and jam" as being an ideal little dinner for the winning back of a tired and disillusioned husband.

Den arrived home late again, and she realised as he waded through the awful mess she had made of all the simple-sounding recipes that she had a more disillusioned husband than ever.

"You'd better stick to chips, dear," he told her, gently but firmly, as he pushed away the rice mould after the first spoonful. The "mould" had flopped, and was now in a state of liquidation, with the jam running pinkly and streakily through it.

Stella cried silently in bed that night.

It was hopeless. She would never be able to cook in time to prevent Den from growing away from her.

The Other Woman

NEXT day Lou came in with the news. She was full of suppressed excitement. "I told you so," was written all over her face.

"You ought to know, darling," she said to Stella in a pitying whisper. "It's only right that you should know."

"Know what?" Stella said, looking innocent, but going rather white.

"I—I must tell you—must warn you. I saw Dennis last night with—a woman."

"A woman! Oh, Lou!"

"Yes, dear. Now, don't go off; no doubt he can explain, but——"

"When did you see him?" Stella spoke mechanically. She was remembering that Den had been later than ever last night, and had hardly eaten any supper. Guilty conscience; that was the only thing that would have spoilt his appetite.

"I went up to meet John," Lou went on, warming to it. "We were going to a show; then he sent down word while I was waiting in the hall of his office to say he couldn't possibly get away——"

"Oh, working late?" Stella put in slyly, through her misery.

"Don't be silly. His excuse was perfectly genuine. Anyway, as I was coming out, your Den passed, and he was with a—well, rather an attractive girl."

"What was she like?" Stella demanded. "Pretty? Young?"

"Well, no, not very much of either. She was nicely dressed—dark, neat sort of costume—looked more of the office type."

"Miss Boardman, the typist, that's it. He's often spoken of her, but I never dreamed——" Stella said miserably.

"No doubt, dear. Well, I followed them."

"You would," Stella thought.

"I thought it best, for your sake. But they got on a bus, and—and I couldn't catch it, so I lost sight of them. Oh, Stella darling, if it is what it seems to be, I am so sorry for you! But, you know, you can't say I didn't warn you."

"Please go now, Lou," Stella said wearily. "It's kind of you to have told me, but I've no doubt Den can explain."

"Oh, of course, darling. Good-bye."

Yet, in spite of her profession of faith in her husband, Stella sat miserably facing facts. Den unfaithful to her in less than a year; seeking other attractions just because she couldn't cook! Yes, that was it. It had probably thrown him into that girl's arms.

Please turn to Page 32

The *New* Fence



Woman will never understand
Man, that is plain to me.
Some great improvement she has planned,
And then she comes to see.
We think the fence is rather fine;
She only cries, "You've killed my vine!"
"You asked me, though, to build a fence."
"But can't you use some common sense?"

And man will never comprehend
A woman, that is plain.
He does more damage, in the end,
Than women ever gain.
A man can't make a thing unless
He makes the thing and makes a mess;
And what's the use a fence to build
If all her flowers must be killed?

Woman will never, nor will man,
Quite get the other's view.
It all began when earth began—
It's really nothing new.
There isn't any doubt that Eve
Well-meaning Adam made to grieve,
That Eve made Adam shout when done,
"Good gosh, you said you wanted one!"

—J.G.

.: By JANET BROOK :.

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The ADVERTISEMENT

A Ten-Minute Story

— By —
P. DUNCAN BROWN



DAN PIMBLETON his name was; you will see his kind every day in every city. Dull, quiet, insignificant, and middle-aged. He had been a clerk all his working days, and would be one until the end of them, a good clerk, conscientious, and painstaking.

He stretched, yawned, combed his fingers through his thinning hair, and planted his feet in their carpet slippers on the mantelshelf so that the fine pleasurably warmed the under side of his legs. Then he removed his collar and tie and placed them on the table beside his chair, polished his glasses with his handkerchief, and adjusted them on his nose.

Romance had passed by this dull, methodical little man, but in his heart a still living ember of it glowed. Romance. It had nothing to do with his files and ledgers, nor the suburban boarding-house in which he lived. It whispered to him of green fields and open and rushy pools where bullfrogs croaked, of wide flowing rivers, of apple-blossom, of . . . well, all the things he had never known, the things he'd missed in life.

He opened his paper with his usual method at the "Stocks and Shares." Not that they were connected with him, but he liked to believe himself a man of these affairs in close touch with the financial world. After that, as he turned to the news section, he would run his eye down the "Agony" column because one never knew, did one? Yes, here it all was, the usual thing that he read every night:

"Percy, return, and Millie will forgive all."

"Widow desires to meet gentleman, view matrimony."

"Young girl, educated, good appearance, will marry in return for home."

There was something pathetic in the last, something also of young egotism. Why, he thought, thousands of good-looking girls were marrying in return for a home without having to advertise for it. Still, a girl must be very hard pressed, he decided, to do that; and he fell to dreaming about her, feeling sorry and slightly interested, which, as we all know, is a dangerous thing to do; often a fatal thing.

His curiosity persisted while he scanned the rest of the paper, and soon he dropped it beside him on the floor. Then he wound up his watch that had been his father's and that he had once hoped would be his son's. Well, marriage and children were not for him. Not that he didn't want them, mind you; far from it; but it just happened that he had never been on very friendly terms with a marriageable woman . . . not since he was a lad, that is, who attended church socials and picnics. No, that estate was not for him. And yet . . . He glanced down at the paper again. A home? Well, he could provide that, and in return she would give him children—a son.

Then he mentally shook himself. Damned rot. Didn't know what he was thinking of.

Yet the thought persisted through the night, so much so that it held sleep at bay. At last, with the air of a man on whom some great decision rests, he jumped from his bed, switched on the light, and, having found his carpet slippers, sat down in his flannel pyjamas to write.

A polite, old-fashioned letter it was, rather stiff and pedantic. If the young lady would meet him at Foggerty's on Saturday afternoon at half-past three they could have afternoon tea and discuss the situation.

FOGGERTY'S. Perhaps you know it. It is one of those enormous restaurants where you may have a poultry dinner or a sixpenny tea, and where hundreds of young men and women hunt, as it were, in couples for members of the opposite sex with whom to share their tea, or perhaps dance on Foggerty's second floor.

It was towards this place on Saturday afternoon that Dan Pimbleton made his sober way. He had carefully brushed his suit; he had bought a new tie, and his hair was freshly cut.

Under his arm he carried a newspaper. Not that he intended to read it, but it gave an air of business dignity, of a man in touch with the money market, besides which, he had mentioned in his letter that he would wear a grey suit and carry a newspaper.

There were quite a large number of men waiting outside Foggerty's who carried newspapers and wore grey suits, but he isolated himself from these, standing well on the edge of the kerb. Anxiously he scanned the faces of the women who were waiting, but she could not be one of these, for they had the complacent expression of knowing whom they were going to meet. He waited five minutes . . . ten. Then he opened his paper shakily and disappointed, hoping not to appear too anxious. Another five minutes, then . . .

"Excuse me, Mr. Pimbleton?"

He started, fumbled for his hat. "Yes, er—how do you do?"

"I knew you from your letter. You look the same as it." She was indeed pretty, with wide, dark eyes, black lashed, and the reddest, sweetest lips he had ever seen. Yet she looked ill, he thought, or perhaps hungry, and her clothes were dreadfully shabby. He felt embarrassed and ill at ease, as though his hands and feet were many sizes too large, and the paper became great enveloping sheets in which he became entangled when he tried to fold it. He could think of nothing to say except the obvious. "Shall we go in?"

So he said, "Shall we go in?" and took her arm and steered her through the crowd, feeling very important and protective, and as excited as a schoolboy. Up to the third floor they went, which, because it is the most expensive, is also the most exclusive, and here one can sit in little cubicles and talk most intimately without fear of being overheard.

"Order what you like," he said, handing her the menu and reflecting comfortably that he had drawn a satisfactory pay-envelope yesterday.

She looked gratefully across at him. "I am a little hungry," she confessed. Then she twinkled at him, "Don't you want to know my name?"

"Yes, I—I would very much." Oh, how he envied those other men he saw around who could talk so glibly to women.

"Betty Tremayne," she said. "Oh, sandwiches and cakes, and hot savory rolls and coffee with cream. What will you have?"

"Just the same, thank you," and he nodded, dismissing the waitress. They talked on light topical subjects, mentally weighing and balancing each other. Now and then Dan would glance around, thinking, "I wonder if any of the staff from the office should see us what they'd think."

THEN a silence fell upon them that was due to other things than the fervor with which they attacked the dainties that were set before them. Suddenly, "I'm a clerk," Dan said. "I get a fairly decent salary . . . enough to keep a home on. If you think . . ."

He wiped his mouth on the paper napkin and looked at her questioningly.

"You haven't asked me any questions. How do you know I'm all right?" She was twisting her fingers under the table, her eyes lowered.

"Me? Lord bless you, I'm no one to ask you questions, lassie. You are taking a chance yourself . . . that is, if you think we . . ." And again he paused. But he was curious. "I just can't understand why a pretty girl like you needs to advertise for a husband."

"Because," she took a deep breath as though she were about to jump from some great height, then, changing her mind, relaxed. "It doesn't matter, really, if you could take me on trust. I've just got to be—soon."

"Well, if you think I'll do. . . . Betty." He found it difficult to call this strange young woman by her Christian name. "I think you're decent . . . Dan." And she meant it.

Dan got a special licence, and they were married that week. They moved into a suburban cottage that was similar to every other cottage in the street, with its trim lawns, white paths, and flowerbeds. They hung baskets of maidenhair fern on their front verandah, and white lace curtains in their windows. Dan was a proud man, indeed, and Betty became really beautiful surrounded as she was now with the comforts of human existence. Yet often he would find her pensive and abstracted, almost as though a fear kept knocking quietly in her mind, and at these times he would realise that he knew nothing of her past life at all. However, on the whole he was content, for not only was she a good wife, but she was sweet and sympathetic, and he had grown to love her with all the emotion of his drab and lonely life.

"My wife," he would say proudly when he introduced her to his friends, and note with pleasure the admiration that showed in their faces.

"My wife," he would say to himself as he watched her working about their home. And when he came from the office in the evening there was his dinner put steaming on the table for him, his slippers to warm by the hearth, and Betty waiting, smiling, to welcome him.

YES, Dan was utterly happy, but. . . . As day succeeded day the worry in Betty's eyes seemed more often there, a certain fear that made her start at unexpected noises, glance furtively through windows, and open doors. And Dan, loving her, turned the blame upon himself. "She is not happy with me," he thought; "she is regretting the step she has taken in marrying me. After all, she is hardly more than a child, while I am . . ." and he would shrug his shoulders ruefully, not even finishing the sentence in his own mind.

He drew more and more into himself, further away from her, fearing to obtrude himself where he felt he was unwelcome. Betty would look at him curiously, with hurt in her eyes, but he saw their only reproach.

At last the climax came. Six months had gone by since their marriage, and the gap between them was widening steadily . . . hurt pride and the shadow of memory on her part, misunderstanding and self-reproach on his.

She said to him across the dinner-table one night, "Dan, what is your idea of a bad woman?"

"A bad woman!" he blinked at her through his thick lenses. "A bad woman!"

"Yes. What is your idea of one?"

He laid down his soupspoon thoughtfully. "Well, now you mention it, Betty, I don't know that I've given it much consideration. I don't think I've ever known anyone I'd call bad."

"Aren't we a long way apart?" she mused. "Do you know, you are about the first person I have known at all well that I would call good?"

"Oh, come, come, my dear." He was so slow in his speech, so paternal in his manner that she could have shaken him. "You wouldn't know a bad person if you saw one, Dan, would you?"

"Well, now——"

"No, you wouldn't. That is why I feel sort of guilty, you know, by marrying you. I feel I've done you wrong."

"You done me wrong?" This was a new angle indeed, and, being slow to grasp a new idea, he turned it over carefully in his mind. Did she mean that she . . .? No. Unconsciously he straightened his shoulders, prepared to defend her who had become all his world, even from herself.

And at that moment the doorbell rang. Betty hurried out to answer it, looking so neat and cool in her green linen. Then Dan heard her give a little cry of fright, faint and startled. He hastened after her, limping a little because his foot had become cramped. In the little hall a man was standing, large and powerful, with great red hands hanging at his sides. His face was handsome in a brutish way, and was turned, mocking, to the girl.

"So you thought you'd ditched me nicely, eh? Thought you'd run out on me. Nice little game that was."

"No, Larry, of course not. I just didn't want to go on that way any more."

"You didn't, eh? Thought you'd start reforming?"

And here Dan chipped in, angry and puzzled. "You will pardon me, but if you don't mind explaining . . ."

The big man looked him slowly over, contemptuously, from his carpet slippers to his thin grey hair, from his shirtsleeves to the pencils in his waistcoat pocket, and the gold watch-chain across in front. He turned to Betty. "And who is this?" he asked.

"He is . . . someone," Betty faltered, turning away her confused eyes.

"Oh, I see," said the man, keeping up his sneering as though it were a form of Marathon. "Just nice, kind, be-a-father-to-you that is giving the little orphan a home."

"If you don't mind leaving my home," said Dan, holding open the door. The other man slammed it.

"See here," he said, "when I want a thing I get it, and just now I want this woman. I don't know where you figure in this picture, and I care less, but I have a legal claim on this woman and I'm taking her with me."

"No, Larry, you can't do that." This from Betty.

"Can't!" He laughed. "That's good, that is. Now come on." And he took her arm.

Dan was flustered. This was adventure indeed. My word, what a story this would make. Goodness me, when he told Will Sanders about it there would be a sensation. But in the meantime . . .

"Keep your hands off my wife, sir."

"Off your . . . what?" yelled the stranger, wheeling on him.

"My wife, I said, sir, my wife. And any more of your trouble, my man, and I'll . . ." Dan's sentences were usually left unfinished, but his meaning was very clear. He felt rather like a cock-sparrow standing there, but he hoped he was making a fine showing for Betty's sake. Now she said:

"Yes, that's right, Larry, six months ago." She said it timidly, as though she were afraid.

"Can you prove it?"

Please turn to Page 34



"This bloke's an artist."
"Lor! I 'ope 'e don't sketch me."
"Well, yer wants to keep on the move. I've 'eard 'em say 'e only paints still life."

The Mourner

I found the door of Love's abode
Half hidden by the rose and thorn,
But only echo answered me
Deep and forlorn . . . deep and forlorn.

I raked the cinders of a dream,
And tried to get the spark to glow,
The sluggish flame burned not so bright
As long ago . . . Ah! long ago

I bent to warm
Love's pallid hands,
And kissed the lips that once were red.

The golden tress, the forehead mild,
But Love was dead . . . sweet Love was dead.

Oh cruel wind, that tears without,
That scatters wide the summer rose
And flares the flame to anguish bright
Before it goes . . . before it goes.

—*Pixie O'Harris.*





As they play DANGER threatens!

Kiddies never realise the unseen danger of germ-laden dirt. Let them play—but keep them safe. Let the wonderful health-element in Lifebuoy's lather be their safeguard.

LIFEBUOY washes away germ-danger

A LEVER PRODUCT

FLIES



can't recover *from* VERM-X



No fly or mosquito ever recovers from Verm-x. It kills quickly—surely—and cheaply. 2½ ozs. tin only 2/-. When this is used up add a bottle of Verm-x Concentrate (1/6) to the tin and fill with pint of kerosene, so replenishing your Verm-x at a bargain price. Pleasantly perfumed. Will not stain.

A HINT ON HOW TO KILL FLIES WITHOUT MESS. (and without wasting spray). Before spraying room with Verm-x, close window and pull down blind to about an inch of window sill. The dying flies and mosquitoes make for the light and come to rest on the sill, where they can be afterwards swept up. All Chemists, Stores, Ironmongers.



VERM-X *Kills Cheaper*

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HYDRANGEAS ARE BLOOMING JUST NOW



THIS IS how they do it in Melbourne and nobody worries. Victoria is becoming the sunbaker's paradise. Nancy Deane, Tom Oehr, Charlie Lane, Zara Dickens, Harold Holt, and Mrs. Charlie Lane, enjoying themselves at Portsea





MR. AND MRS. BARNEY DENTRY, of Victoria, who took part in motor races at Cowes. Mrs. Dentry was the only woman in the race.

WE HAVE got used to thinking of France as a Republic, in Australia. But here is a Royal French baby, Prince Henri, The Dauphin of France. The little prince was born in Stockel, where he has to live in exile. To Royalists he will be Henry VI. of France.



THE NEW tree-bark material which has caused a sensation in England. Of course it isn't really tree-bark, but it looks like it.



THE GIRL in plaits says "It's hydrangea time in Australia." And what lovely blooms these are.



TATIANA RIABOUCHINSKA, 17-year-old star of the first Russian Ballet to appear in New York for six years. She had a thrilling escape from Bolsheviks when a baby. It is claimed that Tatiana is a second Pavlova.



WHO SAYS BIG DOGS are savage? This one, on an English farm, has actually made a friend of a goose. And she's not such a goose, either, for the dog protects her from foxes at night. These strange companions share the same kennel, eat out of the same bowl, and go out walking together. Curiously enough, it is only one particular goose that enjoys this privilege.



A NEW kind of bike on a test run in England, where cycling has achieved an amazing come - back. With this latest machine you lean back instead of sitting straight. It is built like a car, and is said to be the acme of comfort.



THIS HEALTHY looking girl cyclist is Miss Edna Sayers, who rode from Sydney to Canberra and back for her holidays. She did the 197 miles trip to the Federal seat in one day. Miss Sayers forecasts a cycling craze for Australia within the next year. She was prohibited from riding through the Metropolitan area in shorts, so wore plus fours, which she changed for her shorts at Liverpool.

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CREED'S FINAL CLEARANCE

GLORIOUS FROCKS AND COATS: OUT!

SOME LESS THAN HALF PRICE!

● Hurry! Even as you are reading this announcement thrifty shoppers are snapping up Creed's latest styles at amazingly low prices — some garments for actually less than half price! This is the sensational climax to Creed's huge clearance — and it is your very last opportunity to buy these latest styles at these prices.

If you are wise you will come quickly for these garments, that have just come from Creed's own factories, are really outstanding in their styles and alluring freshness, and prices must revert to normal as soon as this clearance is over. Come to Creed's Clearance to-day *and save!*



~~18/11~~ **10/11**

● Dainty Frock in pretty floral Voiles. Varied range, adorable designs. S.S.W., S.W., and W. Usually 18/11. *Special* . **10/11**

~~49/11~~ **25/-**

● Party Frock in floral or printed pique Voile! Tastefully trimmed organdi! S.S.W., S.W., W. Usually 49/11. *Special* . **25/-**

~~21/-~~ **12/11**

● Sports Frock in Fuji Silk. White only, short sleeves, box pleat. S.S.W., S.W., and W. Usually 21/-. *Special* **12/11**

~~25/-~~ **13/11**

● Smart Frock in printed pique Voile, trimmed Organdi. A fine array of lovely shades. S.S.W., S.W., and W. Usually 25/-. *Special* . . . **13/11**

~~29/11~~ **10/-**

● Swagger Coat in lightweight All Wool Flannel! Also a few only Check Tweeds in wanted colours. 70 only of this line. Be early! S.S.W., S.W., and W. Usually 29/11. *Special* **10/-**

Sorry, no Mail or 'Phone Orders for this Line.

~~25/-~~ **13/11**

● Specially Cut for Larger Figures! Frocks in printed or floral pique Voiles. All the newest colourings. W., S.O.S., and O.S. Usually 25/-. *Special* . **13/11**

~~29/11~~ **17/11**

● Sports Frock in Linen. One only of the 4 different styles, in wanted shades. S.S.W. and S.W. only. Usually 29/11. *Special* . . . **17/11**

450 GEORGE ST. SYDNEY

Creed's

HUNTER ST. NEWCASTLE

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OPENING of *Summer* SALES

LIVEN *City* SHOPS

By Saide

Completely undeterred by the strain imposed on the family coffers at Christmas time, thousands of women are glorying in the summer sales.

There are growing schoolchildren to be equipped against the opening of the next term in February. There are sadly-depleted linen presses to be stocked.

Perhaps most enjoyable of all, there is the delightful opportunity to procure an odd hat or two for a mere trifle or a dress length at greatly reduced cost.



WOMEN MAY be dazzled by sales prices, but they are never blind to quality.

THERE is a different atmosphere abroad during sales shopping compared with that of the Christmas gala.

It lies not only in the character of the goods themselves, but in the gratification that attends their purchase.

The acquisition of a collection of oddments for presents is apt to leave one with the unsettled and unsettling feeling that the presents and the prospective recipients do not quite work out according to schedule.

But sales shopping brings a gratifying aftermath of conscious virtue.

So much has been saved here, so much saved there, through one's perspicacity, that one develops a prideful complex and is prone to regard the retailers in the light of public benefactors.

* * *

LET'S consider the menfolk first. Not that I would acknowledge their right to be thus honorably mentioned, but because a dazzling array of lights, that blinked like a constellation of stars, lured my shopping eye to Murdoch's windows.

They call their sale "The Red Spot," though the title has no connection, be it noted, with "spots" as the term is used either by the menfolk or by the American talkie stars.

I rather thought it should be "RED HOT," for Murdochs are guided by some brilliant ideas.

For instance, they have pure silk "Phoenix" brand fully-fashioned hose with lace clocks. Formerly sold, the legend reads, for 16/11 a pair, and now reduced to 5/11 a pair.

Handbags at Half Price

Ladies' bunch-shape handbags are selling at half-price.

So it would seem that the time is ripe for the man of the house to do his own shopping and make one of these purchases in a spirit of self-abnegation. As an alibi, he might inspect Murdoch's cowhide attache cases, 16in. size, made on a steel frame and reduced from 16/6 to 12/6.

Country readers, by the way, should write to Murdochs for a free copy of their sales catalogue.

* * *

IN the heart of the city pause, and you'll linger to inspect Way's offerings. For they have made an astute purchase of evening frocks—the manufacturers are apt to be indulgent at this time of year—and they are selling at 17/11 each. They include a wide range of styles and materials and would ordinarily be priced between 55/- and 63/-.

In the dress material department the expenditure of a matter of a few shillings will procure the wherewithal to make a delectable summer gown. Voiles for 1/- a yard challenge the credulity, and geisha silks, intriguingly reminiscent of taffetas, are marked at 7½d. Swagger coats in marocain are reduced to 14/11 and 12/11, and E.O.S. frocks in the same material to 19/11.

For the Linen Press

NEARBY, Hordern Brothers make apt suggestions for the linen press. Jacquard towels and colorful bungalow



Light as a feather "step-ins," expertly fashioned of soft black lace, and just the thing for summery wear.

cloths, blue, green, and gold as to border, and also hemmed, have been cheerfully reduced. The towels from 3/9 to 2/9, and the cloths, size 48 x 48, from 2/11 to 2/3.

Take the tiny girl to their children's department and fill her small soul with glee by the acquisition of a dainty frock for 2/11. They are made in good washing cambric and tastefully trimmed with organdie collars and cuffs.

The length is 24in. to fit kiddie of four or five summers. For your own delectation consider the merits of a good quality linen coat, cut on tailored lines, for 15/11. There are all colors, white and red, powder and peach, and so on.

* * *

FOR your own delectation, too, don't miss this bargain at Snows. If you like to eliminate the onerous business of making your own frocks, there are marocain gowns for 6/11. They are designed with quaintly and smartly puffed sleeves and they were originally priced at three times the amount.

If you prefer to sew a fine seam yourself, Snows marocain awaits your attention in a heavyweight quality for 1/6½, reduced from 3/11.

Their Manchester Department will gladden the heart of the housewife.

Gleaming white tablecloths rub shoulders with sheets of the same dazzling hue. There is a huge collection of goods marked with the ever reliable "Osman" brand. Just make your purchases tot up the total, so to speak, and gloat over the savings you have made.

And Undies

IF you still have the party spirit, or, indeed, are in a practical frame of mind, McCathies have some excellent suggestions in the way of millinery. Have you tried a little cocktail turban yet? You wear them at a jaunty angle and achieve an irresistible flair by adding a tiny eye-veil. In Panamalac Neros, Celtagel or Pedaline, the prices range from 6/11 to 29/11.

Then, still in McCathies millinery department, there are white panamas for 1/11½, pedalines reduced from 9/11 to 4/11, glazed panamas, white or colored, have donned tickets marked 2/11½ instead of 7/11, hand-made sissols are 6/11 instead of 12/11 as formerly.

Gaily-colored cretonne bags will cause you to dally to some purpose, too. Chubby sunshades nestle snugly in the top of these bags, and they have been reduced from 18/11 to 9/6. Bags, that look like canvas and are panama or togo in check designs, are 2/11 instead of 7/11 and 8/11.

At City Fashions they are luring one to reckless expenditure with the most delectable undies; but the magic word "runproof" warrants one's extravagant ideas while unusual trimmings and gay color schemes offer convincing arguments.

Vests and bloomers are marked at 1/11 each garment. There is a multiplicity of shades, and they were priced at 3/11. Slumber gowns with floral yokes are selling at 5/11 instead of 7/11, and step-ins, an addition to one's wardrobe that is comparatively new at the same figure—though in all sizes! Lace trimmed bloomers are 5/11, reduced from 12/11.

Crepe-de-chine scarves in the gayest colorings are reduced from 4/11 to 3/11.

HOST Rolleston says: A dainty delicacy is the Rolleston Stuffed Olive. The stones have been replaced with red capsicums and are

Sales in Progress

CITY FASHIONS.
HORDERN BROS. LTD.
McCATHIES LTD.
MURDOCHS LTD.
SYDNEY SNOW LTD.
E. WAY AND CO. LTD.

Closing dates of these sales have not yet been announced. Watch this list each week for the opening and closing dates of current sales.

Make Going to Business a Pleasure

LIVE AT MANLY

Travel to and from town in fast, comfortable, roomy, glassed-in Saloon steamers. Enjoy twice daily the most delightful Harbour Trip in the world.

Only MANLY can offer you this.

Manly's pleasure wonder pool, at night floodlit over and under the water, contains a Slippery Dip, Diving Tower, Water Wheels, Spinning Floats, Rolling Logs, numerous Springboards, and a host of other aquatic novelties, and is

FREE TO THE PUBLIC DAY AND NIGHT.

A magnificent Dressing Pavilion and Tea Room situated right at the end of the Pool provide the acme of comfort and convenience for all. The Tea Room is also available for supper parties, dances, bridge, etc.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATION NOW!

SEASON TICKETS COST PER DAY: GENT'S 4½d, LADIES' 3½d, CHILD'S 1½d.

WEEKLY TICKETS—7 DAYS' TRAVELLING (ALL DAY, ANY DAY, ANY TIME): GENT'S 4/-, LADIES' 3/-.

DAILY FARE: ADULTS 6d., CHILDREN 1d. (under 5 years FREE).

THE PORT JACKSON AND MANLY S.S. CO. LTD.
Telephones: B3231, B2281.

WAY'S
GREAT SUMMER
SALE

Bargains throughout the Store!



What a Chance! Silk Shantung Frocks, for such a few shillings. Smart, youthful style, for street, sport or home. Double epaulet shoulders. Encircling belt. Colours: Blue, Green, or Tomato. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Usually 18/6. **Way's Sale Price** 13/11

Dainty Frocks of Floral Pique Voile —two smart styles—trimmed White Organdie. Lovely designs on Blue, Pink, Nile, Red or White. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., and W. Cool, smart and practical. Usually 22/6. **Way's Sale Price** 16/11

Manufacturers Clearance—Individual Styles!
63/- 55/- 49/6
All to Clear at 29/11

Use our LAY-BY



A Group Clearance that for **Downright Value** beats anything recently offered. Such smart, up-to-the-minute styles in Marocain Sand Crepe, Elephant Crepe and other favoured weaves—**No Two Alike**—and there is a wide choice of colours. Usually 49/6 to 63/-. **All to Go at** 29/11

A Bargain for the Bigger woman! Stylish Frocks of Printed Silk Crepe—new stripes and diagonal designs on Dark Saxe or Navy, also Black-White effects. Note the new sleeves and gored skirt. Truly a "better frock", at a Saving Price. Sizes: W and O.S. Usually 75/- **Way's Sale Price** 59/11

Special Out-Size Frocks of Art Morocaine—with style and quality appeal—and at this Low Sale Price **Value Irresistible.** Suitably styled and finished pin tucks and lace stitch front. Colours: Navy, Saxe, Brown or Black. Sizes: W to X.X.O.S. Usually 49/6 **Way's Sale Price** 37/6

You can share in these Bargains by Mail.

213-219 PITT ST SYDNEY

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THE HUB makes a Sensational Offer to KNITTERS!



Wool Fleeces are being Auctioned at 100% above last year's price levels!

Sensational Announcement by THE HUB Ltd.

We realised in 1933 that the sudden rise of wool would reflect itself in the price of Knitting Wools in 1934—we enthusiastically bought these Knitting Wools, and are offering the four lines below at actually last season's prices—while they last. You will realise that wool has risen 100 per cent., and we emphatically suggest that you take advantage of this sensational Sale of Wools.

THE HUB OFFERS 1933 PRICES at the Beginning of the 1934 Season
(WHILE STOCKS LAST)

4-ply Wool

4-ply Fingering Wool in a full range of NEW Winter shades and delightful Heather mixtures. This was first favourite last year—buy stocks now before the prices rise.

HUB PRICE, 1oz. skn. 4½d.

Sunbeam 2-ply

"Sunbeam" 2-ply Silk and Wool at a price you'll hardly see again, in all pastel shades suitable for dainty underwear, etc.

HUB PRICE, skn. 5d.

Merino Wool

"Merino" Baby Wool in 1oz. Balls. A dainty, soft-textured wool that makes up beautifully. Marked at last year's price level. Shades of Pink, White, and Blue.

HUB PRICE, 1oz. ball 9d.

"Ba-Ba" Wool

Just arrived! A new stock of 4-ply "Ba-Ba" Fingering Wool. Good colour range. This wool is suitable for all knitwear. A remarkable value even at last season's price.

HUB PRICE, 1oz. skn. 6d.

Fixed Price Knitting Wools

Golden Wattle

The famous 4-ply "Golden Wattle" Wool is available in all new season's colours. Just opened up.

HUB PRICE, 1oz. skn. 7d.

Super Wools

"Sunbeam" 2, 3, and 4 ply Super Wools. Every shade available in New Season's stock.

HUB PRICE, 1oz. skn. 8d.

2, 3 and 4-ply

Patons & Baldwins 2, 3, and 4 ply Super Wools are again favourite for all general wear. Buy supplies now. All colours obtainable.

HUB PRICE, 1oz. skn. 10d.

P. and B. Wool

Patons & Baldwins 4-ply "Rose" Fingering Wool. A well-known and popular brand that will be rushed at this price.

HUB PRICE, 1oz. skn. 8½d.

Knitting Needles A wide range of Knitting Needles to choose from. Sizes 8 to 12. HUB PRICE, pr. 3d.

The HUB Limited
393-5-7 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

MUSIC and RADIO

By ROBERT McCALL

Composer and Conductor... New "Con" Director

Edgar Bainton's Career. — Interned for Four Years. "Collit's Inn" Succeeds in Melbourne. — Opera and Oratorio on the Air. — Henri Penn with A.B.C. Band.

The alarums and excursions attending the appointment of a new director for the New South Wales State Conservatorium have ceased with the acceptance of the position by Edgar Leslie Bainton, prominent English composer and principal of the Conservatorium at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Amid all the turmoil and shouting the name of this musician never was mentioned, so that his selection by the Public Service Board is a first-class surprise. Whatever disappointments and heart-burnings there may be these should not be allowed to affect his welcome.

Interesting Career

Even though his name may be new to most of us Bainton has had a career which leads one to believe that he should be an acquisition to Australian music.

He will celebrate his fifty-fourth birthday next month, having been born in London in 1880. He won the open scholarship for piano playing at the Royal College of Music in 1896, and the same institution awarded him the Wilson scholarship for piano-playing for composition three years later. Such men as Stanford, Walford Davies, Charles Wood and Franklin Taylor were his professors.

Interned by Germans

His career received a serious setback during the war. From 1914 to 1918 he was interned at the Ruhleben Camp in Germany, and later at The Hague.

When Bainton was released in Holland he was engaged to conduct two concerts of British music with the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, of which Willem Mengelberg was and still is the permanent director.

On returning home the Englishman resumed his duties at Newcastle. Bainton has many compositions to his credit. His most important is said to be a symphony, "Before Sunrise," for contralto solo, chorus and orchestra, based on three poems from Swinburne's "Songs Before Sunrise." This work won the Carnegie Trust Award in 1917, while the same distinction was conferred on his "Concerto-Fantasia" for piano and orchestra in 1920.

When the new Director takes over at the "Con," it is to be hoped that one of his first steps will be to prepare a representative programme of his own compositions. Moreover, such a concert should be broadcast throughout Australia or the programme repeated for a national relay.

Henri Penn with Band

The whirlwind tour of the A.B.C. Military Band with Captain Adkins in charge certainly seems to be sweeping Australian listeners off their feet. The vital personality and musicianship of the British bandmaster not only keeps the players blowing with zest and alertness, but infects the listeners, too.



Henri Penn

Henri Penn, I hear, has been engaged to tour with the band as pianist and accompanist. A native of London, this gifted pianist originally toured Australia with Henri Verbrugghen, Antonia Dolores, Marguerite D'Alvarez and Joseph Hislop. He settled in Sydney and for some years was on the "Con" teaching staff. Lately he has been in Melbourne where he has been acting as director of the St. Kilda Conservatorium.

In the band programmes, Mr. Penn is to be heard in four important concertos—the Schumann, Mendelssohn, Grieg and Tschaikovsky.

Other Radio Features

Glancing through the A.B.C. programmes for next week I notice several sessions worthy of mention. On Sunday night the Melbourne dramatic soprano, Alice Orff-Solscher, who was so prominent in the Brahms - Wagner season, will sing from 2BL, Sydney, a series of old English, Scottish, French, and German folk songs. The supporting artist is to be Lora Triste (pianist). They will collaborate again on Wednesday night, January 17.



Alice Orff-Solscher.

Two other Melbourne musicians, Madalah Masson (pianist) and Mona Nugent (soprano) are scheduled for a national concert on January 19.

"Butterfly" Again

The Broadcasting Commission's opera season continues on its course, steered safely by that trinity of skippers, Lionello Cecil, Franco Izal and Wando Aldrovandi. "Madame Butterfly" is announced for repetition on next Sunday night, and again the title role will be sustained by the Sydney soprano, Millie Hughes, with Evelyn Hall as Suzuki, Lionello Cecil as Pinkerton, Signor Izal as the Consul, and Evelyn Lynch as Kate.



DOROTHEA VAUTIER, the popular radio announcer, who is leaving 2UE to take up journalism and feature broadcasting.

The time is ripe, I think, for the introduction of a novelty into the season. What about Catalani's "Lorelcy" or Masc a g ni's "Iris," which were announced as prospective productions last year?

Foundation Music

On the same evening as "Butterfly," by the way, there is an important item in the "Foundations of Music" series, which is being arranged by the N.S.W. Musical Association. Dorothy Gibbs (pianiste), Florent Hoogstoel (violinist) and Gladstone Bell ('cellist) are going to play the "Caravan" Trio, the first of two written by Saint-Saens.

"Collit's Inn"

"Collit's Inn" has become just as popular in Melbourne as it was in Sydney. It will be remembered that this operetta (written by Varney Monk, wife of the well-known violinist, Cyril Monk) was awarded the second prize in the operetta competition sponsored and financed by Miss Nathalie Rosenwax. It had a short stage season in Sydney and was broadcast several times. Now "Collit's Inn" has been staged in Melbourne on a grand scale with a revolving stage to speed up the scene changing, and a cast which is headed by those old associates, Gladys Moncrieff, Claude Fleming and Robert Chisholm.

Next it is planned by Efftee Films to produce a talkie of "Collit's Inn," Varney Monk has been in Melbourne writing extra music for the screen version.

A Promising 'Cellist

I see that Don Howley, the clever young 'cellist who, in less than two years has risen from third 'cellist in the A.B.C. (Melbourne) Symphony Orchestra to leader, will contribute two brackets to the orchestra and choral programme which is to be relayed on January 15.

It should be a worthwhile programme without being "highbrow," notable numbers being a selection from "Der Rosenkavalier" (Richard Strauss), Chaminade's "Callirhoe" Suite and "Two Eastern Pictures," by Gustav Holst.

HOTT Hallcrook says: I brew my Pure Malt Vinegar from Australian barley, and mature it for one year.



ANOTHER £500 FRIDAY
INCLUDING
£100, £50
ETC.

LUCKY FRED who again won more big prizes than any other Share Syndicates, gave his shareholders some more big wins on Friday, when he won over £500 in the 176th Lottery, including:

£100 38276
£50 57467
£30 88215
£20's 57603, 9665

In addition to these prizes, Lucky Fred handed out hundreds of cheques for clients sharing £10's and £5's prizes in the 176th Lottery

£47,500
INCLUDING
4 £5,000's

Lucky Fred's enormous total which he has won for his shareholders amounts to £47,500, and of this amount many cheques for £1000 each went to his lucky shareholders when he won his FOUR FIRST PRIZES OF £5000 EACH in the N.S.W. State Lottery.

FRED'S LUCKY EARLY IN THE YEAR.

Fred won two of his £5000 prizes very early in the New Year. Will history repeat itself? Will you be one of the five shareholders to collect when Fred Wins his next FIRST PRIZE?

Remember, if you send a Postal Note for 1/6 to-day you may have that £1000 in the bank next week.

SAME DAY SERVICE

Immediately the results are announced on the wireless, all shareholders can collect their winnings at once. All prizes are paid in full, and no deductions whatever are made.

Branch at 14 BARRACK STREET
A one-minute service, and every ticket is bought by Lucky Fred himself!

SPECIAL OFFER
Four Fifth Shares in different tickets for 5/6.

This is a great idea, and gives you FOUR SEPARATE CHANCES to win £1000. This appeals to the wise investor who likes four lucky numbers to look for in the result slip instead of one.

COUPON

How to send in . . .

Simply cut out this coupon and—
For a FIFTH SHARE, send 1/6
For a FIFTH SHARE and a LUCKY CHARM, send 2/6
For FOUR ONE-FIFTH SHARES, in DIFFERENT tickets, send 5/6

Simply buy a Postal Note for any of the above offers and post it with this coupon and a stamped addressed envelope, bearing your name and address (this is very important, so don't forget to enclose a self-stamped addressed envelope). By return mail you will receive your Lottery Share in the very next State Lottery to be drawn.

To-day may be your lucky day—£1000 may be yours next week!
You know the address:—

LUCKY FRED, W.W.8
Box 3908TT., G.P.O., Sydney.

CATARRH relieved at once!



Just a little Tiger Salve in your nostrils is a really amazing remedy for the worst cases of Catarrh. All Chemists and Stores, 2/- per tin. 5-1-2

TIGER SALVE 2/-

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LETTERS sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

So they Say

Australia's most thoughtful women write letters for this page of open discussion on all subjects.

AN ENGLISH VIEW

EVIDENTLY provincial England still thinks of the average Australian girl as a suitable type for the part of the sheriff's daughter in Wild West films.

A recent news-photo from Leeds (Eng.) of "A Daughter of the Empire" pageant shows "Miss Australia" in full "cowgirl" costume, complete with sombrero, loud-checked suit, and leather vest.

Our newsreels of Sydney's beach girls, or Melbourne's Henley "flapper-parade," presumably, do not journey as far as Leeds.

"What do they know of Empire, who only England know?"

Molly Power, 210 Nelson Rd., South Melbourne, Vic.

£1 for this letter.

* * *

A 1934 OUTLOOK

IN your issue of 30/12/'33, in "You'll Remember 1933 by These Things," I read "We can look forward to 1934 as the best year we've had for a long time."

We can't!—at least not all of us. Perhaps the business people can; but it's quite certain that some of us can look forward to an even worse year than 1933, and that's saying something!

We are dairy farmers, and the price of our produce keeps on falling steadily.

Recently, when in Melbourne, I noticed that in nearly every home you hear the same remarks, "Milk is such a price!" and "Be careful with the butter!" etc.

Yet these same people never seem to lack the money to go to places of entertainment, and to every bargain sale.

Surely this is what is wrong with the country! The secondary industries are getting all the profits, at the expense of the poor "primary producer."

Mrs. R. A. Shady, Clover Flat P.O., via Coleraine, Vic.

* * *

CHEMISTS' PRICES

IT is easy to understand Mrs. Crees' indignation (The Australian Women's Weekly, 30/12/'33) at the apparently exorbitant profit made by chemists if she does not realise the facts.

Chemists expend a great deal of time and money on their training to equip them for the extremely dangerous task of dispensing. This is what we are actually paying for. It is not so much the price of the ingredients, but the "knowing how" to dispense them.

Surely the men who have given so much to fit themselves for the service of others are entitled to their money back.

Miss Lorna O'Brien, 89 Puckle Street, Moonee Ponds, W4, Vic.

* * *

BROADCAST ISSUE

WHILE every reader of The Australian Women's Weekly will feel nothing but the profoundest sympathy with Mrs. Allardice, yet we must admit her letter regarding "A" class concerts is side-stepping the question. (A.W.W., 30/12/'33).

We are grateful for the gift of hearing. But that gives no one the right to force noise upon us. The real issue, as raised by Miss Jones' letter is:—Having accepted our license fees, are the directors of "A" class stations rendering an adequate return in first-class programmes?

Not a housewife in Australia would tolerate paying for a pound of first-grade butter, and receiving a pound of margarine. Yet is not this a homely illustration of what obtains in the broadcasting world to-day?

Mrs. J. R. Crees, Yeerongpilly, Brisbane, Qld.

* * *

BALLOON DANGER

A SYDNEY family mourns the loss of a daughter who, while employed in a toy store, burst a blood vessel through blowing up balloons. With rubber suit toys, etc., so popular surely someone could invent some simple device to fill them with air for, apart from the danger, as proved by blowing them by mouth, there is the hygienic point. Let's hope, through The Australian Women's Weekly, we will see a change in the "blowing-up" before next Christmas toy rush.

Mrs. A. Fitton, Molesworth St., Tenterfield, Qld. Border.

Cheap Spectacles, Is there Danger?

Was He Lucky?

WHEN once visiting a popular shop in Brisbane, my father noticed spectacles marked up at "1/- your pick." Although he already owned a pair of gold-rimmed tested spectacles, he tried the others on until he found a pair suitable to his eyes, which he bought. This occurred about eight years ago, and he is still wearing them and enjoying perfectly good vision, while the gold-rimmed ones are completely discarded.



Miss G. Quainton, 12 Partridge St., Toowoomba, Qld.

Goggle Eyes

PERFECTLY correct that "cheap-jack" spectacles are a menace to any country; they do not keep their strength very long. One often hears people say we cannot afford to go to an optician, but, thank goodness, we have the benefit of our hospitals, where the best doctors serve the unfortunate people who cannot afford to consult an optician.

Reg Nelson, Glass House Mts., Qld.

Effective

MRS. HOOD need not worry about cheap spectacles. I visited an eye specialist in Brisbane and I laughingly asked him if he would let me buy a pair of cheap spectacles. To my surprise he said I could and gave me a certain number, and I bought them at a cheap store in Brisbane. The doctor told me that as I had only a slight strain they would be just as beneficial to my eyes as the more expensive spectacle.

Gwen O'Donnell, Lytton Rd., East Brisbane, Qld.

The Wrong Way

I WOULD like to add my little say. Worse than buying cheap spectacles is the habit of relying on opticians, optometrists, and spectacle makers under other names, for reliable eye tests. Only a doctor, who is an eye specialist, is competent to prescribe for eye trouble.

"Caught Once."

Homework, Use and Abuse

No Harm Done

I CANNOT see how a reasonable amount of homework could prove injurious to health. I say reasonable, because I think most of the homework allotted is reasonable. For primary students have practically none, except at time of approaching exams.

Miss Sylvia Nelson, 51 Edinburgh Rd., Willoughby, N.S.W.

Too Much Sport

THE reason for the necessity for so much homework for school children is not far to seek. So much of the school hours is taken up with sport and superfluous subjects that the things that really matter have to be learnt at home. In my school days we had to have our sport in our own time after school. There was homework then, but not enough to interfere with our rest, as it certainly does nowadays.

Mrs. W. Thornton, 4 John St., Woollahra, N.S.W.

Half Hour Enough

HOMEWORK is a necessary part of every schoolchild's routine, and, if abolished, would mean that part of their education would be neglected, for it educates in will-power and self-control. However, half an hour is enough.

Miss J. Ball, 12 Allen Ave., Clovelly, N.S.W.

VOTE NOW

I THINK that the easiest way to settle the question of pen-names for "So They Say" letters is to take a vote for Yes or No. Let the Editor take a count. Have all letters in on a certain date. Then count them and see which is the greater, "Yes" or "No," and let that decide the question. I vote for "Yes."

Mrs. W. Gaff, Bald Knob, via Landsborough, Q'ld.

Total of letters so far:—

For Pen-names	Against
185	177

That Green Eyed Monster!

An Insult

THERE are as many opinions of jealousy as there are sands of the sea shore. My idea is that such from a lover may be taken as a compliment. But jealousy from a married man or woman must surely be an insult.

Louise Worthington, 8 Darley St., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

Man in Love

I THINK we can be sure that if a man is jealous he is in love, but we must remember that there are countless men who love their girl friends and are not jealous. Jealousy is usually an unconscious admission of inferiority.

Miss F. Marks, Lavington, via Albury, N.S.W.

Sacred Love

IN my opinion Mrs. Francis is quite correct when she states "Love is perfect trust and understanding." Love should be sacred and wonderful—something which is treasured and sealed so tightly that no suspicion of doubt or friction can enter—and jealousy certainly cannot be classed as such.

Miss E. M. Hubner, "Gladwill," Lang St., Fairfield, S. Brisbane, Qld.

Why Not a Little?

RE why not a little jealousy. It is good for us, making us appreciate what we have got. What man or woman cares to think they cannot arouse it? Of course, unreasonable jealousy, which, after all, is only badly - injured vanity, is something to be deplored, and anyone who has to put up with it deserves sympathy, for this is not really love for another so much as self love.



Mrs. R. Yeomans, 61 Pine St., Randwick, N.S.W.

Kill the Dragon

I AGREE with Mrs. Francis that "love means trust and understanding," and that "perfect love casts out jealousy." As perfect love is so very rare, jealousy persists.

Mrs. J. Allen, 73 Cooper St., Preston, N18, Vic.

More and More Green-eyed

JEALOUSY is purely and simply exaggerated selfishness, not a sign of affection or love, as so many of us would fain believe. Love should betoken perfect trust in its affection.

How often the terms are misunderstood and misinterpreted, especially by self-centred selfish natures.

Human nature not being exactly Godlike, or having a good ray of Godlike spirit in many cases, The Monster becomes more and more Green Eyed.

Mrs. C. C. Penlston, P.O. Tarampa, via Lowood, Q'ld.

Mutual Love Wanted

IN answer to the letter of Mrs. Francis (The Australian Women's Weekly, 30/12/'33), it's my opinion that for perfect trust and understanding love must be mutual.

It is when a man is not sure that his love is returned that his doubts worry him into jealousy.

Mutual love leaves no room for jealousy.

Mrs. P. Fredericks, Queen St., Bulimba, Q'ld.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



DOMESTIC SCIENCE COOKS

HAVE readers ever found a student from a domestic science school able to put on the table, nicely cooked, a meal to satisfy a family with healthy appetites? I have been in contact with many of those students, and although they can cook and provide a dainty afternoon tea, with plenty of decoration, I have yet to find one who can cook and supply one of those meals like mothers used to. Seems to me that at the domestic science schools the girls are taught the most expensive cookery, while in most cases plain home cookery is discarded. Why?

Mrs. E. J. Collins, 29 Argyle Avenue, Ryde, N.S.W.

ETIQUETTE



"MARRIED LADIES lead the way to luncheon—unmarried ladies next—the gentlemen bringing up the rear."

JUST BEING NASTY

I WAS amazed at the injustice of M. E. Moriarty's criticism of The Australian Women's Weekly (6/1/'34). It was very sporting of you to have published her letter. She says, "Anything approaching good, hard sense is rigidly excluded, and a nauseating mixture of sob stuff and sugary sentimentality is the order of the day."

In your issue before last there was an article by Mrs. Littlejohn on family life, an article by a Clerical Observer on Japan's suggestion for world religion, a one-act play by Eric Bedford, a full page review of H. G. Wells' latest book, and many other splendid articles. I wonder if your critic calls these sob stuff. I don't think she reads her paper very carefully.

Anyhow why doesn't Miss Moriarty offer some real suggestions instead of just being rude.

E. P., "Karoom," Springfield Av., Potts Point, Sydney.

* * *

DEMORALISING BOOKS

I FEEL certain all clean-minded women will agree with me in denouncing the trend of modern literature. I am a member of one of our leading city libraries, where I am allowed 1 new book and 3 old ones; in choosing the former I generally pick one that has the appearance of having been well read; the majority of these would not have been tolerated ten years ago. Our laws bar the sale of indecent pictures and photographs, yet the dissemination of unwholesome literature is allowed to go on unchecked.

Mrs. Jane Handon, 11 Mervan Street, West Ryde, N.S.W.

* * *

TEACHERS' HOLIDAYS

"WHY should teachers have six weeks' holiday?" is the query one hears on every side, now the Christmas vacation has arrived. Why shouldn't we? Teaching, if one of the most interesting professions, is also one of the most exacting. No other work is such a drain on one's vitality and nervous energy. If we didn't have our long vacation to recuperate after the year's work, we would be spending months in nursing homes or mental asylums.

Miss M. Adams, Samford Rd., Mitchelton, Bri[illegible], Q'ld.

* * *

HARMFUL DRAMATICS

WHILE dramatics in themselves are not harmful, and certainly tend to give self-control, self-reliance, and an easy carriage, there are certain drawbacks in allowing children of tender years to take part in entertainments of that nature. There is always the danger of a child becoming too self-confident and precocious, alert for praise and admiration, both on-stage and off, while late nights and the excitement attendant on dramatic performances are admittedly detrimental to the health.

J. G. Paynton, 3 Garden St., Hawthorn, E3, Vic.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4603409



COLIN TAPLEY, winner of the New Zealand "Search for Beauty" contest, lunches with Stella Bailey, New York winner, and Brian Norman, who won the Australian honors.

Roaming ROUND the STUDIOS

Intimate Glimpses of Paramount Personalities

From BRIAN NORMAN, Australian winner in the "Search for Beauty" Quest.

WE were ladies and gentlemen of leisure at first, but we had to step lively when the rest of the contestants arrived. Production started and the word went forth to make it snappy.

We, Australians and New Zealanders, were the first to arrive. We had a whole week here in Hollywood to amuse ourselves. No one was designated by the studio to look after us, so we roamed about at will.

VISITING the sets in use we saw Frederic March and Miriam Hopkins doing a scene for "Chrysalis." Frederic March is as handsome off the screen as on, although he appears to be of a slightly stouter build in real life.

We saw Charles Farrell and Charlie Ruggles, too, on the "Girl Without a Room" set. Both Charles and Charlie are charming fellows, and came over and talked to us and made us feel very much at home—which is more than I can say for other stars on the lot!

This set represents an artist's attic among the chimney pots of Paris, and through the windows you appear to see the immediate neighborhood, and Paris itself in the misty distance.

Charlotte Henry

Outside the window are placed a dozen or so model Parisian houses, and then, behind them, is stretched an enormous and actual panoramic photograph of Paris. Bright lights on the houses and blue lights on the photograph create the atmosphere of distance and mist.

Unfortunately, we were not allowed on the "Alice in Wonderland" set, but we were introduced to, and had lunch with, Charlotte Henry, the 16-year-old Brooklyn girl who plays the part of Alice. She is the Alice I had always imagined—long, straight, yellow hair, a sweet and simple face, and a blue print frock with a little white pinafore.

She told us that her picture is almost completed, and that they are all working late hours. She herself is at present working from 8 a.m. to 3 a.m. the following morning!

We saw a lot of Jack Oakie about the studio. Jack is as big a "gagger" off the screen as on, and is a very popular fellow. He and Roscoe Karns (who is going to play the part of a reporter in our picture) are Tweedledum and Tweedledee in "Alice in Wonderland."

* * *

THE studio itself covers 27 acres of offices and administration buildings, of stages and property rooms, dressing rooms, gardens, miniature sets and imitations of New York, Paris, and London streets and shops. It has its own fire brigade and police force, complete with uniform, baton, and revolver.



GWEN MUNRO and Brian Norman, Australian winners, chatting in the studio with Charles Ruggles, who has been consistently affable to the new arrivals.

Right in the middle of it all, hemmed in between the gymnasium and a set of soundproof stages, is the studio restaurant. Here every day come all the actors and actresses who are actively working on the Paramount lot, and all the directors, producers and executives of the company.

The latter, headed by Ernst Lubitch, smoking his big fat cigar, sit at a special table by themselves. Over there Dorothea Wieck is sitting, as fresh and sensitive as a flower. She has just completed her work in "Cradle Song." She came to Paramount from UFA's "Menschen in Uniform" without any knowledge of English, and you can hear her resonant voice speaking in broken English just a couple of tables away.

Miriam Hopkins, very perky and self-confident, sits in a corner with a friend. She has just completed Noel Coward's "Design For Living," and is at present at work on "Chrysalis."

By the way, I heard that, when they had completed the scrip for "Design For Living," only one line of Noel Coward's play remained intact, so they tossed a coin to see whether they would alter that, and Coward lost!

Claudette Colbert has just entered the restaurant with Herbert Marshall and Cecil B. de Mille. Claudette radiates with intelligent personality—and intelligence is very rare among Hollywood women. No one could be more charming than Herbert Marshall. They have just returned from Honolulu, where they were making "Four Frightened People."

They tell me Claudette is one of the most popular actresses on the lot—and Miriam Hopkins one of the most unpopular.

And, of course, Marlene Dietrich is in to lunch, for work is to commence soon on "Catherine the Great." She always sits with her Josef von Sternberg. He looks for all the world like an Einstein with his hair brushed! Marlene looks very much the same as on the screen, but, although I sat at the next table to her for a week, I detected no sign of any personality. I did not hear her utter one word; indeed, her only gesture was to nod to the menu suggestions of von Sternberg.

I am told that she will do nothing except at his command. Stage actresses are born, but film actresses are made.

Life Goes On

SO life goes on in the studio restaurant. Celebrities come in, but only strangers turn to look, to point, to whisper. Very shortly we, too, will become blase to the idols of the film.

The scene itself is a dull one, for the studio restaurant could by no stretch of imagination be called attractive; yet we all sit and eat on the "qui vive." "I've seen that chap before!" "What's that man's name, that one sitting over there—remember, we saw him in that picture last night?" "Quick! who's that girl sitting over there?" and so on.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

STARS *in* TRANSIT

For a long time Hollywood has attracted directors and stars from Europe. It has been the goal of ambitious actors and actresses who wished to gain world-fame and a great fortune through motion pictures. Now, however, there has ceased to be a one-way traffic across the Atlantic.

SOME English and Continental actors have returned to their own countries. Some Hollywood stars have taken up contracts with English producing companies. And some, the most sought after or the most adaptable of both American and European origin, buzz backwards and forwards nowadays in a dizzying flight. Edward Everett Horton, delightful comedian, crops up now in Hollywood, now with Gaumont or Gainsborough or some other, in England. So does Roland Young.

That great actor, Charles Laughton, after his Hollywood triumphs and the making of "Henry VIII" for London Film Productions, seems to have settled is content to play roles that appeal to him for a minute salary at the Old Vic. While the film of "Henry VIII" has been shown there, he has also been acting in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII." Leslie Howard has recently been taking the name part in the latest stage production to be put on in London dealing with the life of Shakespeare.

But it seems an open question whether there is any real advantage in the transference of secondary artists. Thelma Todd and Bebe Daniels, now acting for British International Pictures, are not stars of the first magnitude, and the latter is of waning brilliance.

* DAY OF RECKONING

Richard Dix, Madge Evans and Una Merkel (M.-G.-M.).

THOUGH this is rather crude melodrama, it is well acted and produced. The moral that pretty young wives who are so brainless and extravagant as to drive fond husbands to embezzlement come to a sticky end themselves is sound. What is shocking to British notions of justice is that the husband in this case (Richard Dix) serves his two years in the county gaol for the embezzlement, but seems to escape the charge of murdering the villain of the piece, who had seduced his wife while he was put away. The villain, of course, deserves death, and the unhappy husband has to suffer the loss of his wife, who has been shot down by the villain's former mistress. But really . . .

Una Merkel, as the devoted servant girl who runs the household and brings up the infants, gives a study that would be charming if she did not have to speak. In such a part her accent does not matter. But her voice is about as ugly as a voice could be, and certainly uglier than any voice ought to be.

* BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS

Bette Davis, Lewis Stone (Warner Bros.)

IN New York apparently, if any of your relatives suddenly disappear, you apply to the Bureau of Missing Persons, an organisation connected with the police force, but run on rather different lines. The benevolent presiding genius (Lewis Stone) and his staff of gum-chewing detectives will do their best to trace them. There is pathos in the cases investigated and some grim humor. The young detective (Pat O'Brien) transferred from the regular force has to be made to realise that the fashionable method of knocking your man down if he won't come quietly is "all wrawng" in this class of work. But he can be pardoned for his mistrust and bewilderment over the alterations and additions to the tale that Bette Davis puts over on him. There never was a thinner story. However, in the end he accepts it. It seems to be "jake" with him. And we are evidently expected to believe that she is a Good Girl after all.

* PASSPORT TO PARIS

Sally Eilers and Ben Lyon (B.I.P.)

SECRET Service as an occupation can hardly be amusing, but must be spiced with adventure. A burlesque like this is both. Ben Lyon is a casual American with a job in London. After a night out he is sent through a mistake of identity on a mission to Paris. There he encounters Sally Eilers, an American actress posing as a royal personage. How they are dogged across Europe by the sinister Herr Doktor and his associates, trick the commandant, and swap reminiscences about their home town while waiting for the firing squad makes capital entertainment. It is all in the right vein of fooling and has been very well produced. **(Supporting feature at the Lyceum.)**

OUR NEW FILM GRADING SYSTEM

**—One star, average films.*
***—Two stars, good films.*
****—Three stars, excellent.*
No stars no good.

* HOOPLA

Clara Bow, Preston Foster, Richard Cromwell, Minna Gombell (Fox).

A TRAVELLING circus makes a very effective background. Even the reduced kind of circus that passes under the name of "carnival" in the U.S.A. is picturesque. There are no wild animals or clowns or equestrian acts in this film, but we have the lights of the merry-go-round, the Fat Woman, the Bearded Lady, the Dwarf, the hula-hula dancer, and the Escaped Favorite of the Sultan's harem (Clara Bow). Where the picture falls down is in the story. In order to oblige another lady (Minna Gombell) Clara Bow undertakes to vamp the carnival manager's young son, who has dropped in on vacation from his law studies. She does it with such success that she falls in love herself. "He is an awful sweet kid." They marry, and naturally the manager sends them packing. Then later, while still romantically attached, she is supporting the lad at his studies, by a trick she gets his father to come to spruik for her at the Chicago World Fair. Oh, Clara!

The same baby face and wicked eyes belong to Miss Bow as of yore, but a little more flesh. In fact, if we wished to be unkind we might say there are signs of pudginess. **(Regent.)**



NANCY SMITH, daughter of Dr. S. A. Smith, of Sydney, who has achieved success in British films. She will be seen shortly on the Australian film screen as Nancy O'Neil.

* COUNSEL'S OPINION

Henry Kendall, Binnie Barnes, Cyril Maude (Paramount British).

IN reference to British films, unfavorable comment has been made from time to time on what are called "quota pictures," that is, films made by Hollywood companies in England with sufficiently large proportion of English actors to qualify them as British pictures under the system which obliges a certain percentage of British pictures to be shown in the United Kingdom. It has been said that they are made cheaply and the work is scamped, but that they find ready release in England in theatres controlled by American capital. The result has been to discredit British films somewhat in England and outside, since these pass as British pictures.

Now, "Counsel's Opinion" is a useful instance. It has been made by Paramount in England with a cast of nearly all British players, some of them quite distinguished. And the stage piece, from which the film is taken, had a fair run in a West End theatre with Owen Nares playing lead. The film, to be sure, has merit, and some of its passages are delightful, though the soft tones of the photography, pleasing in themselves, may not seem to compare favorably with the strong lights and shadows that we are accustomed to. But too little care has been expended on the direction, which is very mechanical at times. And the whole thing could have been improved in the cutting. **(Plaza.)**

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ON THE LEFT is a typical poison bottle. The shape and ridged sides distinguish it from an ordinary bottle—even in the dark.

When DEATH LURKS *in the* BOTTLE

Fatal accidents.... that result from indiscriminate bottling of poison!

Death lurks on the shelf in almost every home!

Bottles containing poisons and poisonous substances are frequently placed among other bottles containing ordinary household commodities. In a hurried search for some kitchen requisites, the poison bottle has often been selected in error with tragic consequences.

Drastic amendments to the poison regulations are now being advocated, including the compulsory use of a specially designed bottle for all poisonous fluids.

NO fewer than 2467 lives of men, women, and children have been lost in Australia in the last decade by the agency of the poison bottle. The total is an appalling one.

But this represents only a mere fraction of the number who have suffered all the pains and dangers of poisoning but have been saved by prompt medical skill and attention.

Perhaps the worst feature of the matter is that in hundreds of cases of accidental poisoning the victims have been innocent babies and children, whose lives have been sacrificed.

While in many instances the carelessness of individuals has been responsible for the tragedies, the Government which refuses to face its responsibility in the matter of enacting drastic poison legislation must be saddled with its share of the blame.

The subject of the promiscuous handling of deadly poisons by unqualified persons is one which is agitating the pharmacists of Australia to-day, and movements are on foot in several States of the Commonwealth to induce the Governments to introduce remedial legislation to deal with this vital question.

In New South Wales the Pure Foods Act governs the analytical content of poisons and the form of packing. The Poisons Act of 1902 regulates the distribution and sale of such poisons.

All poisons are distributed through registered pharmacists, but there is also provision for the licensing of storekeepers of repute to dispose of poisons, where there is not a registered pharmacist within a radius of four miles. The poisons mostly handled by the storekeepers are in bulk for horticultural, agricultural and industrial purposes.

The legislature has long recognised the incontestable right of pharmacists to handle certain poisons, but it is a serious matter that the retail sale of poisonous drugs and chemicals should not be entirely restricted to people trained in toxicology, able to appreciate the responsibility of what they are doing.

Victoria is to be congratulated on having probably the finest poison legislation in the world, and some idea of the beneficial results obtained therefrom may be gauged from the fact that last year the deaths from accidental poisoning were only 1 in 603,000, as compared with 1 in 181,000 in New South Wales, and 1 in 121,000 in Queensland.

Not only is the Victorian Poisons Act more stringent than in any of the other States, but a wider range of substances comes within its ambit.

Tighten Laws

A typical case of accidental poisoning is that reported in the daily Press last week as follows:—

"Rayna Whitney, 3, of Kensington, was accidentally poisoned last night, when she was given camphor oil in mistake for olive oil."

Pharmacists do not attribute such accidents to the carelessness of parents or guardians, so much as to the fact that the legislature in most of the States has done nothing to prevent or minimise them.

Pharmacists want legislation introduced in every State of the Commonwealth making it compulsory to pack all poisonous substances in bottles distinguishable by the touch from ordinary bottles used for food, milk, or medicine.

The public is accustomed to certain types of bottle used for preparations such as sauces, cordials, vinegar, liquors, and so on. From all of these and others of the kind one is in the habit of putting the contents into the stomach in some form or other.

On the other hand, in most pharmacies bottles used exclusively for poisons, or for any mixture not to be taken internally, are octagonal or triangular in shape, and corrugated, and at once distinguishable in light or darkness by the touch. A chemist, by sense of touch, knows immediately he picks up a bottle whether or not it should contain a preparation for external use only.

This type of bottle, if adopted generally for all poisonous liquids, would similarly keep the general public alive to the danger of its contents, it is urged, thus avoiding the all-too-frequent fatal accidents that now occur.

Ordinary bottles can be and are used indiscriminately for holding such articles as tomato sauce, vinegar, beer disinfectants, and often milk.

Herein lies the danger to the householder, who may accidentally select phenyle for a harmless kitchen commodity, or administer to a child camphorated oil in place of olive oil.

The contention of the pharmacist is that it should be made as difficult as possible for a mistake to be made in the household, and if it were made compulsory to pack every substance intended only for external use in corrugated or octagonal bottles the public would soon be educated up to the point that the instant a specially made bottle was handled the instinct of touch would give immediate warning that it contained poison.

In New South Wales, and also in Queensland, the position with regard to the handling of poisons leaves much to be desired. Neither State has proper poison legislation, and Governments for years have shelved the question.

Drank Phenyle

A case was reported recently where a woman went to her pantry at night to have a sip of wine before retiring, and accidentally swallowed a quantity of phenyle.

That much of the danger can be removed by effective poison legislation is shown by the figures of the Commonwealth Statistician. In Victoria only three deaths from accidental poisoning occurred last year, while in New South Wales the number was 14, and in Queensland 8.

What can be done by legislation in Victoria can be done in the other States, and it will be done once the public is awakened to the necessity for legislative action.

A table showing the deaths by poisoning in the principal States of the Commonwealth during the past three years is given below.

Suicides by Poison.	1930	1931	1932
New South Wales ..	112	64	82
Victoria	47	43	44
Queensland	54	36	30
Accidental Poisonings.			
New South Wales ..	25	19	14
Victoria	12	7	3
Queensland	16	5	8



FROM A NUMBER of similar-looking bottles on the kitchen-shelf, the housewife may pick out one containing poison.

Weakness of Conflicting State Laws

Uniform Poison Laws Needed

Manufacturers of poisons, at a recent meeting, emphasised the need for uniform poisons legislation in the various States. It was stated that at present it was not practicable for manufacturers to comply with all the conflicting regulations in the various States.

It has been urged that the next Premiers' conference should consider the introduction of legislation and regulations common to all the States dealing with the production, storing, distribution and use of poisons.



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The LANGUAGE *of* LOVE *in* Flowers *and* Fruit

Flowers mean nothing more than mere things of beauty to people of this generation, but years ago they had a special significance and language of their own.

Our grandparents used flowers as a medium of expression, but their meaning was so diverse and extensive that a special dictionary was necessary as a guide.

Fruit and vegetables, too, are not as uninspiring as they look.



ROSES for love and beauty.

THIS is a list from an ancient booklet, the "Language of Poetry and Flowers," that will add more romance to your floral tributes.

Acacia, chaste love; almond blossom, stupidity, indiscretion; anemone, forsaken; apple blossom, preference; asphodel, my regrets follow you to the grave; balsam, impatience, ardent love; bicodies (whatever it may be), your looks freeze me; gum cistus (another mystery), I shall die tomorrow; Canterbury bell, gratitude; striped carnation, refusal; yellow carnation, disdain; red chrysanthemum, I love; columbine, folly; fern, sincerity; marigold, pain, cruelty; African marigold, vulgar minded; mignonette, your qualities surpass your charm; sweet pea, departure; plum blossom, perform your promise; ranunculus, you are rich in attraction; red rosebud, you are young and beautiful; yellow rose, decrease of love; daffodil, chivalry; dahlia, elegance; ivy geranium, I engage you for the next dance.

* * *

A GIRL could not be expected to pulsate with passion on receiving a pineapple, a quince, or a bouquet of grass, unless she had looked up grandmamma's little book.

Lots of sentiment comes out of the kitchen garden. A pineapple means perfection; quince, temptation; grass, desolation; lemon, zeal; lettuce, cold hearted; mint, virtue; mushroom, suspicion; nettle cruelty; turnip, charity; oats, music; potato, beneficence; rhubarb, advice; cabbage, gain; cucumber, criticism; currant, you please all; dock, patience; gooseberry, anticipation; hops, impatience.

And if you want to do the thing really thoroughly, here are some verses from great-grandmother's little book, which was printed in 1803.

BALSAM (Impatience)

I cannot, will not longer brook thy cold delay, thy prudent look!
Dost love me? Share at once my fate,
Be it bright or desolate!
I will abide no halfway love, nor wait for prudence 'ere I move:
One more repulse, and I depart!
Come now, or never, to my heart.

CARNATION (Women's Love)

Man's love lives but with hope; while woman's heart
Still echoes to the music of the past.
(Written, of course, by a woman—Mrs. Whitman.)

WILLOW (Forsaken)

I had a heart! I had a heart!
'Twas a gay and a happy thing;
And it danced about in my youthful breast
Like a lamb in the flowery spring;
But now it lies like a slaughtered lamb,
It's life-blood trickling out . . .

ALLY SALMON
Now in two grades

RED LABEL
The well-established favourite. A good quality salmon at a low price.

GOLD LABEL
A high quality red salmon—slightly higher in price and the best value obtainable.

The pick of the catch!
In ¼, ½ & 1lb. tins





No use scolding your dog because he's always scratching. The only way to stop him is to get rid of his fleas. Powder him with Pulvex, the non-poisonous, non-irritant preparation that kills vermin and protects animals from further attacks.

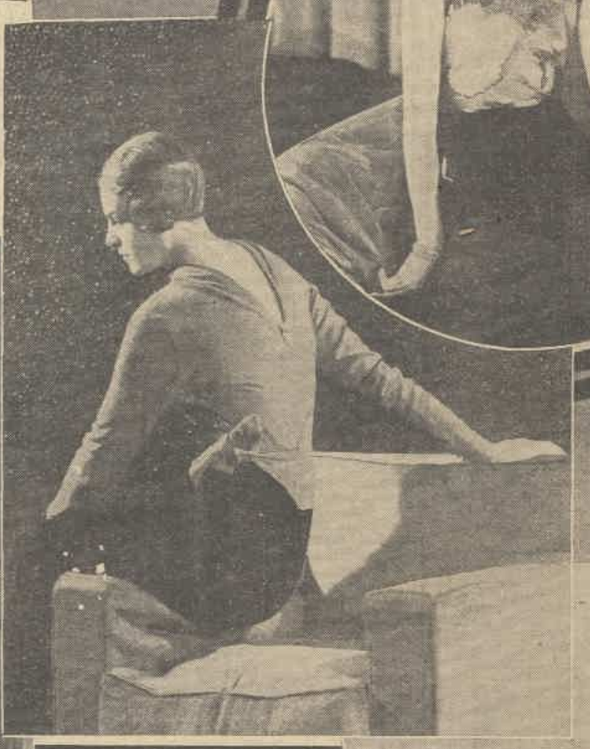
COOPER'S
PULVEX
KILLS all fleas
Obtainable from all good dealers.
Wholesale from:
Wm. Cooper & Nephews (Aust.) Ltd., Sydney, and N.Z. Loan and Mercantile Agency Co. Ltd., Melbourne & Brisbane.
"Ask the man who owns a show dog."

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Short Waves from Paris & Trailing Skirts









●*PATOU announces this graceful gown. Its unusual neckline falling in a softly folding collar is a delightful setting for an antique pendant. The contours of the figure are subtly caressed by the folds of the skirt, which has been cleverly designed with diagonal lines from the rather high waistline.*

● *LELONG (centre) broadcasts the neck that is high in front and low at the back in a cocktail ensemble, for which satin or tree-bark crepe is the material.*

● *MAGGIE ROUFF (left) is on the air with this be-frilled gown of palest apple-green organdie and tulle. The flares of the skirt are full to a point of billowing into a train, while dainty arms receive a pleasing compliment as they emerge from the tiers of frills that masquerade as sleeves.*

●*PATOU has a session with exquisite black velvet and colorful lame to evolve an elegant dinner frock. Coral pink and gold are the tonings that have been artistically blended in the lame and the design has been delicately traced.*



● *WORTH announces a hostess gown of arresting contrast. Dainty lawn frillings trim a very slim model of lacquered satin, and striped shoes by Julienne are worn with it.*



First favourite at the picnic! Anchovette sandwiches are enjoyed by everyone - young and old. Anchovette is the most popular sandwich filling in Australia. Get a jar today.

POPULAR AT ALL PICNICS

PECK'S ANCHOVETTE FISH PASTE



"Tune-in" to the Newest Ideas

From MURIEL SEGAL, our special correspondent in Europe.

HER Royal Highness Princess Marie Louise is one of the smartest dressers. She always concentrates on extreme simplicity, which she carries off with great elegance. Her Highness has ordered some stunning models from Worth, which is the Rue de la Paix house responsible for Royalty's clothes and bridal gowns during the past few generations.

Worth has made the Princess a black crepe-wool afternoon frock, which has a draped yoke of green and white silk woven through with a metal thread and tying on the side with a scarf-movement. The same silk forms the deep cuff, which ends in a point just above the elbow. The belt fastens with one of the new metal tube buckles, and inverted pleats back and front give necessary fullness to the otherwise moulded skirt.

Miss Dora Duby, the well-known American dancer, has spent a busy week-end shopping before sailing for home next week. She has ordered a cocktail ensemble, which is silver lame, with a wide, divided skirt and bodice, partly composed of frills of white reversible satin edged with silver thread.

Her companion, the beautiful Betty Hamilton, who is now dancing in Paris, also chose an informal gown, selecting one with a quaint Old World air. It is of golden brown satin, and is moulded to the figure, closing all the way down the front with tiny brass buttons. The collar stands up in becoming Medici style, the sleeves fit closely, and come low over the hand.

Paris is wearing striped shoes. This is very convenient, especially for evening wear, as thus one may be economical and combine colors of various gowns in one pair of shoes. One dressmaker sews strips of the materials used in the frock on to the sandals worn by the mannequins when showing evening models.

Capes continue to be interesting. For evening more than day wear. Capes with cowls are especially chic, for the hood can be pulled over the hair, so that the new auburn varnish, which has succeeded the platinum blonde, should not be spoiled by a sudden downpour while awaiting a taxi.

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

Smart COTTON LINGERIE As *Alluring* As SATIN

... The Foundation Garment Is All-Important

LINGERIE is gayer than it has ever been this summer. It is also easier to have lovely underclothes with less expense.

Gone are the days when one pined for masses of expensive lace and lustrous satin. To-day one can achieve dainty and smart effects with cottons and crepes; nets and other fancy effects take the place of lace on nearly all practical garments.

Fluffiness versus Tailored Lines...

THERE are two definite types of underthings: the soft ruffled billowy style and the simple tailored type. For nightgowns the former are more becoming, for wearing under dresses the latter undoubtedly hold their own.

Summer Nightgowns ...

SUMMER lingerie is as new and as merrily different as it has been in years. You will find soft pink nightgowns edged with innocent-looking net flounces, sleeves of abbreviated net circles and lovely transparent net yokes.

The daintiest of flowered voiles and dimity nighties have small sleeve ruffles and a ruffle round the hem—they are so inexpensive to make that they can belong to anybody.

Colored bindings and net dyed to match one of the colors in the pattern, are attractive trimmings.

A nightgown made of white dimity patterned with tiny flowers in pink, blue, green, and yellow has three tiny frills running around the decolletage—one frill is bound in green, the second in pink, the third in blue. Coffee colored or self-colored net takes the place of net on cotton or crepe-de-chine nighties.

A Contrast ...

A DIRECT contrast is the tailored nightgown sketched on this page, of heavy pink satin dotted in turquoise blue. When satin, chiffon, or crepe-de-chine is used, the skirts are nearly always cut on the cross. This allows the nightgown to cling tightly like an evening dress when you are standing—and yet it stretches to any size when you lie down.

Underclothes ...

CAMI-KNICKERS, pants and brassieres can be made in sheer cottons to wear under cotton frocks. Pants are becoming more scanty every day—you can find sheer ones trimmed with bound edges and a monogram. You can find gleaming satins in white, flesh and pastel colors, skilfully cut and fashioned to fit flawlessly under the most clinging gowns.

New Costume Slip ...

COSTUME-SLIPS are a recent invention. They are cut on the bias and reach to the hem of your dress, they are backless, and the top of the slip fits like a brassiere. Joined to the slip underneath at the waistline, is a tailored pair of panties! These do up with three little buttons between the legs. With this garment, for day or evening, it is only necessary to wear a short corset or suspender belt.

Foundation Corset ...

WITH the new clinging evening gowns —and according to the recent showings in Paris, our frocks are to be tighter still, tight from neck to knee—it is necessary to have undergarments that do not show a wrinkle. Sheath silhouettes, the long tube-like dresses, have to be coaxed into position. . . . dressing isn't the simple thing it used to be when you pushed your frock successfully down over the hips and then let it slide to your ankles. . . . Next autumn you are really going to know what it is to pull and smooth, for the trying thighline will be much in evidence.

This does not mean that old-fashioned corsets, a mass of rigid boning, are back, but that the new foundation garments (the corselette) are positive miracles of fitting, superlative designing and ingenious combinations of fabric and elastic. The corselette is brassieres, corset and pantie all in one, and is the one and only garment necessary under an evening frock.

There is a perfect example sketched on this page. They are long, coming well down over the thighbone. They gently persuade the body lines into the alluring new fashion lines and emphasize the uplift bustline.

Smooth suppleness is achieved without a single bone in many of the newest models and with the minimum amount in the clever, more complicated garments especially designed for a heavier figure. The little pants are lace or net, joined on from the end of the corset.

There are foundations for the summer of net and triple voile. Some of these have inserts of two-way stretch elastic, others are entirely self fabric.

PARIS is still very partial to the combination of two shades of blue, plover's egg blue and cloudy blue being two favorite evening shades. Sleeves, when long, have the effect of wrinkling, and suits have double-breasted fastenings.



At left: Cami-knickers of peach chiffon. An unusual yoke of peach satin is appliqued on.

FOUNDATION garment, comprising corset, brassiere and panties. Fashioned of pink satin and coffee-colored lace.

DRESSING GOWN tailored like a man's. Made of tie-silk. Navy blue dotted with white.



Top row, left to right: *Tailored dressing-gown in heavy peach satin. The braided sash and monogram embroidered on one sleeve are in blue. (2) Dressing-gown all cut on the bias. The gown is of artificial satin in a pale shade of green, the piece let in is of orchid-mauve satin. (3) A slim nightgown from Vionnet, made of pink satin dotted in blue. The skirt is cut on the cross. (4) Dainty dimity nightgown in white patterned with tiny flowers in green, pink, yellow and blue. A small gathered frill surrounds the yoke.*

Bottom row, left to right: *A turquoise blue triple ninon nightgown with an ecru-tinted lace yoke which turns back into reveres back and front. (2) Cami-knickers of white and green crepe-de-chine. Circles of the white are cut out and appliqued on to the green. (3) Cami-knickers of pale pink satin; trimmed with bands of deep pink georgette faggoted on to the satin.*

The Bathing Corset ...

ONE of the most delightful of the summer underwear novelties is the revival of the bathing co[illegible], also made for evening to wear with the new tightly moulded evening silhouette. It is cut on the principle of a step-in, with a buttoned section between the legs. Some women wear these under shorts on the beach, others under their bathing suit. It is made of a big net mesh which shrinks with the touch of water.

Dressing Gowns ...

IT is always a problem to know what to have for a dressing gown. There are three different ideas sketched on this page—all are simple and useful.

The billowy chiffon-and-lace style is softly feminine, but not at all practical. Satin or crepe made on tailored lines, or like the sketch here with wide sleeves and draped neckline, compromises between the floating type and the man's tailored style. The latter is admirable for travelling. It is best made of foulard, printed or plain crepe, and can be lined with satin if desired. It is suitable worn over pyjamas.

OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

AMONG shoe novelties are evening slippers made of satin striped in seven different colors.

☆ ☆ ☆

AMONG the new accessories that transform the costume are flower trimmed bibs made of shaded chiffon dahlias; they lend a smart decorative effect to late afternoon frocks. Spangled bibs that match spangled girdles are worn in the evening.

☆ ☆ ☆

LUCILE Paray shows a tubular dress of black satin, the skirt is trimmed with twelve frills of monkey fur, each one about an inch and a half from the one below. The decolletage is outlined with the fur, too.

☆ ☆ ☆

PARISIENNES are no longer hoarding their heirlooms, gold jewellery and heavy dog collars, bracelets and seal rings are seen again.



A COSTUME SLIP of white satin and ecru lace, it is cut on the bias. Two pairs of pants, both satin and trimmed with lace.

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ARCHBISHOP'S *Stately* HOME

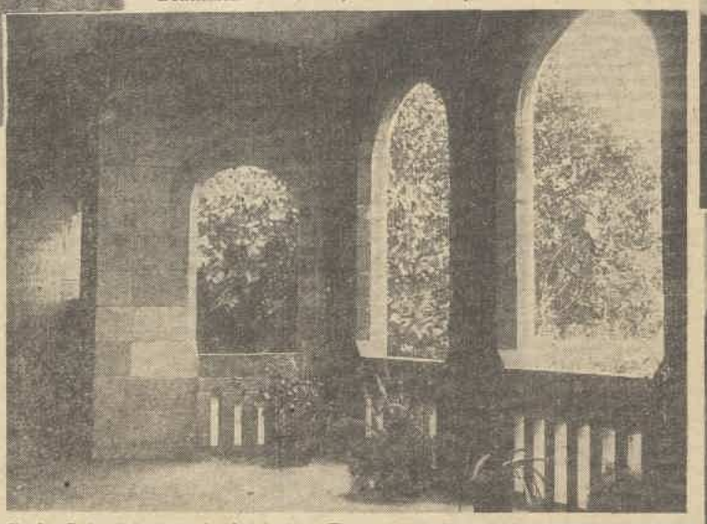
"Bishopscourt" Awaits Its New Tenants

"Bishopscourt," Darling Point, the residence of the Archbishop of Sydney, will soon be tenanted again. Already there are signs of activity in preparation for its new occupants, Archbishop and Mrs. Mowll, who will arrive in Sydney next month.

The old home is rather rambling in its construction, owing to additions and changes that have been made from time to time.

But there are many features that delight lovers of the beautiful—its doors, wide stairways and artistic ceilings.









"BISHOPSCOURT," set in the midst of tree-girt gardens. AT RIGHT: Glimpses of the harbor are obtained from this verandah.

THIS beautiful statue of "The Good Samaritan" was left to "Bishopscourt" by the late T. S. Mort, a former owner of the residence. A view of the hall is shown on the left. The wide steps are of marble, and they lead to a side doorway opening on to the garden.

ALTHOUGH rather a Cinderella in comparison with "Vaucluse House" and other historic homes, "Bishopscourt" is abundantly interesting.

Not only does the exterior suggest its ecclesiastical tenants, but the interior, also. It is amazing, therefore, to learn that it was not built as a home for a Church dignitary, but as a private residence for the late T. S. Mort.

Later, when the original "Bishopscourt" at Randwick had been sold, the Church bought "Greenoaks" house and a small part of the Greenoaks land from Mr. Campbell Langtree, then its owner, for £10,000.

Even from the outside one can judge the immense length of "Bishopscourt," which is very rambling. New kitchens, however, have been built to open immediately off the dining-room, in place of the old quarters which were "miles" away. There are over twenty rooms altogether.

The late Archbishop Wright was very conservative, and would have nothing altered. Mr. Bertie Wright, his son, occupied a complete suite of his own within the building. But Mrs. James Ashton, who has always been deeply interested in Church matters, is hoping with the co-operation of Lady Harvey and others, to turn some of the spare rooms into a hostel for visiting clergy, such as the Bush Brothers.

Another hoped-for event is the removal of the opossums from under the roof. There seems to be quite an army there.

The motto, "To Persevere is to Succeed," which decorates the study mantelpiece and runs round and round the study ceiling was Mr. Mort's favorite, and designed by him. Another outstanding Mort relic is a marble statue of "The Good Samaritan," which he left to the home, where it has always remained in the hall.

OTHER distinctive features of "Bishopscourt" are the ceilings, all beautifully panelled or covered in attractive decorative work, a stone balcony with charming views of Double Bay, and the harbor, the lecture-room, where the womenfolk of the Church may hold their meetings, and the immensely long hall, floored in patterned tiles throughout most of its length.

* * *

THE new Archbishop will have to refurnish "Bishopscourt," and some of the furnishings are already on the way out from England.

At present furniture is mostly lacking except for a few carpets, pictures, chairs, and a gramophone and records (from classical to jazz) which belong to Mr. Bertie Wright. But this is giving the carpenters their opportunity.

Archbishop and Mrs. Mowll are said to be persons of great sociability, and no doubt there will be quite a lot of informal entertaining done in their home. The office demands a certain amount of official entertaining, but informal parties will no doubt enter into the scheme of things.

Mrs. Mowll is tall and charming in appearance, and interested in the life of people in all sections of the community. During her visit to Sydney about two years ago, she was, at her own request, driven through the poorer districts of the city, in her desire to see the conditions under which lived the poorer families of the metropolis.

* * *

IT is doubtful whether Archbishop Mowll will have much leisure for tea parties and the like for some time after his arrival. His time will be fully occupied with church affairs, and he will more frequently act as arbitrator than as host.

It is anticipated that his tact and commonsense, two attributes that he is reputed to possess, will do much towards healing some of the breaches that have occurred in the Anglican fold.



THE MAIN STAIRWAY, which is beautified by carved panelling, and a glimpse of the stained glass windows on the landing.

—Women's Weekly photos.



GIRLS' *Realm* GUILD

When opportunity knocks at the door how many people, even when realising it, are able to answer the summons?

The right sort of help at the right time may make all the difference between success and failure.

This is where the Girls' Realm Guild comes into the picture.

THE guild, formed in Sydney in 1900 in response to a request from the Bishop of London, stands for service and goodfellowship, and its chief object is to encourage girls to help other girls, especially those of gentle birth, in reduced circumstances.

Centres to work for the guild are formed by women and girls, to assist girls to be trained to earn their own living, and to help those who have commenced training but are finding it difficult to carry on owing to financial stress.

As the guild is entirely non-sectarian, girls of all denominations are helped to obtain a start in life, and when they are started on their professional careers and are making good they nearly always return the money advanced by the guild.

Where they are not able to do this they endeavor to return the kindness shown them by some service to the guild.

The money is given without any terms of repayment, but as a debt of honor to be repaid if possible.

When appeals are made to the guild the secretary, Miss Burrows, investigates every case. If the guild can help, the case is referred to it, and if it is not a case for the guild the wide experience and knowledge of other organisations possessed by the secretary, Miss Burrows, proves invaluable. In many instances she has been able to get help for those who had need of it without having to call upon guild funds.

The names of the beneficiaries are never divulged, and the executive regard it as a point of honor never to do so, and thus no embarrassment is felt by those receiving help.

The guild jumble sale depot at Darlinghurst is assisted by members and friends who send along sacks of clothing and articles for disposal and for distribution.

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THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

By Jane Anne Seymour



THIS tropical weather, calling for large-brimmed hats, may have a lot to answer for in the matter of street accidents, if we are not very careful. It is practically impossible to see round the corner of one's eye for cars and things, and even smallish hats, worn on the slant, give one a totally blind side.

Mimi Healy, for instance, was wearing only a tiny affair when she nearly paid the penalty for darting across the road to a King St. coffee shop recently, at the same time as a motor passed.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. HERBERT ROSS and her sister, Mrs. J. Dennis, and Mrs. Dennis' husband and young son, Alan, and Janet Chapman are having a combined house-party holiday at Woy Woy. Alan has just returned from a visit to the Hawkesbury with John Lowenthal, where many happy hours were spent on John's new launch, a Christmas present, stated "seaworthy" by Mr. Dennis.

☆ ☆ ☆

REV. F. T. PERKINS, who was acting-rector of St. Mark's, Darling Point, during Canon Howard Lea's absence abroad, has just been appointed chief assistant parish priest. Very appropriately, after the appointment was made, the Lees' and the Perkins' cemented the new relationship by a visit to the "Good Companions," at Double Bay picture theatre.

☆ ☆ ☆

ALTHOUGH she has been given party after party, Marse Meeke, who is to marry Bruce Walker, appears at each in a different frock, as she is giving her trousseau a pre-wedding airing. Not to be outdone, Dorise Hill prepared a special black "creation" to welcome her at the sherry party given at the Pickwick Club (of which she is a foundation member) in her honor on Wednesday.

Other guests included Mary Wells, Joan Ord, Pat Diamond, Betty Kelly, Leecie Smith, Mrs. Don Ross, Sheila Lowe, Mrs. Bill Lowe, jun., Mrs. Jack McCannon, Jean McCormick, Muriel Bourke, Enid Hull, Dulcie Hill, Betty Simmons, Ann Hannan, and Sheila McDonald.

☆ ☆ ☆

AT her 21st birthday party at her home on Tuesday night, Mary Mansfield received not only the usual congratulations, but best wishes for a trip her father is planning for her. On March 8 Mary will leave for Singapore and Java in the "Marella."

☆ ☆ ☆

FORMERLY Nellie Leach, of Neutral Bay, Mrs. Albert Stilwell, of London, is giving a house party at "Coney Hill," Bucks. Among her friends is Mrs. Holroyde (Helen Mosely), also from Neutral Bay. Mrs. Holroyde now has a beautiful grown-up daughter.

☆ ☆ ☆

WHEN in England recently Joan White, of "Edenglassie," Muswellbrook, saw Margaret Merewether's married sister Kitty, so she has invited Margaret to leave Edgecliff for a while and visit Muswellbrook to hear all the news.



SIR LANGER AND LADY OWEN, taken in the garden of their home, Bellevue Hill. Sir Langer Owen is holding a sheaf of telegrams, taken from the hundreds he received congratulating him on his inclusion in the New Year Honors.

—Women's Weekly photo.

WHEN their week-end caravan trip was spoilt by rain for Aileen Fitzpatrick and Elsie Asher-Smith, it was decided to put it off until the summer. Nothing has yet come of it, however, for Aileen Fitzpatrick has gone off in a very highly respectable car, and Elsie Asher-Smith isn't doing anything particular.

Their colleague on the Board of Social Study, Miss Gatewood Davis, has just returned from a most exciting holiday to Barrington Tops. Edwardes, the guide, told gory stories all the way to the summit, and sent back by her all sorts of greetings to her fellow graduate, Enid Edmonds, M.Sc. (who is to marry Rev. Wallace Pratt at St. Mark's on January 22). A few years ago Enid was lost for nearly forty-eight hours in fog and rain there, while collecting zoological specimens.

☆ ☆ ☆

DULCIE DAVENPORT is off by the "Ormonde" on February 3 to try her fortunes abroad, and, it is hoped, to add another name to the list of Australians who have had stage successes in England. She has been with J. C. Williamson for some years and is now with the "Gay Divorce" Co. in Melbourne. She appeared in Sydney as Lady Betty in "Our Miss Gibbs," and as Phoebe in "The Quaker Girl."

WHILE Dr. Sandford Morgan is doing her eight-day motor tour of Ceylon her sister is keeping house for the Major. Miss Thelma Stillman, of Melbourne, is also staying at the Darling Point home.

On Saturday they gave a tennis party in honor of Elizabeth Etherington, Dr. Lucy Gullett's niece, who is here, with her mother, on a visit from England. Elizabeth is a fine linguist, as well as a more than average tennis player. Guests included Miss Darel Tindale, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ballman, Peggy Wyndham, Bob Suttor and Nigel Ashton.

☆ ☆ ☆

SINCE she dropped all her Little Theatre activities and went to live in the wilds of Castle Hill—even though it is a marvellous old convict-built place, with hundreds of rose bushes, and the restful name of "The Parsonage"—Carrie Tennant has been more or less absent from the limelight.

She is still, however, putting in quite a lot of good work as an anthropologist, and hopes to leave for the North for further research some time this year. She had hoped to have a week-end party last week in honor of Dr. Ian Hogbin, recently returned from the Islands, but a fainting episode in Parramatta has caused her medical adviser to prohibit her from any entertaining for a bit.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. LAIDLEY DOWLING, and Pam and Richard, left last week for a motor tour of the South Coast, and to pay visits to the Jim Gordons, and to the Campbells, at Bombala.

☆ ☆ ☆

IN spite of the rain, a conjuror, a Punch and Judy show, and a birthday cake, with Father Christmases walking round the top and up and down the sides, and sweets in the shape of animals, kept six-year-old Robin Richards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Richards (Billie Diamond) in good spirits at her birthday party on Saturday last.

Her thirty guests included brother Warwick (aged one), Judith and Ann Dixon, Patricia Vidon, Jill, Jan, and John Solomon, Patricia Gale, Betty, John, and Kick Diamond, Jan Gloon, Betty Cohen, Cherry and Robin Kaye, Peter and Brian Michael, and Ann Maas.

☆ ☆ ☆

AFTER a long stay in Sydney, Cynthia Gaden returned to Queensland last week. Cynthia roused great envy in the hearts of all her girl friends here by saying that in Queensland one does not worry about the shortage of men, but of girls.

When she gets up parties she always finds herself with about seventeen men over unless she is very careful.

☆ ☆ ☆

DR. AND MRS. COLIN SIMPSON are at Wahroonga until February, having taken Dr. Septimus Hinder's house. The Hinders are at Leura.

A PANTRY tea was the original pre-wedding party given by Linda Magney, of Bellevue Hill (who sails for America on Monday next) in honor of Kathleen Trefle, who is to marry Francis Hidden on the 25th. Very handy sort of pantry, for if one felt hungry during the watches of the night, or inclined for a snack during the day, one could go to the larder and a tin of sardines or the like would be there all ready.

This Thursday, Mrs. B. Reid, of Lang Rd., Mrs. O'Neill, and Mrs. W. Piggott are combining to give Kathleen a party at the Carlton.

☆ ☆ ☆

WHEN she was a schoolgirl at "Ascham," Bee Tout used to spend much of her holidays shooting up at Young. Later she went to Africa and met Mr. Charles Anderson big-game hunting, married him, and settled on an enormous property called "Mount Margaret," in Kenya.

Shooting lions is still nothing particular in her young life, and a magnificent lion skin is now on its way to her mother in Sydney.



THIS IS Jean Mackay, who is enjoying the holidays at her home, "Brenda," Goodooga. Jean motored back to Queensland with her father, who visited Sydney to attend her party at Hopewood House, Darling Point, where Jean was the first pupil

—Dayne.

D'ARCY LAWRY (one of Mrs. Gengoult Smith's bridesmaids) and her sister Judith, with Mrs. Walter Lawry, left Sydney on Monday for America, planning to be home again by May. The two girls came out together in Melbourne at a ball given by their mother, Mrs. Spencer Lawry, and their aunt, Mrs. Price, which was one of the great social functions of last season.

☆ ☆ ☆

MR. AND MRS. WALLER ROBERTS and Eleanor and Dagmar left this week for a holiday at Collaroy, packed to the teeth with linen and cutlery which their cottage ("Loen," right on the beach) does not supply.

Dagmar, whose hair has grown to a most unsuitable length for surfing during her days in bed since her illness, paid a rush visit to the hairdresser first.

☆ ☆ ☆

AT a party given by Mrs. Hugh Ward the other day, Mrs. Victor Prince, whose husband is in the cast of "Du Barry," was present. Mrs. Prince brought news of Mr. and Mrs. Bland Holt, who live outside Melbourne, far from the glare of the footlights, absorbed in their garden.

They showed Mrs. Prince with pride the souvenir given them on the last night of Melbourne's Theatre Royal (which was pulled down like our Her Majesty's). It was the bell which had so often rung up the curtain on Bland Holt's triumphs.

☆ ☆ ☆

ALTHOUGH she has not tried the Sydney surf, Miss Peggy Finkelstein, of Toorak (Victoria), considers that the thrill of surfing at Honolulu is unbeatable.

Miss Finkelstein, with her mother, passed through Sydney last week on her return from a two months' holiday, most of which time was spent at Honolulu. There, canoes are rowed out by natives for about a mile from the shore, and the usual practice is to wait for the big wave and tear in on it at a glorious rate.

Tennis, golf and work with the C.W.A. and Younger Set of the Women's Hospital Auxiliary will occupy Miss Finkelstein's time when she settles down again.

MRS. WILLIAM SYLVESTER LUCEY, whose home is in Aberdeen, Washington State, U.S.A., is contemplating a visit to Sydney next June with her husband and young daughter Winnie.

As Marjorie Rouse, Mrs. Lucey was one of Sydney's most attractive flappers, her Hallowe'en and other parties being the forerunner of the original and novel doings of the bright young things. But, unlike many "bright young things," Mrs. Lucey is a perfect home-maker, and still remembers to write regularly to her old Sydney friends.

Even in America, the home of smart women, Mrs. Lucey is noted for her looks, dress, and art of entertaining. She will spend most of her stay in Sydney with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Rouse.

☆ ☆ ☆

COCKTAIL parties and the latest in jazz dances mean nothing at all to the Claud Readings. The old-fashioned dinner-party which was good enough for the late Major Randal Carey is good enough for his daughter, and remains her favorite form of entertainment.

Mrs. Reading, who is an excellent dinner-party hostess, is herself a beautiful cook.

During the war Mrs. Reading did very fine work on the War Chest Committee. As both the Reading children are married—the son, who lives on a station, to Bonnie Cramsie, and the daughter to Noel Heath—the Readings are free to entertain in the old-fashioned way.

☆ ☆ ☆

AS they all live at Burwood, Manly is to be the "complete change" during the summer season for the Traills and Allards, including Mrs. Lex Traill (Beryl Allard), sister Dolly, and two step-sisters Betty and Nancy, and Mr. H. B. Allard.

☆ ☆ ☆

EARLY in February Mary Wentworth leaves for England, without her family. As she has hundreds of friends—it is not uncommon to find about forty women at one of her bridge parties—she is sure to have a great send-off. No date is fixed for her return.

Mary, who was "finished" in Europe, doing three years at the Sorbonne, always says she can hardly bear to live in Australia after knowing Europe (our little bird, too, whispers there may be a reason for the preference).

Joan Wentworth, back from "Frensham," has grown marvellously attractive, and makes quite a picture taking the dog for his daily outing.



MR. AND MRS. RICHARD PEDDER, leaving Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, London, after their marriage on December 6, 1933. Mrs. Pedder was formerly Pamela Watt, daughter of Mr. Ernest Watt, Sydney.

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DO YOU "*Double*" at the RIGHT TIME?

Contract BRIDGE

By Frank Cayley

It is unfortunate that so many people still refuse to admit the importance and value of the informatory double — particularly the informatory double of a suit declaration.

MANY still think that the double of a "one spade" bid shows a shortage in spades with strength in the other three suits, but such is not necessarily the case.

The following hand would justify a double by South after East's "One Spade."

S: A K 8. H: A J 8 7 2. D: Q J 10 2. C: 3.

"But you've got a biddable suit—why don't you call it?" will be the protest.

Well now, bridge players, get this into your heads, once and for all—an informatory double usually indicates possession (with or without strength in the opposition bid) of (a) approximately 3½ honor tricks; (b) a good "escape" suit.

The better your suit—the better your double. Don't imagine that you double "to find out what your partner's got." Nothing of the kind—you double in order to give information, to guarantee strength.

It is amazing how often you can trap the opposition by doubling instead of making an immediate overcall. Your partner with great strength can always say "no bid"—a fact which is not well enough known. This is called a "business pass." Watch for your chance. In first-class bridge the biggest penalties are always obtained from doubles of low contracts.

A Sensational Hand

The following deal, which occurred some months ago, illustrates vividly the use of the "informatory double" and the "business pass." Both sides were vulnerable.

	S: K J 9 5 4 H: — D: 10 9 8 5 2 C: Q J 10	
S: 10 2 H: Q J 9 6 5 4 3 D: 6 C: 8 4 3	N W E S	S: A Q 6 3 H: 8 D: A K J 4 C: 9 7 6 5
	S: 8 7 H: A K 10 7 2 D: Q 7 3 C: A K 2	

Now this was a freakish deal, but it was a genuine one, so examine it carefully.

East was the dealer, and nominated "one spade." South, then, had to choose between calling his suit or doubling. If he calls his suit, West doubles for business, and a heavy loss must result for declarer. If, however, he does the right thing and doubles, East-West are cornered.

If West says "no bid" after the informatory double, North does likewise—a "business pass" owing to his strong spades. If East tries to escape by going "two diamonds," South again doubles and North again passes. If West chips in at any stage with a call of hearts, the bidding goes round to South, who has a certain business double.

In this unusual deal, therefore, we see that an immediate overcall would result in great loss for North-South, whereas the double reverses the position and ensures a large gain.

Little Things that Count

If bridge is to be enjoyed as a game, it is essential that all should observe the laws and follow certain established customs.

TRY to get out of the habit of shuffling the second pack every time you see it on the table. This is the duty of the dealer's partner ONLY, and having completed the task he should lay the pack at his right hand, **where it should remain** until required for the next deal.

If people would only acquire this simple but intelligent habit it would never be necessary to say "Who dealt?" The position of the cards would show this at a glance.

Now let us discuss the player who fingers several cards in dummy—draws one out—puts it back and nearly drives the opposition mad with his fumbling ways.

Don't think I am jeering at you. I used to do it myself—a nervous habit, but one which can easily be overcome. You've got to overcome it, anyway, for the latest Laws of Bridge state that a card touched in dummy MUST be played, unless such play would constitute a failure to follow suit or the card was only touched for purposes of adjustment.

I consider this to be the finest of all the new laws because it speeds the play up considerably.

A PROBLEM

The following is rather neat and should tax the ingenuity of all who attempt to solve it.

	S: A 7 6 5 H: None D: Q 4 C: Q 10 8	
S: K Q J 10 9 H: 10 D: None C: J 9 7	N W E S	S: 4 2 H: J D: J 9 8 7 6 5 C: None
	S: 3 H: A 9 D: 10 3 C: 5 4 3 2	

Hearts are trumps. South has to lead and take eight tricks against ANY defense.



● "What's the matter with you, anyway, laughing out loud like that, just 'cause that nice Sweeney boy gave me this doll?

"And you needn't call him grouchy Sweeney, either.

"'Course he's been a bit cross up to now, but so would you if you hadn't had our special powder on you always. Now that our mummy has told his mummy all about our powder and just how soft and soothing it is, he'll soon be comfortable and happy, and then he'll be much nicer than you are. So there . . . now will you stop that laughing."

Mothers . . . your baby should have Johnson's Baby Powder. Cheap talcs tend to clog the skin pores, and so cause minor irritations, but Johnson's, being made from the finest quality talc, gives the soft, smooth protection so necessary to warm, active little bodies. Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream also are made especially for baby, and will add to his comfort.

Johnson's baby powder

"*Best for Baby — Best for You*"

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings.

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D1.N

BRIDGE

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LOUISE MACK ADVISES

MOTHERS & MOTHERS-IN-LAW

Are you bringing up your son to be a good husband? A mother has the making or marring of a good husband entirely at her control.

ARE you looking that way into your son's future?

This is the question of questions, this is the Omnia Vincit among the varied phases of women's influence on humanity, just as potent and just as unassailable as is the fact that all mothers love their sons, but few mothers love the women their sons marry.

"My mother-in-law is the one fly in our ointment," writes "Victoria." "She will place herself up against me. Why hasn't an old woman sense enough to know how she hurts herself and me by her incessant competition. I understand now why girls are advised never to let their mothers-in-law stay in the house."

And then poor "Victoria" gives a few details showing how mothers-in-law can be all that they are said to be.

"She pushes the food away. 'Too salt!'



THE wise mother and mother-in-law will let her virtues speak for themselves.

she murmurs. She never thinks the children are properly dressed. She often insinuates that they're not properly fed. To my husband she is slavish, adoring and immensely sympathetic as though there was always something to sympathise with the poor fellow about, 'the' ALWAYS being ME. But what I feel most of all is the way she leaves me out of the conversation, sort of establishing a secret understanding between herself and her son, over politics and everything."

* * *

NOW, instead of being like that, the mother-in-law should have long ago brought up her son to be a good husband.

He should have been brought up by his mother to understand that when he marries his wife must come first.

Nobody else but his mother can teach him that.

Therefore, in spite of the difficulty thus presented to the mother, she must tackle it, she must make her son know that when he marries she must not and will not be first.

I think all mothers should begin quite early to say to their sons, "When you marry, my dear, your wife must always come first."

That will get it into his complex, and there it will remain.

And oh! the difference in homes where the husband has a complex like that!

Alas, the great majority of mothers yield to the immense passion and devotion of their mother love, and "finger-mark the soul" of their beloved with their overwhelming maternal tendernesses.

Often, out of sheer love, they create themselves into golden images to be adored and worshipped by the little boy, so that when he is old, he cannot depart from the worship and the adoration.

Having had him always, it is very easy for any mother to do this.

It is very nice for her!

But it is not bringing up her son to be a **good husband**, which, after all, is a man's most important place on "the chess-board of life."

A mother-in-law should be the noblest structure in the land.

She should be the example, but her example should include the exquisite technique of allowing her virtues to speak for themselves, not rubbing them into her daughters-in-law as the sad custom too often is nowadays.

Then the poem of the mother-in-law might be written like this:

ALTARS

Now we are altars, we whose yearning
Leapt into flame at morning song.
we, who were rose and fire so long,
Are altars now, with candles burning.

Massive and gold, the candelabra
Holds the pure flames our eyes once generated.
Dim, but august, those candelabra
Cup votive fires for those we venerated.

Now we are music, fierce and olden,
Classic yet primal, even as Bach
Fugues let us be, that youths emboldened,
Grand hymns that tone young spirits' lack.

A mother-in-law should be, and could be, all that, and it isn't a back seat she is asked to take, far from it, but she IS asked to sit still now in the front seat of honor, and KEEP QUIET!

Why is she asked to do that? Because by so doing she leaves her daughter-in-law free to enjoy something that every young wife values beyond rubies, and that is the happy security of being **mistress in her own house.**

BRAINWAVES!

Conducted by L. W. Lower

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.



GEORGE: I say, are you the waiter here?

Waiter: Yes, sir, anything I can do?

George: This pigeon pie you served me hasn't any pigeon in it.

Waiter: Well, sir, if you ordered a dog biscuit, you wouldn't expect to find a dog in it, would you?

MAID (seeking new post): Yes, I go as a general servant, but I don't cook or wash or sew or wash-up or clean shoes or polish, and I must go out as much as possible.

Agent: But you will never get a post like that.

Maid: That's all you know; I've already had five in six days.

HUSBAND (at races): Darling, let me back just one more horse—I promise it will be the last.

Wife: It usually is.

"HOW much are your chickens?"

"Six shillings a pair!"

"Trussed?"

"No fear, cash!"

FORTUNE-TELLER: There's a blonde woman following your husband.

Client: She'll soon get tired of that—he's a postman.

THOMPSON came home one night and found his wife in a seething temper.

"John," she said, "why have you been telling your friends that you married me because I was such a good cook?"

Thompson sighed wearily, "Well-er-you see——"

"You know I can't cook a carrot," she interrupted.

"I know, my dear," Thompson replied, soothingly, "but I had to have some excuse."

A SMALL boy was on a visit to his uncle and grandfather.

"Uncle," he said, after his grandfather had left the room, "how old is Grandpa?"

"I could not tell you," answered his uncle, "without looking it up in the Family Bible."

"Gee!" gasped the child, "Is he old enough to be mentioned in the Bible?"

BUTCHER: I can't allow you further credit, Sir. Your bill is bigger now than it should be.

Customer: I know that. Make it out for what it should be, and I'll pay it.

CUSTOMER: I want to buy a present for my wife.

Girl Assistant: Could I interest you in a sun-bathing suit?

Customer: My word, you could. But let's fix up the present first.

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Intimate Jottings



Did You Know That—

LET loose on Bathurst carillon last week, Milano Garti played "Adeste Fideles" with no previous experience?

Doreen and Betty Higgins are in South Australia?

Mrs. Malcolm McCormick had to cut short her Palm Beach stay because her husband developed appendicitis?

Racehorse-owner George McGill and Ronald Mackay, of Orange, went to New Zealand for the horse sales?

Seeking Guidance

FOR years and years the task of helping the young idea at the University in its decisions, of pointing out that one can't take two subjects if their lecture hours clash, and that one can't get a degree solely on languages, devolved upon Mr. Horatio Wilson, Clerk of Faculties. Upon his departure for England some years ago, General Iven Mackay was appointed Student Adviser. When the General left to take up his Headmastership at "Cranbrook" last year, everyone hoped that the popular Mr. Wilson would receive this appointment.

When no appointment was made, about six hundred undergrads presented a petition to the Vice-Chancellor asking for Mr. Wilson's appointment. Even former undergrads, parents of present undergrads, such as Rosina Lion, M.A., now Mrs. Zimmerman, remembered their old adviser, and added their signatures.

So far nothing has been done, but, with the publication of the Leaving Certificate results, causing hundreds of young things to descend upon the University seeking advice, all the petitioners are hoping that something may come of their action.

Oldest Member's Portrait

AS she is the oldest member, being ninety-four, of the Women Pioneers' Club, Mrs. Oswald gave the club a portrait of herself as a New Year's present, her son and daughter (Mrs. White Carson) accompanying her for the presentation ceremony.

It is hoped that this will be the forerunner of a series of similar gifts until, by copying old portraits and photographs, if necessary, the Women's Club will resemble the men's in being a gallery of the portraits of N.S.W. pioneer families.

A Flying Visit

A FLYING visit has been paid to Australia by Mr. and Mrs. McHenry, who are on a health trip from England. They visited Jenolan Caves, Bulli, and Palm Beach, and did the "Orama" cruise to Noumea.

Mrs. McHenry is the niece of Sir Sam. McCaughey, and the cousin of Mrs. Matthew Robinson.

Off to England

MRS. BYRON BEANS is accompanying daughter Margaret—now Mrs. Harry Hodson—to England at the end of February. Mr. Beans is remaining behind with his wife's brother and sister (Mr. and Miss Houghton), and her sons, Houghton and Barton Honey.

Trousseau in 45 Minutes

ON the midst of the first morning's sales rush, a girl arrived at one big store and bought a complete wedding outfit and trousseau in three-quarters of an hour.

Salesgirls from different departments sprinted all over the building and arrived like a musical comedy chorus in the model department with frock, shoes, hat, underwear, and the bride arrived on time for her wedding at 10 a.m.

From Macksville

LIKE many women, Grace Johnston (formerly Galbraith), who is in Sydney on holiday from her Macksville home, likes fair children—they look so much cleaner than dark ones—and fortunately in these circumstances, her own children, David and Adrian, are both very fair.

Mrs. Johnston is staying with her mother and sister Pearl in Double Bay. Her friend, Mrs. Keith Barry, who was her guest at Macksville recently, will leave shortly with Dr. Barry for a trip to England.

Dr. Barry hopes to do some writing on the other side, but expects to return in about a year, not being enamored of the English winter.

Round the World by Yacht

A WONDERFUL new yacht—its name as yet undecided—is being built for Mr. H. Nossiter, owner of the "Utiekah." It will be ready in about 18 months, when Mr. Nossiter, his son, Richard, and several others, all amateurs, will leave on a three years' voyage around the world.

Arrived by Plane

DOSS FISHER writes of the gay time everybody has beeen enjoying in the Far West, going to one another's stations for parties and so on.

One of the thrills in the outback is seeing a guest arrive by aeroplane, and a thrill of this sort was provided by George Falkiner, who flew from Warren to join the Willoughby Dowlings' house party.



Halt in Proceedings

SAYING she "never knows where she may be from one minute to the next," Lady Kingsford Smith, who has been settling into a home in Greenoaks Av., Darling Point (so she must be going to make Sydney her headquarters, anyway), suddenly called a halt in furnishing "His Majesty's" nursery and booked a passage in the "Monterey" so as to be in New Zealand to welcome her husband.

Baby, however, was not uprooted.

Grown Up Now

JOHN DALZELL has decided that "Ascham" is a "girly" school, and is transferring himself to "Cranbrook" next term. John is such a live wire, even at the age of seven, that he is expected to make his presence felt there nearly as much as that of his grandfather, Sir John Harvey, who is Chairman of Council.

Lady Harvey, who has had a couple of cheery letters from Mary, who accompanied her father to Hongkong, is spending a fortnight's holiday at Cooma with daughter Mrs. Litchfield.

Politician Departs

MRS. H. W. HORSFIELD, wife of the organiser of the U.A.P., gave a party at the Australia at which about 60 were present to farewell the Archdale Parkhills before they left for England. Mr. Parkhill, it is rumored, is going to take Mr. S. M. Bruce's place when Mr. Bruce visits Australia.

Bruce Parkhill, being destined to take up law, has been left behind, and is with the Enshaws. But Sister Brenda, who sings so pleasingly, and is a very nice young thing, has accompanied her parents.

Argument for Heredity

HEREDITY versus environment has long been a scientific debating-ground, but experience of one Sydney family rather sways one towards heredity.

Professor Sir Edgeworth David is absentminded about umbrellas. He is said to have gone to such extremes that once he had innumerable umbrellas scattered throughout various trams and homes.

Some months ago a young man met Sir Edgeworth's granddaughter, Peggy Macintyre, at a Government House Ball, and escorted her back to the Women's College. The next day he received a letter saying she had left her gloves in his car.

Last week the same young man met her sister Betty at Sutton Forest. On his return, he received a letter saying she had left her riding-whip in his car.

Abundance of Bachelors

SPENDING a week or so in Sydney, before visiting Tasmania, where both her own and her husband's parents are living, is Mrs. L. L. Agnew, of Lochnaw, between Coolah and Binnaway, with Barry and Rosalind, her children. She will return here for a further holiday about Easter time.

"Guyong," Double Bay, where she is staying, is at the moment remarkable for its abundance of eligible bachelors. These include the cheery Royce Shannon, Commander Riley, Ian Gibson, and Jack Wheatley (son of Mr. Vincent Wheatley, of Brisbane), and Gerald Cook.

The last two give the lie to those who say Australian men cannot dress.

Individual Holidays

ALTHOUGH now recovered after a month of ill-health, Mrs. Clifford Bunce is staying quietly at home at Bellevue Hill, for she is not particularly keen on leaving home during the rush season herself, and finds her young people like spending their holidays with their various friends even better than having a house-party of their own somewhere.

Clifford is away with the T. A. Fields at their station home, Lanyon, near Canberra, and Geoffrey is at Singleton with the Birdsalls.

Mrs. Gilder (Joyce Birdsall) is holidaying at "Petarli," Double Bay, and as soon as she returns home her mother will move into the flat she will vacate.

Noted Egyptologist

"THE most versatile and clever man I have ever met," is how her late husband described his famous cousin, Arthur Weigall, whose death took place recently, says Mrs. Harold Weigall, of Elizabeth Bay. It was after some difference of opinion with Kitchener over the Museum of Antiquities that Arthur Weigall wrote his famous book on Egyptian lore.

He then said he would write a best seller, and he did. This has since become a scenario.

As a result of this effort, the Egyptologist was asked by Cochrane to design settings for the "Bing Boys." This he did, and was so conscientious that when he wasn't satisfied with the work of the professional scene painters, he took the trouble to stay behind and show them how to get the true Egyptian desert effects.

In and Out of Society — *By WEP*



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Natural Charm
and
BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR
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For appointment Ring MA2420

"Did you write James Skidmore's name on this note?" said the judge to the prisoner accused of forgery.

"I'd like to know, judge," replied the latter, "if Jim Skidmore has a copyright on the letters which happen to form his name."

LITTLE THEATRES

Some New Year Plans

NEW YEAR resolutions of Little Theatre directors were obtained by dragging Doris Fitton from her baby, holding up one of Mr. Scott Alexander's rehearsals for three hours and a half (poetic license), interrupting Enid Lorimer's midday nap and Gordon Forsythe's preparations for a game of hopscotch, chatting to Mr. Howell in his shorts, and snavelling Alice Gould from Armidale. Dr. Cardamatis was cruising to Tasmania, and William Wines entertaining policemen in a butcher's shop. Beryl Bryant was merely telephoned.

The Independent Theatre in 1934 will have the whole of the top floor of 60 King St., introducing a cafeteria into the clubroom proper for afternoon teas and suppers.

There is to be a drive to increase the membership from the 700-800 mark to the 1000, and, if possible, shows are to be produced on Wednesdays as well as Saturdays at the Savoy.

Lady Gordon is to head a committee to try to achieve a new building to house this group.

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MR. SCOTT ALEXANDER, Repertory Theatre, is no more satisfied with his Kent St. theatrical home than is Miss Fitton with the Savoy, but, like her, he believes that a common building for amateur organisations would be a ghastly failure—there would be always fights about settings, to say nothing of rehearsals and of everyone wanting to produce on the same nights.

Miss Alice Gould, however, Players' Club, thinks that it would be too utterly selfish for one organisation not to agree to forgo certain nights in favor of another, and that a suite of rehearsal and store rooms attached would obviate rehearsal and scenic troubles. She is all for a "Little Theatre" building with nightly amateur performances.

Mr. Scott Alexander has 700 members, and, with three companies continually rehearsing, hopes in 1934 to produce a different play every Saturday. He thinks the movement only a passing fad, but, while it lasts, his members must take their acting seriously.

He intends to discourage all social activities, such as clubrooms and dances, having always found that as soon as an amateur theatrical organisation goes "social" it dies.

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THE PLAYERS' CLUB is to start its New Year with a newly-furnished clubroom, another drive to obtain backing for the Australian Drama League, and the resolve during 1934 to give seven public seasons, eight studio evenings, and ten play readings, not to mention lectures and weekly social functions, at the Lyceum Club. "She Passed Through Lorraine" is, in March, to open the 1934 season.

Beryl Bryant, of Bryant's Playhouse, is so much encouraged with last year's results that she is trying hard to get hold of the Savoy for some 1934 performances. It is impossible to pay heavy royalties in the little Playhouse. She has also resolved not to charge any more for programmes, is having the back rows of the Playhouse raised, is installing a coffee stall, and having a working bee among the pupils for repainting and refurbishing the theatre.

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Last Week

OF the Grand Guignol plays presented by Scott Alexander at the Repertory Theatre on Saturday, "The Den" was a subject for real congratulation. "Vivisection" had its moments, but was, in its treatment of hypnosis, quite incorrect scientifically.

"The Woman of Stone" was only slightly terrifying in itself, though wholly terrifying in the rifle reports it brought forth from time to time, and "Fingerprints" was poorly played and flatly ended.

The star of "The Den" was Dorothy Whiteley, whose study of an unwashed and repulsive old hag of the worst type, who crippled her child in one leg in a rage when she was six, and who determines to cut the sinews of the other when the child turns "religious," was perfect.

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THE central role in this play, that of an old doctor who does the most extraordinary things with people's brains, was played by Scott Alexander.

He made the very most of the part, playing it on broad lines with a wealth of gesture and very much the actor, rendering it as interesting as he could, but it was on the whole a very irritating role, with far too many asides to an invisible dog.

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Coming Productions for Saturday

"Peter Pan," at the Savoy, by the Independent Theatre.

"Seventeen," at the Repertory Theatre, produced by Scott Alexander.

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IF YOU WANT PICTURES

ACADEMY SALON, in Gowing's Building, has on exhibition a private collection of etchings, aquatints, watercolor and oil paintings. The subjects are varied, and each picture is plainly priced obviating the necessity of constant reference to a catalogue.

A "One Man Show" will be announced shortly, but in the meantime the directors extend a cordial invitation to old and new friends and visitors.

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The Right Price Was £4/4/-.

In a recent issue, an advertisement for Magnet cleaners showed the price for attachments as 4/-, the £ sign, owing to a mechanical difficulty, not printing. The correct price of the attachments should have been shown as £4/4/-.

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POST THE COUPON at foot right now! It will save you pounds.

This illustration is a miniature reproduction of the front page of Murdoch's Sale Catalogue.

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LAUNCH A TREMENDOUS
SALE 2500
Straw HATS
Smart shapes, good qualities

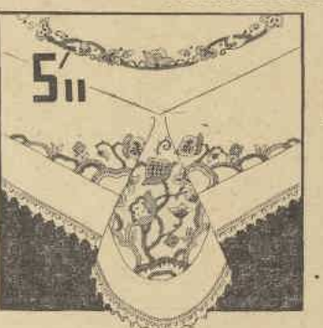
And they're not "special purchase" hats, they're not unsalable lines, or unseasonable stock, or "errors in judgment." This is a drastic January clearance of 2,500 successful shapes of the season. Farmer's clears them to make room for incoming stocks. Prices are down to bedrock! Hats, 3rd Floor.

No. 1—Cool, Chinese Bankoks; natural cream; trimmed corded ribbon; Usl., 14/11. Special Price is 7/11

No. 2—Crepe Neora "Bobby" Hats; black, navy, beige, brown, white. Usl. 8/11 Special, 5/11

No. 3—White Buntal Straws, available in six adorable modish shapes; trimmed. Usual, 8/11. Special .. 5/11

SALE OF SILKS AND COTTONS ON FIRST FLOOR





Collar and cuff set
Of fancy Organdi. White ground with stitched red flowers; pleated white edging. And the set, 5/11
GROUND FLOOR

TRACED TO EMBROIDER
Jacobean
LINEN SUPPERCLOTH

Supper Cloths have gone Jacobean and with startling effect. Many gorgeous patterns are available—Jacobean in inspiration but with a modern flair. Made of heavy quality linen; size, 50 x 50 inches with hem. Price, 5/11
Size, 54 x 54 inches with crochet edge, 5/11

Serve yourself a fine Luncheon in Farmer's Cafeteria, just downstairs from Market Street. Morning and Afternoon Teas also. The keenest prices in town.

BUSINESS GIRLS' LUNCHEON
Every Wednesday

Prominent people, whose "doings" are topics of the moment, are the guests of honour at these Luncheons every Wednesday at 1 p.m. Meet them! Interesting fashions also presented. Luncheon and reservation 1/- each. Book at Information Bureau on Ground Floor.

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"YOU can furnish like I did, W.W. Campbells will give you 2 YEARS TO PAY!"

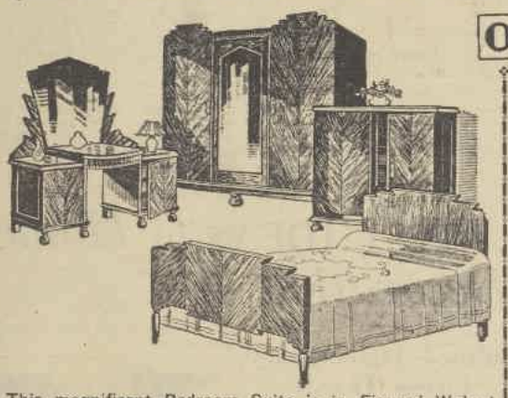


W. W. Campbells' new "50 Pay Way" gives real credit to all young people and others about to furnish. This liberal scheme applies to all general furnishing orders of £50 and over. Using this amount as an example, each fortnightly payment will be **only 20/-** (equal to 10/- a week). You make 2 payments as a deposit, and the remaining 48 payments fortnightly.

249 CLARENCE ST.
(One door from Market St.) SYDNEY

This unusual offer only applies to Metropolitan orders. It is a straightforward and new scheme and is backed by **W. W. Campbells' 50-Year reputation for honest trading.**

OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT



This magnificent Bedroom Suite is in Figured Walnut Veneer and has 4ft. 9in. Wardrobe, 3ft. 9in. Dressing Table, and Double Loughboy all fully fitted. This Week's Cash Price, £19/19/-. (Bedstead extra.)

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

19/- DEPOSIT 4/6 WEEKLY

1934 RADIO

Our 5-VALVE "CAMBRON" 1934 SUPER-HET, as illustrated, can be secured on

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Special Cash Price, £15/19/6.
Perfect Local and Interstate Reception.



NEW TYPE VALVES

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Guaranteed by a firm of 50 years' standing.

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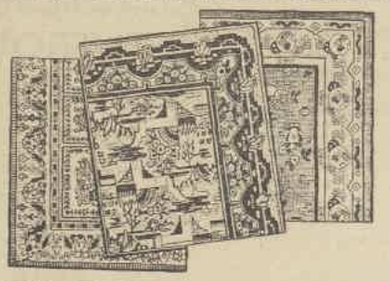
No obligation to buy. Twelve months' Guarantee. Free Installation. Free Service.



Upholstered in Genoa Velvet, with Velvet trimmings, this sumptuous Lounge Suite is a splendid example of first-class workmanship. The Lounge and Chairs are extra large, with massive arms, and the springing and design are perfect. Constructed for comfort and life-long service, this handsome Suite is remarkable value at the Introductory Cash Price, £15/15/-.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

15/- DEPOSIT 3/6 WEEKLY



WONDERFUL REDUCTIONS

BRITISH AXMINSTER CARPETS

9ft. x 6ft.	9ft. x 7ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.
Usual Value £4/10/-	£5/12/6	£6/15/-	£7/17/6
NOW AT— £3/10/-	£4/7/6	£5/5/-	£6/2/6

GENUINE LINOLEUM

TWO YARDS WIDE

5/3, 6/3, 7/6 PER YARD



IMITATION LINOLEUM

TWO YARDS WIDE

3/6, 4/3, 4/11 PER YARD



Trousseau Chest is 4ft. high by 3ft. wide and is a beautiful article at the Special Cash Price, 65/-.
Oak Loughboy has sliding trays, trouser rails and adjustable mirror. This Week's Cash Price, 59/6.
4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet, fully fitted, handsome appearance. This Week's Cash Price, 32/6.
Oak Cot complete, with genuine Kapok Mattress and Pillow. This Week's Cash Price, 29/9.
Oak Breakfast Room Chair. Special Cash Price, 6/9.

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CLEVER IDEAS

IF YOU haven't a pair of tweezers handy, an ordinary steel writing-pen can be used in extracting splinters from the flesh. Press the pen down on the flesh, after sterilising, so as to slightly open the points, and then push toward the splinter. Allow the points to close on the splinter, and then pull it out.—**M. A. Kerin, 161 Main St., Kangaroo Pt., Brisbane, Qld.**

IF YOU have trouble with mildew in linen, take soap and rub it well on the affected part; then scrape some fine chalk and rub that also on the spots. Lay the linen on the grass. As it dries, wet it a little and the mildew will generally fade after the second application of soap and chalk.—**Mrs. E. M. Creamer, Franz Rd., Clayfield, Brisbane, Qld.**

SEAWATER STAINS on shoes can be removed with washing soda and hot milk. Dissolve a piece of soda the size of a sixpence in a cup of hot milk and apply with a piece of flannel. Afterwards clean in the ordinary way.—**Jean M. Weir, 93 Nicholson St., East Coburg, Vic.**

IF YOU have a lampshade that makes a glare on the ceiling, paint the whole top of the bulb with orange oil paint. Be sure it is absolutely dry before you heat the bulb or the paint will peel off.—**"Connie," Cairns, Q'ld.**

LEFT-OVER slices of bread and butter can be made delicious by spreading with jam, then dipped in milk, and fried in hot fat until they are lightly browned. They should be sprinkled with sugar and served hot.—**Mrs. Ratcliffe, 3 "Allawah Flats," Rattray St., Waverley, N.S.W.**

WHEN A constant supply of hot flannels is required, a good idea is to put a steamer over a saucepan of boiling water and lay the flannels in the steamer. In this way they can be changed oftener and are much hotter than when wrung out of hot water.—**"Nurse," South Brisbane, Qld.**

TO REMOVE peach stains, wet and apply cream of tartar, place in sun to dry, and then wash as usual.—**Mrs. Johns, Carlton, Vic.**

FLIES ARE more troublesome this summer than they have been for some years, and this home-made fly spray should at once appeal to the housewife. It is effective and very cheap. Kerosene 90 parts, pyrethrum powder 5 parts, citronella 5 parts. Place all ingredients in a large bottle, let stand 24 hours, strain, and use.—**Mrs. K. M. Parker, Battle Boulevard, Seaforth, via Manly, N.S.W.**



Delicately beautiful, yet laundered perfectly, thanks to DANDY—as good for all household linens as it is for the newest Summer fashions.

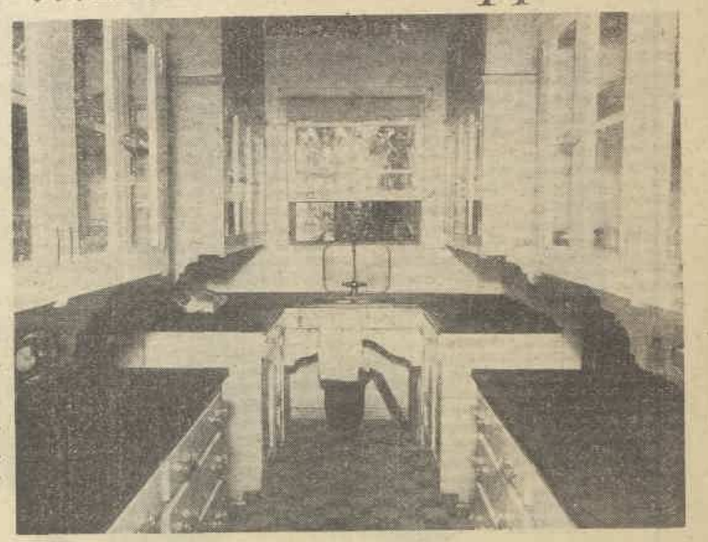
DANDY STARCH

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Efficient KITCHEN EQUIPMENT ...makes for *Happiness*

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

A homely talk about such mundane things as kitchen utensils—important enough, however, to add to, or subtract from, ease and efficiency in the running of the home.



WOULDN'T IT be a pleasure to work in an efficiently planned kitchen such as this? Note the gleaming glass handles to doors and cupboards; the many cabinets for holding glass and china, and all necessary kitchen utensils. Constance Bennett, film star, is the happy owner.

IT is a noticeable fact that many people who like to give a great deal of time and thought to the selection of a piece of furniture or a floor covering, buy their pots and pans and the like in a haphazard and thoughtless manner.

OF course, an indifferent piece of furniture or a grotesquely-colored carpet may irritate; but no less will an impractical saucepan disturb the equanimity of the housewife when busily engaged in preparing a meal.

Every kettle and saucepan should be selected with an eye to its suitability for the particular work it has to do; and this applies to its shape as well as to the material of which it is made.

For instance, a saucepan with a lip is handier to pour from that one without. The covers of saucepans should fit properly, both for the sake of convenient handling and because an ill-fitting lid means loss of heat—and extra pennies to the gas bill. Then there is the handle to consider. This should be shaped so that a firm grip is obtainable, and if it is insulated in some manner, there will be no likelihood of burnt hands.

Choose Wisely

NEVER buy a saucepan with a flimsy handle. In the case of aluminium, a stout gun-metal handle is very satisfactory and serviceable.

Another important thing about a saucepan is to see that it can be kept clean with the minimum amount of trouble. The surface should be smooth and seamless.

The question of longevity and durability—determining factors in the choice of utensils—depends almost as much on the treatment received in the kitchen as upon the quality of the material used.

Rough usage, excessive and sudden heat, severe cleansing mediums, have their effect alike on aluminium, enamelled ware, copper, tin, porcelain and glass.

Food rarely burns in an aluminium vessel. Light to handle, rustless, pleasing in appearance, it can be easily kept clean with hot water, a sprinkling of salt, and a scouring cloth or metal brush.

Soda should not be used for cleansing purposes, as the aluminium, no matter how superior the quality, will, sooner or later, become pitted.

Avoid Cheap Utensils

ENAMELLED ware is comparatively inexpensive, though a warning must be given against buying cheap utensils. Far better to invest in a kettle, jug, saucepan, basin, etc., carrying a guarantee of quality. The durability of an enamelled utensil depends on the preparation of the steel foundation, the quality of the enamel employed, and the manner of its application and firing.

Nowadays, one sees little of the iron saucepan—the good old, heavy-to-lift, sooty arrangement of our grandmother's day. They are, of course, best suited to fuel stoves. And if you still favor them for economical reasons, always choose those with a grey silicated lining, as being easily cleaned.

Handy Helps

THERE are many handy steamers and "roasters" on the market to-day. They give the utmost service with the minimum of fuel and attention.

A double-cooker is a most useful utensil. For instance, in the top container milk can be heated without danger of burning, a pudding cooked, or fruit stewed to perfection, and this while the lower part is in use as an ordinary saucepan.

Useful and Decorative

GLASS fire-proof utensils play their part with success these days. Glass has much in its favor. It does not chip, like enamel; does not rust or discolor; flavor is not absorbed by it; and as food can be served in the utensil in which it is cooked, time and labor are saved.

Sets of decorative canisters in which food ingredients can be so conveniently stored, are purchasable at a very reasonable price now. The attractively enamelled sets may be had in any desired color to harmonise with the color scheme of your kitchen.

Porcelain china sets are reasonable in price, and these look so fresh and inviting ranged on the cupboard shelf. Naturally, greater care has to be exercised in handling them—their only drawback.

No home should be without the glass or aluminium measure. It is a boon to the housewife. When a recipe reads a quarter pint of this or half pint of that, the hit-and-miss element of the age-old cup measurement medium is eliminated by this small, but efficient, utensil.—E.E.G.

LATEST IDEAS in *Home Decoration*

Diffused Lighting and Coarse Tweeds

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Correspondent in Europe.

Are we never tired of tweed? We find it in the latest schemes for the interior decorations of the home, too. At a very noted furniture house I was shown various rough tweedish-looking materials intended for chair-covers, curtains and even tablecloths.

LIGHTING plays a more and more important part in modern homes, and Paris leads the way. The most discussed feature in modern interiors is the idea of lighting effects which are being used behind windows. Instead of drawing the curtains a bright sunshine effect shining through the window is given by hidden lighting.

Some prefer to have the illusion of a soft sunset or rosy afterglow and, when a window looks out on to a blank wall, the lighting is a great asset, even during the day, as it gives the idea of a sunny outlook.

Niches are very important in modern rooms, and these are skilfully lighted at night. Clocks are lighted from within, and cupboards in the wall serve a decorative purpose when they, too, have glass panes which diffuse attractive lighting.

The "rough stuff" idea is going big on the Continent, and the rougher and coarser the material the better we like it for modern homes. Comfort and an air of durability is the natural reaction to the steel furniture and over-shining hangings which common-sense has discarded.

When silk curtains are used, however, there is a clever way of using hidden lighting to vary their monotony. You install hidden lighting of colored lamps behind the curtains, and you may thus, by switching on the light, change your color scheme.



Prompt relief from Catarrh and Head Colds use TI-TROL

Never neglect catarrh or head colds. Check them before they become serious. Quick relief is assured by the use of Ti-trol Oil. A few drops on your handkerchief make an excellent inhalant, and its powerful, but non-irritating properties effectually kill all germs. Also use a few drops on your pillow at night; or, for internal use, up to 5 drops on sugar is most effective for dispelling colds.

Although so powerful, Ti-trol has a clean refreshing smell and is quite pleasant to use. Recommended by the medical profession throughout Australia.

TI-TROL also rapidly clears up:—Abscesses, boils, ulcerations, pus formations, ring-worm and all skin infection.

A 1oz. bottle can be had for 1/6 and a 2oz. for 2/6.

TI-TROL

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Eleven times as powerful as carbolic, but non-irritant and non-poisonous

HOST Holbrook says: Vinegar should have a mellow, fragrant flavour, and Holbrooks' Malt Vinegar will please you.

Our FASHION *Service* and *Free* PATTERN



WX302.—Crepe-de-chine frock suitable for medium or large figures. Material required to fit size 36-inch bust, four yards 36 inch. Width at hem, two yards. Size 44-inch bust requires four and a quarter yards 36 inch. Width at hem, two and a quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46 and 48 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FLORAL or self-color material may be used in our free pattern this week. It is designed with a most engaging waistline, and may be made with the new high neck or cut to a V in front.

It is cut to fit size 36in. bust, and all seams and hems must be allowed for when cutting.

Outsize figures are specially catered for at the left-hand corner of the page, and a very smart swagger coat is another feature.



WX304.—Silk frock with pieced skirt. Material required, five and a half yards 36 inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and three-quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX305.—Crepe-de-chine frock with extended shoulder line and full sleeves; also panelled skirt. Material required, two and three-eighths yards 36 inch for bodice, three and a quarter yards 36 inch for skirt and five-eighths yard 36 inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX306.—Coat with extended shoulder line and high neck. Material required, five and one-eighth yards 36 inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and seven-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX307. — Floral crepe-de-chine frock with large collar and back opening, also fancy sleeves. Material required, three and seven-eighths yards 36 inch and half a yard 36 inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and three-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



FREE PATTERN

WX303.—Floral marocain frock with contrasting collar and cuffs; skirt with pleats. Material required to fit size 36-inch bust, four and seven-eighth yards 36-inch, and one yard 36-inch contrasting Width at hem, two yards. Material required to fit size 44-inch bust, five and a quarter yards 36-inch and one yard 36-inch contrasting. Width at hem, two and one-eighth yards. Other sizes 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46 and 48-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**



All these patterns may be obtained from the Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post at the prices indicated at:—

Sydney: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.

Melbourne: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins Street.

Brisbane: Shell House, Ann Street.

FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon, free patterns are available for one month from day of issue.
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.

When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and stamp for postage to:—
Pattern Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, at the above addresses.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

.....

State

Pattern Coupon, 13/1/'34.

WX308. — Small boy's silk jumper and trousers. Material required, one and three-eighths yard 36 inch and three-eighths yard for collar and cuffs. To fit size 2-4 years. Other sizes, 4-6 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

WX309.—Cambric frock for maid, featuring yoke, with extended shoulder line and full sleeves. Material required, two and three-quarter yards 36 inch and one and one-eighth yard 36 inch contrasting. To fit size 14-16 years. Other sizes, 12-14 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX310.—Small girl's frock of gingham, with yoke and short sleeves. Material required, one and one-eighth yard 36 inch. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes, 2-4 and 6-8 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

Be Youthful!



New Beauty Mask

• WILL MAKE YOU YOUNG AGAIN

Leave the Mask on from 10 to 15 minutes, and then search for vanished wrinkles . . . you will be surprised to find how many have disappeared—the highly astringent properties in the formula act immediately on the sagging muscles, stimulating the sluggish circulation, and restoring to the face the natural glamorous tints of youth . . . Wrinkles, Crowsfeet, Age-telling lines respond immediately, even in one treatment, and with regular treatment, will disappear entirely—treatments can be given by yourself in your own home with the certainty of satisfactory results.

Send 13/-, and a beautifully packed compact, with instructions enclosed, and containing Cleansing Cream, Orange Skin Food, Anti-Wrinkle Cream, Pore Cream and Mask, will be sent by return, POST FREE. Further particulars sent on request. Mask may be bought separately, 7/6 small bottles and 12/6 large.

If the Mask does not do the things we claim, a REFUND in full will be given without question.

ANDREE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS
67 OXFORD STREET
BUCKINGHAMS LIMITED
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Are you 'reducing'? Radox will help!

BEAUTY experts recognise Radox as an indispensable factor in any method of weight reduction, for whether you rely on diet or exercise, these Radox baths (extra strong for reducing) are a decided help towards the attainment of slimmer lines. And the Radox way is so very simple. Twice a week add the necessary quantity of Radox to your hot bath (complete instructions are included in every packet). Once you have reduced your weight to normal, a Radox reducing bath now and then will help to keep your figure slim.

At all Chemists.

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RADOX
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Stop infection from Insect bites.



Apart from the discomfort and pain of insect bites, there is a positive danger of infection, if the wound should be scratched. Use Iodex for quick, antiseptic relief.



FREE! This new 36 page Iodex First Aid Book tells what to do in such cases as well as in a hundred other emergencies. Write for your copy now. The Iodex Co., 131 Palmer St., Sydney.

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37 YEARS' SUCCESS
Drinking men and women can beat the craves for alcohol, and regain self-control and robust health by the aid of this grand remedy—EUCRASY.
One woman writes: "It has brought wonderful happiness to our home after years of misery."
Harmless. Not costly. Can be Given SECRETLY. Call or Write for FREE SAMPLE, etc., to
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Damaged Garments Re-woven. Torn, Burnt, Moth-eaten Suits, Costumes, Carpets, etc., INVISIBLY Re-woven.
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FAT GIRLS OUT OF FASHION

All over the world Kruschen Salts is appealing to girls and women who are striving for an attractive free-from-fat figure.
Here is the method they are following to banish fat and bring into blossom all the natural attractiveness that they possess:- every morning they take a half-teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of warm water before breakfast.
They do this every morning—without missing one—for "it's the daily dose that takes off the fat." When Kruschen is taken daily, every particle of poisonous waste matter and harmful acids and gases are expelled from the system.
At the same time the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels are toned up and the pure, fresh blood containing Nature's six life-giving salts is carried to every organ, gland, nerve, and fibre of the body, and this is followed by "that Kruschen feeling" of energetic health and activity that is reflected in bright eyes, clear skin, cheerful vivacity, and a charming figure.

LONELY WOMEN AND MEN can make acquaintances all over Australia with friendship or matrimony in view. Correspond with either sex. Obtain free illustrated booklet, and confidential particulars, by sending a stamped addressed envelope to MISS ROWENA R. RUSSELL, Commercial Bank Chambers, Haymarket, Sydney.

VAREX Ensures Permanent Healing for Bad Legs.

Bad legs and varicose ulcers can be permanently cured by the Varex Treatment. The treatment requires only one dressing a week, and, above all, there is no need to go to bed.
Call at the Treatment Rooms and consult the nurse in charge, or write for FREE Booklet of valuable information.
ERNEST HEALEY, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 302R, George Street (between Lowe's and Angus & Coote's), Sydney.

PLANT NOW *for* WINTER GLORY!

. . . says the OLD GARDENER

There is no reason why every garden should not present a brave show of color throughout the winter months to compare favorably with summer-time glory.

No secret about it either! It's just a case of preparing aright and planting early, with the Old Gardener as your expert guide.

GOOD morning, Miss, you know this is the second week in the New Year already—how time does fly!

Now, we have to look round and prepare our beds for all those winter and spring-flowering plants—poppies, cinerarias, primula, stocks, etc—the sowing of which I told you all about last week.

When those plants have got their third leaf, prick them out into shallow boxes; plants always do better when twice handled. Then, when you go to transplant them into their permanent positions, all you have to do is to cut around the plant, lifting soil and all.

This method of transplanting is well worth the trouble. Digging the plants out of the seed-bed and planting them immediately into their permanent positions, is a costly practice. You see, Miss, the tender plants cannot stand the sudden shock of removing, and it takes them a long time to get over the ordeal, whereas, when transplanted from boxes as I have mentioned, they receive no shock and continue growing all the time. Consequently, the little time lost in boxing-out repays a hundred-fold in the end.

When transplanting plants into these small seed-boxes, plant them in rows an inch each way. This gives them sufficient room to make good steady growth, and also gives plenty of room to cut in blocks for transplanting purposes later on.

Now, we'll have a look round the garden to see what room you have for all these young plants. . See that bed over there?—that is well sheltered from the south, and will make a grand place for cinerarias. Clear it all out and manure well; turn the manure in, digging deeply, and leave lie.

Rest and Change Are Good

A GARDEN must have a rest sometimes. It stands to reason that if you grow plants in beds year after year and don't give them a rest, you cannot get the same results. A couple of months of idleness does the soil a wonderful amount of good.

Change your garden round also, don't grow the same things in the same spot year after year. Even a change like that does the soil a lot of good, apart from giving the garden a new appearance. Have you ever noticed, Miss, how often some women change their furniture round in the home? What a difference it makes to the various rooms—the same thing applies to your garden!

Picking Your Spots

SINCE Iceland poppies need plenty of sun, morning sun especially, choose for them a bed sheltered from cold westerlies.

This bed here looks to me to be well-drained. That's just what stocks like—good rich soil and plenty of drainage. Stocks do not like wet feet.

And that other bed up there is also a well-drained bed—that's a great place for ranunculus and anemone.

Now, along the front of those beds, especially where the stocks and ranunculus are, transplant all your pansies.

A very pretty border, by the way, can be made in the large circle bed you have over here. Fill the circle with any of the plants mentioned, making a border of violas, planting blue and gold alternately. This gives a very rich and pleasing display.

Oh! about those sweet peas. You have, I note, a splendid place for them. Dig out a trench and put in plenty of cow manure. You see, in this position you catch the morning sun and the planting of the rows north and south will allow the sun to catch them on all sides.

That brick wall also is a great position for sweet peas. You know, Miss, when the sun shines on that brick wall in the cold winter months, the bricks hold the warmth and this is of a considerable help in producing a great show of flowers.

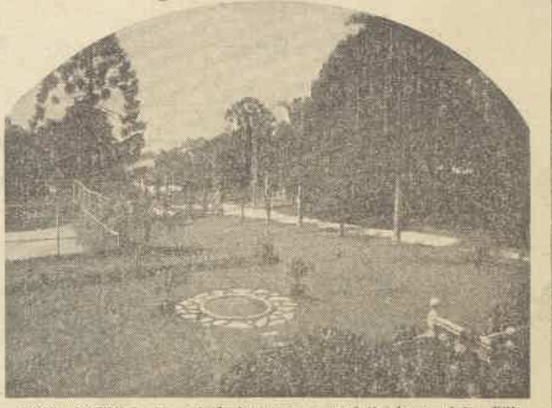
Guinea-gold marigolds will bring glory to that corner over there, and antirrhinums planted in this semi-shaded but well-drained bed will do well. Snapdragons are peculiar plants. They die off here and there for no cause whatsoever.

Cut Roses Every Day

SEE to your roses. Cut off all the dead flowers, all the seed-pods—roses should be cut every day.

I know one woman who will not cut her roses, but leaves them on the bush until they fall and form seed-pods. Later on, when everyone else has roses and she has none she will wonder why! Roses will not give you a good flush of bloom in the autumn if they are not attended to now. Remember, too, to cut out all that die-back. This is, by the way, a complaint in the rose for which no remedy to date has been found.

You must prepare your beds for bulb-growing this month. I will call another time, Miss, and we will have a talk about it.



COOL, GREEN lawns and shady trees surround the home of Dr. Ellis Murphy, Sutherland Avenue, Ascot, Brisbane (Q'ld.). Note the geometrical design of the crazy path decorating the lily-pond, and the artistic effect gained by the boxed trees.
—Regent Studios photograph.

"GAS" *Legislation* That Benefits Housewives

When struggling with a smoky fire in the heat of summer or the dreary dampness of winter, many women have gained comfort from this philosophic reflection. "Well, at any rate, I have no gas bills."

BUT the reflection is only half-hearted, for gas is a household convenience that is regarded almost as a necessity, and various Australian Governments have paid attention to the problems that surround its usage.

The question is of particular interest at the moment, because the Victorian Parliament has just passed a Gas Regulation Bill. The measure provides for the adequate testing of gas in respect of quality and purity and of meters as to their accuracy. This will probably make no difference to the principal gas companies of Victoria, though it may be beneficial in regard to some of the smaller ones. It will give consumers, however, an assurance that an independent examiner will see that the quality of the gas supplied is in accordance with a proper standard.

In Queensland the Government recently announced its intention to amend the Gas Act, and in New South Wales last year the Gas Act of 1912 was repealed, and a new Act came into force, which provided for the appointment of Commissions with power to deal with almost any matter affecting gas and electricity supply. This Act has been criticised on many occasions as an outstanding example of Government control without responsibility.

There is this, however, to be said in favor of Governments exercising a certain supervision over gas companies: such a procedure gives the public confidence when an official pronouncement is made by the responsible officer concerned.

Recently a correspondent in The Australian Women's Weekly stated that if a gas burner is turned on suddenly and the light applied, the resulting explosion forces the gas back to the meter, causing it to register more than is actually used. The Government Gas Examiner explained that this statement was quite fallacious. Gas meters, he said, register the gas that goes through, neither more nor less.

Duke of York Embroiders

THE Duchess of York often visits the headquarters of the Royal School of Needlework in London, and buys canvases for tapestries which are excellent copies of the old designs. They are not for the Duchess to work on, though, but for the Duke of York, who is very fond of embroidering.

For *Young* WIVES & MOTHERS

Safeguarding Your Baby from Summer Ills

By M. TRUBY KING
Daughter of Sir Truby King. Authority on Baby Welfare.

MOTHERS can do much preceding the height of summer to safeguard their babies from summer sickness. Every baby is practically proof against even such a deadly disease as malignant ileo-colitis, provided it enters on the warm weather without a trace of indigestion or tendency to constipation or diarrhoea — in other words, if it is normal.

SIR TRUBY KING says, "The normal baby is an impregnable fortress against which no sap or siege can possibly succeed."

It is the duty of every mother, therefore, to make sure during the winter that any trace of constipation is well righted before the summer months set in. She should keep it firmly fixed in her mind that constipation quickly swings to diarrhoea, and that a baby who enters the hot weather with diarrhoea is more likely to develop the virulent summer diarrhoea (caused by a definite germ), which proves fatal in so many cases.

Beware of over-feeding baby, and so causing indigestion which may lead to diarrhoea. Other causes of diarrhoea are as follows:—

(1) Giving baby a wrongly-balanced milk mixture.

(2) Exposing baby to sudden cold winds or draughts, thus bringing on a chill.

(3) Over-clothing baby, especially in the hot weather.

(4) Lack of cleanliness in swabbing the nipples before and after breast-feeds with boiled water, and lack of sufficiently frequent changing of the mother's underclothing.

(5) Lack of cleanliness in sterilising baby's feeding bottle, teat, and utensils used in making the humanised milk.

(6) Failure to boil baby's milk mixture for a minimum of 3 minutes.

(7) Failure to keep baby's milk mixture sufficiently cool between feeds.

(8) The existence of foul drains, dirty kitchen surroundings, refuse heaps, bad sanitary conditions, and over-crowding of homes.

Before the formation of the Truby King movement in New Zealand, the deaths in New Zealand from infantile diarrhoea sometimes exceeded 500 in a single year; now there are less than 50. This remarkable change has been brought about by showing mothers how to keep up their full supply of breast milk to the ninth month; by teaching all classes how to prepare simply, cheaply and efficiently, the best substitutes for human milk should this fail during the first nine months, and by supplying the public with the best preparations at the lowest possible cost for converting fresh cow's milk into humanised milk.

Therefore, if baby is passing frequent watery or green motions, the first thing to do is to withhold all food, giving baby at least two or three meals of BOILED WARM WATER ONLY. It may even be necessary to give boiled water only for as long as 24 hours, in order that the germs may have nothing to feed upon. If this is not done, the germs will multiply and baby's condition will become very serious.



RICHARD—aged two years. Reared on all the basic Truby King principles. Weighed 7¼ lb. at birth; 20 lb. 11 oz. at a year, and 29 lb. at 2 years 1 month. His father is a great believer in the benefits of sunbaking.

In order to eliminate the germs which are already present, the baby must be given a teaspoonful of castor oil, after which the boiled water will wash the alimentary track clean. Food must be introduced again very gradually, and the added fat (in the form of emulsion) withheld till baby is back on to full strength milk mixture. It is best to begin with a half-strength milk mixture, increasing to full strength gradually, according to baby's powers of digestion and assimilation.

When re-introducing the fat element, go slowly, erring rather on the side of under than over-feeding. When the motions are back to normal, begin by giving baby ½ level teaspoon of 50 per cent. fat emulsion daily, and do not increase more quickly than at the rate of ½ level teaspoonful daily till the full amount in the recipe for age and condition is reached.

In all cases of diarrhoea, procure medical attention at once. Diarrhoea is such a serious disease that it cannot be left in the hands of the mother alone—she must have qualified medical advice and, if necessary, the services of a skilled nurse.

If baby is breast-fed, after the period of complete starvation, give warm, boiled water followed by a few minutes at the breast; decreasing the amount of water and increasing the time at the breast cautiously as baby's condition improves.

It is most important to remember that while any baby, child or adult is suffering from diarrhoea, he is in special need of plenty of fluid in the form of boiled water. Otherwise starvation will have ill effects. Do not fear that it will hurt baby to be starved for 24 hours—it is the only means of curing him, and will not do him the slightest harm SO LONG AS BOILED WARM WATER IS GIVEN TO HIM FREQUENTLY—as much as he will drink.

In addition to this treatment, the doctor may order the nurse in charge to wash out baby's stomach and bowels. Neither of these procedures should be attempted by the untrained mother.

To recapitulate, see that baby commences the summer months in the very best of health, and you will have no need to fear summer illnesses. Readers whose babies are even now tending to be constipated, should write at once to the Sister in Charge of the Australian Mothercraft Society asking for the Society's leaflet on How to Cure Constipation in Babies, which will be sent free of charge on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL



EYES will *Lure* with *Sparkle* & WITCHERY

since women are to concentrate all their secrets and wiles upon them!

MURIEL SEGAL, our special representative in Europe, gives the very latest news concerning beauty's trend overseas.

SIX months ago, women overseas were concentrating upon lacquered hair and brilliantly enamelled finger-tips. Now, this phase having passed, eyes are "in fashion" once again. Nothing must detract from eye interest—this is beauty's edict, according to latest information received.

IN addition to the emphasising of eyes, "leg make-up must be very soigne," says Muriel Segal—but read her letter:

At lunch at the Berkeley I sat next to Mary Winchello, the attractive young American who looks after a famous cosmetician's beauty treatments in London. The temptation to talk "shop" was too great to resist—what woman is not eager to hear of the latest ideas in make-up?

Miss Winchello told me that eyes are to be the important feature during the next few months. We are to follow what is known as the "Hollywood" make-up which aims at a smooth olive cream surface for the skin, rouge used sparingly, as nothing must detract from "eye-interest."

On the eyes, women will concentrate all their secrets and wiles.

The very exaggerated and spectacular color schemes such as mandarin lips are quite passe, and to-day's make-up will aim at natural effects.

The Spanish-American type is in the boom according to present beauty standards. The Spanish-American woman has the olive skin with a healthy pallor which requires little or no rouge and forms an excellent foil for the eyes. English women with their hitherto much-envied roses will have to take care that they do not achieve a patchy effect.

It is not chic any longer to be too sunburned, a slight tan during the summer months is all that is permitted to the well-dressed woman.



The famous cosmetician, referred to above, is at present working with a prominent New York doctor on her new sun cream which achieves the impossible by eliminating the harmful burning rays, and allows the moderate tanning rays to penetrate to the skin.

This beauty doctor is having much success during the present Florida season with her latest thing in leg make-up. It's a sort of cream which comes out of a tube and rubbed evenly over the leg gives the appearance of the sheerest of the sheer, dull-surfaced hose.

When I saw Suzanne Lenglen giving a tennis exhibition the other day it took me some minutes to determine whether or not she was bare-legged. She was, but her legs were so beautifully made-up that she somehow made the other bare-legged women look uncouth.

There is an amusing make-up compactum which is greatly in demand for cruises. It comes in a waterproof case, covered in attractive American cloth, and everyone has been giving it to everyone else this Christmas.

As well as the usual ingredients and leg cosmetics, there is a special cream for using on the base of the throat line. Englishwomen, especially, seem apt to develop a turkey-red triangle at this point and most unsightly it is. This cream is successful on the most sensitive skins in promoting a warm tan, instead of a burnt scarlet.

Another indispensable cruise cosmetic is a waterproof powder-base, almost like a varnish. Smear it over the face, and your complexion will "stay put" during a morning in the pool or when the spray splashes during a gale. After the surf, you may smooth a little over your whole face and look as though you'd just come out of a beauty parlor!

* * *

BUT if you are contemplating a trip to Germany this year, be sure and leave your "bottled beauty" behind you. Hitler has said good-bye to all that and likes them natural.

An amusing story is current regarding one of the beauty specialists who does enormous business in Germany. After establishing proof that her married name was not "Semitic," she concentrated on the physical cultural side of her treatment which, indeed, is most beneficial and important. Thus when Hitler visited headquarters ready to banish any such lure to feminine morals, all lip sticks and rouges were swept out of sight and lovely damsels presented scrubbed faces "au naturel" and were busily touching toes and swinging arms.

For TIRED EYES! ...

Sensible Advice from HELEN VINSON

I have just received from Helen Vinson, petite Paramount player, some practical hints on the care of the eyes, which I consider of value, and so pass them on.
—EVELYN.

OUR poor over-burdened eyes! How seldom we give them any thought or care. Yet we expect them to carry us through life and remain bright and attractive through the years!

No matter how lovely the contours of a feminine face might be, if the eyes are not youthful, the entire visage appears aged. Therefore, take warning, and give your visionary nerves a much-needed rest cure.

Eye baths are not a luxury for actresses and great beauties; they are an antiseptic and healing treatment.

An eye cup should grace every bathroom cabinet, and a bottle of boracic acid solution should always be handy. A morning and evening eye bath with this solution will help to strengthen the eyes as well as beautify them.

Long motor trips are unusually trying on the eyes. Smoked glasses assist in lessening the constant glare of sun on the road, and eye baths remove the irritating dust.

It is well, even in city driving, to keep a pair of dark glasses within easy reach to be used whenever you find yourself squinting from the sun's glare.



This very unattractive squinting, by the way, is to blame for the tell-tale crows-feet that etch themselves about the eyes.

Of course, all the old adages about reading in a moving vehicle still hold. In this day of electricity there is little excuse for straining eyes with incorrect lighting.

COMPACTS

THERE IS nothing like friction for shrinking large pores. If the pores of your nose, for instance, are inclined to be large, scrub gently with a loofah twice daily. You might dab on a little skin tonic afterwards.

o o o

HERE IS an idea for those about to travel: To prevent powder from sifting out from your box, seal round the lid edge with a piece of gummed paper. This little precaution is not only given for economy's sake, but for your clothes' sake.

o o o

TO KEEP your hands supple do this: Pretend to put on new gloves. Rub the imaginary glove up over each finger and then work it down to the wrist, smoothing it nicely over the whole hand.

WHEN THAT lovely blonde, Shirley Grey, of Paramount, makes up her eyes for the evening, she applies bright blue mascara to her lashes and adds blue eye-shadow to her lids. This new shade of blue, discreetly and artistically applied, is especially flattering to blue eyes.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

••BY A DOCTOR••

PATIENT: Doctor, I have heard that molasses is good for cancer. Can you tell me if this is so?

MOLASSES has this virtue: that if it doesn't do any good, it can't do any harm, provided that valuable time, during which the disease could be treated by known methods, is not wasted while taking it. There is a well-known superstition that molasses is good for cancer, just as there is a well-known one that prickly-pear is good for diabetes. They have both been tested exhaustively, scientifically, and found of not the slightest value. Rumors of cures, so called, should always be taken with caution, for though one often hears of such cases one never sees one—like the Indian rope trick, no one has ever seen it, but everyone knows somebody who met somebody that had.

There is only one treatment for cancer. EARLY diagnosis and treatment by the well-established methods of surgery, radium, and X-ray. Seen early enough, all cancer could be cured. Quack treatments may mean the early death of the sufferer, and, in the opinion of most people competent to judge, should be declared criminal.



EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY

This splendid exercise is for bust development and waist reduction. Swing each arm up and back as far as possible, while the other is being held firmly out in front.

PATIENT: One of my children is not speaking as well as he should for his age, Doctor. Can you tell if there is anything I can do for him?

THE sound of the voice is produced by a blast of air from the lungs through the vocal cords; the quality of the voice depends on various factors, particularly the shape of the cavities of the throat and nose. Defects in the lips, teeth, mouth, or tongue may cause difficulty in pronouncing certain letters. The whole mechanism is controlled by the brain.

There are various abnormalities in speech from which children may suffer. Baby talk is, of course, a mixture of incorrect sounds. These usually are replaced by correct pronunciations, but sometimes persist. The lisper cannot pronounce certain consonants correctly, and has to be educated so to do. Congenitally mentally-deficient children often speak very badly.

But one of the commonest causes of bad speech is some condition that causes misshaping of the throat, and overgrown adenoids are easily the most important of these. Adenoids interfere with the development of the mouth, and, if not corrected, may result in speech being permanently impaired.

PATIENT: My baby suffers continually from colds, Doctor. Can you tell me what is wrong with him?

A HEALTHY child should shake off a cold fairly quickly, but some otherwise healthy children seem to catch colds repeatedly—merely a sort of index that they are off-color.

For instance, some children seem to catch a cold every time they cut a tooth; as soon as the tooth is through, the cold disappears. Some children get bowel upsets in the same way.

But there is often a cause for repeated colds in a child who is past the baby stage, and that is infected tonsils and adenoids.

Everyone has some adenoid tissue at the back of the throat, but for some reason or other it frequently overgrows in kiddies. The nose thus becomes blocked at the back and forms a favorable breeding ground for germs. These germs can then spread to the ear and cause running ears, or to the chest and cause constant colds. Removal of the adenoids often works wonders.

But there are many possible causes for a succession of colds, and a doctor should be consulted in any case of doubt.



Miss JEAN DUNCAN, the Beautiful Theatrical Star now appearing in "The Student Prince" at the Theatre Royal, is another of the lovely stage stars who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

The Knowing HOW for Beauty

"A CLEAR COMPLEXION." This first essential to beauty can be readily obtained by those whose skin now is rough and marred by blemishes. Mercolized wax absorbs and thus removes all skin impurities, powder and perspiration from the pores, particles of dead skin, etc. The sallow unsatisfactory skin lifts right away in tiny, almost invisible particles revealing the fresh, fine-textured skin beneath in all its natural beauty. No matter how bad your skin is, persevere with the use of this wonderful wax and in a very short while the difference in your appearance will delight you and astonish your friends.

"OF COURSE, DON'T DYE IT." Of course you mustn't dye your hair. That idea is now quite out of date. Merely touch your grey hairs with tanmanalite, a pleasant, non-sticky, non-greasy lotion which will instantly restore their natural color. Do this at night without fear that tanmanalite will stain your pillowslip or cause discomfort of any kind. Unlike hair dye, the use of tanmanalite cannot be detected. Get this truly wonderful restorer from your chemist to-day.

"BEST AND SIMPLEST SHAMPOO." If your hair is not as lovely, as attractive as it should be, you probably are using wrong methods of shampoo. A few stallax granules in a little hot water is the most satisfactory of all shampoos; it is very different from shampoos which are merely highly-scented foam. Stallax is a real cleansing agent. It leaves the scalp perfectly clean and healthy; imparts a shining loveliness to any head of hair.

"UNRULY HAIR." I know of but one way by which your hair may be kept smooth and keep its well cared for appearance throughout the day. Hollywood Hair Dressing is the best means yet discovered for this purpose. Society women, stage stars use it. Men, particular about their appearance, use Hollywood Hair Dressing. This new dressing stops dandruff, falling hair and certainly increases growth.

"FAT IS UGLY." You know this and if you are one of those unfortunate women who are burdened with troublesome fat, why, just take a few clynol berries and your weight will soon be reduced to more normal proportions in a perfectly harmless and safe way. They are really good.

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For Summer-time Energy

THE joyous activities of the long summer days make heavy demands on energy and vitality. You need more energy than the usual light summer foods provide.

Supplement your light meals with "Ovaltine" and you will be certain of obtaining all the energy you need. "Ovaltine" is 100 per cent. health-giving and energy-creating nutriment, scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt, milk and new-laid eggs.

Considering its supreme quality, "Ovaltine" is the most economical food beverage you can buy. There is only one "Ovaltine." Reject substitutes.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cups ful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of postage and packing. See address below.

NEW REDUCED PRICES: 2/-, 3/3, 5/9.
At all Chemists and Stores.

'OVALTINE'
The delightful COLD Summer Drink

THE HALL MARK OF QUALITY.—"Ovaltine" is the only tonic food beverage which has been awarded the Blue Seal Certificate by the Institute of Hygiene. This is the highest possible form of recognition, and is only awarded to individual products which can show that the standard of purity, quality and merit has been consistently maintained for over 20 years.

A. WANDER LTD., 218 KENT STREET, SYDNEY.

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Things that Happen to Women!

DON'T LET THEM HAPPEN TO YOU!

EVERY WOMAN should know that Overweight or Underweight is not merely a matter of pounds. It is a question of PHYSICAL WELL-BEING and NORMAL BODY FUNCTION. If you are Overweight or Underweight it is a sure sign that the organism within your body is not functioning properly, and neglect of this may lead to one of the conditions shown here. There are many causes of Overweight or Underweight and the treatment that will restore one type to normal is entirely unsatisfactory for another. For this reason everyone who is Overweight or Underweight should take a course of treatment with Cantrell and Co., who have made a special study of Women's Complaints. No drastic Diets are necessary. Treatment is in accordance with the dictum of the Medical Profession. It is dispensed in Tablet, Capsule or Powder form, and is easy to take. The charges are moderate, 5/- Weekly or 5 Weeks' Treatment for 20/-. Make the most of your charms. A good figure and health are essential to beauty. Send for your treatment to-day. You will feel better, look better, and be better.

Local Corpulence
A form of Obesity which is common in women is an enormous Fat deposit in the Legs and Buttocks, while the rest of the trunk and arms and face remain slender. In most cases the Fat deposit is confined to the Thighs, but in some the forearms are involved as well as the legs.

Cerebral Obesity
In this case the Fat deposit is confined to the Abdomen, Buttocks, Hips, and Breasts, while the legs and the arms remain comparatively slender. This type of obesity usually develops very slowly and may continue for a long time before being recognised as serious.

Pluriglandular Insufficiency
An entirely opposite appearance to obesity. The patient is extremely thin, due to insufficiency of the pancreas and adrenals. Emaciation. In treating this condition, various gland substances must be combined to suit each case. In most cases ready-made preparations are useless.

Pituitary Deficiency
The distribution of Fat in this case is noted more particularly at the pelvic level, while the feet and ankles remain comparatively small. This form of obesity sometimes runs in families, and is at times mistaken for cerebral obesity

Figure by Cantrell & Co

WE GUARANTEE TO REDUCE WAIST & HIPS Or it won't cost you a penny

Don't let them happen to you. TEAR THIS OUT

POST THIS

CANTRELL AND CO
72 PITT ST. SYDNEY
Please send me 5 weeks' Treatment. Enclosed P.O. value 20/-.

IT is understood that if I do not reduce under your treatment you will REFUND MY MONEY IN FULL.

My Surplus Fat is confined to:—

HIPS ARMS ANKLES NECK BREASTS OR IS
WAIST THIGHS LEGS ABDOMEN GENERAL

Name
Address

Things that Happen

TOLD BY READERS

All incidents sent to Things That Happen must bear short titles, giving a clue to what the story is about.
Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or have been submitted to other journals

"Heads, You Win!"

THOUGH women are daily proving that they can hold men's jobs, there are roles in which a man fails to prove himself equally versatile.

In a draper's shop last week I was very diverted at the shamefaced expression of the gentleman who approached the counter and requested half-a-dozen pillowslips.

To the smiling shopgirl's pleasant query regarding size, he replied, "Size—er, size—I really don't know," then added as a bright afterthought, "but I take six and seven-eighths in hats."—**H.J.D.**

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On the Rebound

THE proprietor of a nearby delicatessen was considerably annoyed by the constant pilfering from his dairy produce section.

His suspicions became fixed on one particular customer—not without reason, as he proved in a rather ingenious way.

Attaching a length of fine twine to a small shoulder of bacon, he placed it in a handy position on the counter. When the lady came into the store, he applied himself assiduously to the wrapping up of a half a pound of butter.

Keeping a wary eye on his movements, the suspect gradually edged the bacon into her shopping bag and, paying for the butter, turned and walked across the store. When she had gone a few yards the man gave the string a lusty enough pull to attract her attention, and remarked, with elaborate politeness, "I am sorry, madam, but I'm afraid one of the bacon bones has—er—fallen into your basket."—**A.J.**

❖ ❖ ❖

Philanthropic Visitors

UNABLE to sleep as a result of the noise made by visitors during the day, the night nurse at the local hospital mentioned the matter to one of the doctors.

He caused a notice to be conspicuously displayed, "Please remember the night nurse!"

When she came on duty the following night, she found, lying on the table below the notice, a shilling, a sixpence, and a few coppers!—**J.S.**

A Silver Lining

ON my return from various jaunts I invariably placed my babe on one particular sofa and gave him my bag and any oddments to keep him amused while I changed to indoor garb.

Recently we discarded that sofa and, during the process of disintegration, were amazed and not a little delighted to find a small hoard of threepences and sixpences.

The lad, now fourteen years of age, had apparently whiled away the time, years ago, in taking the small coins from my bag and stowing them away in a small crevice in the sofa.—**"L.S."**

❖ ❖ ❖

A Papuan Chef

WHILE waiting for the arrival of some friends to dinner, I sat on the lounge of our Papuan home enjoying the sea breeze.

The new cook boy was left in charge of the kitchen. He had been given instructions to have the fat and soup-bones removed from the soup, and I expected only to have to serve it out.

Imagine my horror when the guests sat down to dinner and the boy brought in a dish of soup-bones. He had emptied out the soup and kept the bones on which was "plenty good kaikai" (food), he afterwards informed me.

There was nothing for it but to commence on the second course. However, I can assure you there was one wrathful wife who firmly decided never to trust a new cook boy even though he may say "I savvy cook good. I work long plenty Sinabada (white woman) before."—**J.W.**



DID YOU know that a rag slightly moistened with ordinary turpentine and wiped round corners and edges of drawers will keep them free from moths?

❖ ❖ ❖

A Family Affair

ARRIVING thoroughly weary and quite unheralded at a country hotel at 3.30 a.m., I insisted, despite the proprietor's assertion that the hotel was full up, on being accommodated for the night.

Finally, I was told that I could sleep in the same room as the hotel rouseabout. Knowing that these worthies rise customarily at somewhere about 5.30, I accepted the offer. Tip-toeing into the room, I undressed in the dark and crawled thankfully into bed. Awakened by a shrill alarm, I sat up and stared at the occupant of the other bed.

It was my younger brother, whom I had not seen for three years.—**E.R.**

The ADVERTISEMENT

Continued from Page 12.

AND presently Betty put her marriage licence in his hands — great red hands — and he read it slowly. "So you've done it," he said quietly, looking at her with hot, angry eyes. Knowing him, she backed away to the wall. He followed slowly. And then Dan stepped in his way, trembling a little with the excitement that the strangeness of the situation inspired.

"Why, you little whipper-snapper—" and the thick hands closed around his throat.

"DON'T you know me, Dan?" The voice was soft and sweet, coming, it seemed, from a great distance.

He opened his eyes, and through the dense mist swimming before them Betty's face appeared. He put up a limp hand to touch it, and suddenly felt warm lips pressed into the palm.

"Betty, girl."

"Oh, Dan, all that you've done for me . . . even this."

"Rubbish," he protested. "Rubbish." He tried to lift his head, but, groaning, dropped it back again on the cushions she had piled on the floor. "Has he gone?" he asked.

"Yes. Do you feel well enough to hear about it now?"

He smiled wryly. "Well, I've been waiting six months," he said.

"You see, I've been living with him since I was a tiny child. He is my guardian. He runs a gambling saloon in Dilton St., and that is where I have lived and been brought up. I was a sort of decoy to the place. Oh, it was a rotten kind of life, and I ran away from it. I was penniless and homeless when we met—you and I, and absolutely desperate. I couldn't go back to that, and marriage let me out. He thought I would never marry because . . ."

"Why, Betty?"

"Well, you see, my father left some money, quite a lot, that was to be forfeited if I married before I was 21. I don't mind losing that because I have found such a different life here with you."

"My dear, do you mean . . .?" And this time he did sit up, his tired, kind eyes shining, his thin hair all untidy about his head.

"Yes, I mean just that. Now, lie down again." And she kissed his hot temple, happy, too.

(Copyright)

HOST Holbrook says: For the Bridge Party prepare a paste of nice dainty sandwiches made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.***



STOP ALL NERVE PAINS

ALL Nerve Pains are quickly and safely relieved with VINCENT'S A.P.C. Genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. is prepared on the scientific formula used in Australia's largest hospitals. Your doctor, chemist, dentist, nurses recommend VINCENT'S A.P.C. because it is prepared from the purest standardised ingredients. 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Co., Sydney



GENUINE VINCENT'S A·P·C POWDERS AND TABLETS

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S."

ITCHING



REXONA gives instant relief

Summer brings all kinds of wretched irritations—heat rashes, heat spots, insect bites. Every one of them loses its stinging itchiness immediately you apply Rexona Ointment. Rexona's healing and soothing properties remove all sign of redness or swelling, too.

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for . . .

Chafing, abrasions, ulcers, skin blemishes, dandruff, rashes, piles, eczema, all skin complaints.



Rexona
the rapid healer
OINTMENT & SOAP

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

We will Pay your DOCTOR'S BILLS

● **Lubri-Lax, the authentic lubricating laxative, definitely cures CONSTIPATION — quickly and safely. To prove this fact to you, the proprietors of Lubri-Lax, The Natural Remedy Co., make this amazing offer.**

There are two Lubri-Lax preparations. The medium strength in a yellow carton at 2/9 is prescribed for average and obstinate cases of constipation. The Double Strength Lubri-Lax in the blue carton at 3/6 is recommended for chronic cases. Medium strength Lubri-Lax seldom fails—**Double strength never fails.** If three jars of Double strength Lubri-Lax do not effect a cure—your trouble is organic—probably serious—and you should consult a specialist at once.

A GENUINE OFFER

The Natural Remedy Co., G.P.O., Box 1436, J.J., Sydney, will pay the consultation fee (usually £2/2/) for you to be examined by a duly qualified medical specialist in Sydney, Melbourne, or Brisbane, if three jars of Double Strength Lubri-Lax fail to banish your constipation. This is a genuine offer—without restrictions or conditions other than that you first write and state the name of your chemist—and the dates of the three purchases. You will then be given a letter to the specialist we consider most suitable for your case. To be on the safe side keep the three cartons. It is unlikely that you will need them, because Lubri-Lax will not fail you.

The Lubri-Lax Way is the Doctors' Way.

LUBRI-LAX

Note.—If your chemist has not got Lubri-Lax, order from Hallam's Pharmacies—or Washington H. Soul-Pattinson and Co., Ltd.

Lubri-Lax (Medium Strength) 2/9
Lubri-Lax (Double Strength) 3/6

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS.

Conducted by EVE GYE

FASCINATING & USEFUL

—this little Evening Bag is easily made

Why not have this exquisite little bag to match your new evening gown? It is quite easy to make, being crocheted in two pieces, the hundreds of little loops giving it an ostrich feather-like appearance that is quite fascinating.

Palest of water green was the color chosen for the original, while soft, pink-flowered satin made a perfect lining.



THIS QUAINTLY pretty evening bag looks intricate doesn't it? But really it is the easiest thing imaginable to make — although many are paying to acquire the art. Follow directions given hereunder.

THE materials required are: One hank of silk in any desired shade (one of the best being that known as "Frotte," as it is the softest and gives the best effect); a little silk for lining; half a yard of rosebud trimming; a number O crochet needle, and a patent fastener.

Begin by crocheting five chain and join a treble into it until a circle is formed. Now pass the silk over the needle and two forefingers of the left hand three times, drawing the silk under the needle the third time. Pull the silk through, and crochet one. Thus one of the loops is formed. Keep on repeating, increasing a little to keep the circle flat, and keeping the plain side towards you.

When the circle is the size of a large saucer commence on another circle. It is then a simple matter to join the two circles together to form a bag, and to crochet a strip about ten inches in length, and half an inch wide, for the handle. Line with silk and finish with rosebud trimming. Sew in the patent fastener and your bag is complete!

CROCHET ENTHUSIASTS

DID you see the charming reproduction of Captain Cook's old world cottage in crochet—published in our issue of December 20? Just send 3d in stamps, and stamped re-addressed envelope, and you will receive full instructions for working the artistic tray-cloth or centre piece.

All these patterns, transfers, and traced linen articles, quoted on this page, may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated at—
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.



Send for the TRANSFER

—and make yourself this really joyous Breakfast Set



Who could resist having in their home such a useful set as you see pictured here, comprising mat, tea-cosy and egg-cosy?

I only wish you could have seen the original set. It was made from sunny yellow organdie, embroidered in deep, rich shades to harmonise. Ruched ecru lace lent additional beauty.

THE DAINTY transfer sprays which decorate this charming set will cost you only 6d., post free. You can use the transfer in other ways, too.

WHITE, cream or any other colored linen could be used instead of organdie. As you can see, only simple embroidery is necessary, since a too ornate set would be out of place for breakfast service.

THE TRANSFER, which costs 6d., post free, can be used in ever so many other ways, too. The dainty sprays lend themselves effectively to the rapid decoration of lovely centre pieces, tray cloths, tea cloths, guest towels, etc.

Now, I am going to tell you how you can make an identical copy of the organdie set sketched here. First of all, you will need one yard of organdie, ¾ yard of white flannelette, the transfer, and some colored embroidery thread.

How the Tea Cosy Is Made

FROM a piece of paper cut a square measuring 9 x 9 inches. Fold in half, and from halfway up the cut edges, slope the corners off to within an inch of the centre fold. Open pattern, place on organdie, and cut double, twice. Place on the flannelette and cut double.

Machine around the lining, turn inside out, and hem the lower edges.

Cut the largest spray from the transfer, place to one side of the piece of organdie to be used for the front, press with a warm iron, and embroider. Press the work when finished, and make up the organdie the same as the lining, only machining the lower edges together on the right side for the back and front.

From the end of the organdie, cut a double strip 2½ inches wide, fold double, run a gathering thread along the edge, gather up to fit round cosy, insert between the back and front, and machine all around. Insert the lining.

SOME lucky guest would consider the simplest breakfast a luxury if a lovely and colorful breakfast set such as this were placed before her. Even the invalid would respond to its magical effect! Send 6d. for the transfer TO-DAY, and make it for yourself—or a favored friend.

Making the Mat

FOR the mat, cut double an oval 14 x 10 inches. On the right side of one piece, press the second largest spray on to one side, and one of the smaller on the other.

When worked, press, and machine the two pieces together on the wrong side, leaving a small opening to turn inside out. Turn in the raw edges and press.

Cut two more strips from the organdie, 2½ inches wide; stitch together; machine the edges together, turn to right side. Run a thread along sewn edge, gather up, and machine round mat.

Directions for Egg Cosy

THE egg cosy is a miniature of the tea cosy, measuring 3½ x 3½, with the corners ovaled off. Press the remaining spray on to one side, and make up as directed for tea cosy.

MAKE THIS LITTLE FROCK



PATTERNS to fit tiny folk from 6 months to 2 years for 9½d. Transfers, 6d. Ask for pattern Y1214.

Doesn't this tiny tot register utter delight in her crisply-fresh muslin gown, with its quaint circular yoke and touches of dainty hand embroidery?

FOR a babe of six months or so, one and three quarter yards of 36-inch material would be sufficient. And with this pattern mothers will find it easy to make airy-light, yet serviceable frocks—frocks that look costly, but cost next-to-nothing.

Simple, hand-embroidery, as you know, gives such a dainty finish to baby clothes, so send for the transfer, too. When ordering the pattern, be sure to state the age of your little one, and remember that both pattern and transfer can be had for 1/3½, post free. Ask for pattern No. Y1214.

CHARM *Plus* COMFORT

CUSHIONS FOR YOUR HOME



COLORFUL pansies tumbling from a rustic basket, and majestic tiger lilies decorate these luxurious cushions. Wouldn't you like to have them? You can!

In beautiful quality brown linen, traced ready for working, they each measure 18 x 27 inches—such a generous size, don't you think? You can embroider them in shades to harmonise with the existing color scheme of breakfast-room, dining-room or living-room.

You can also obtain these lovely cushion covers traced with geraniums, dahlias, poppies or wistaria. Do add one or more to your home. So colorful, so comfy, so hard-wearing—they will repay you a hundredfold for the small amount invested—3/6 each, post free.

The REVIVAL *In* SMOCKING

SMOCKING has returned to delight us! It was quite the rage overseas during the summer, and clever needleworkers are using it here to charming advantage.

I saw a plainly-cut navy frock the other day with the bodice and sleeves smocked in vermillion, and a string belt of the same arresting color.

Noticed, too, a voile blouse in soft beige, smocked in brown and gold tones. A band also finished the chic puff sleeves. White muslin blouses with their high, smocked necklines, and with their loose raglan sleeves, acquire an air of youthful simplicity pleasant to see.

Charming to see, also, blouses and frocks showing a combination of smocking and peasant-style embroidery, the latter worked in simple cross-stitch. Rich, contrasting colors in bold designs can be most effectively employed by anyone with an artistic turn of mind.

LABORATORY TESTED — SUPER STRENGTH

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You can rely on genuine "FLY-TOX" to kill flies, mosquitoes, bugs, cockroaches, ants and moths *quickly*. But accept no substitutes; insist on the real "FLY-TOX" with the world-wide reputation. Fragrant and stainless, too.

Made in Australia.

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TERRY and TEDDY the TERRIBLE TWINS

By HARRY EYRE JR.



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall.

ONE Saturday afternoon, the lost children couldn't find anything to do. And, when Rumble came along and suggested going to the giant's castle to steal a glimpse of him eating his dinner, they all eagerly jumped at the opportunity of going somewhere. Even if it was just to see an old giant!

Rumble had borrowed Fairy Lightfoot's chariot for the day. She had gone by aeroplane to visit some relations, and therefore had no use for her chariot.

All the children tumbled into the chariot and were soon driving away towards the giant's castle.

The white horses galloped along for miles, never once showing the least sign of being tired.

At last after a very long drive they could see the castle about a hundred yards away. As Rumble thought it safer for them all to walk the remaining distance, the children hopped out of the chariot and crept along the wide track which led to the castle doors. Every now and again they would hear a rumble in the distance, and would hide behind one of the clumps of bushes which grew by the side of the track.

Soon they were within a few yards of the castle, and many of the children looked downcast, for going right around the castle was a narrow strip of water.

Fred was the first to speak, "Say, Rumble, how do we get across this water?"

"Easily," answered Rumble, puffing out his chest because he knew something that apparently none of the others knew, "just follow me and you'll be all right."

As he walked along the side of the MOAT, (which he explained to the children was the right name for the water surrounding the castle) he talked of all the times he had done the same trip, and how danger meant nothing to him.

Rumble was very brave in the eyes of



THEY ALL managed to escape from the giant's castle in a big basket.

some of the smaller children, but to Fred and several of the older ones he was nothing more than a very vain fat old man.

Now and again Fred would give Leonie a wink, when Rumble would tell how he fought a tiger single-handed or something equally as silly.

* * *

"WE get across here," said Rumble at length, "be careful, and don't fall in. I've heard that it is thousands of feet deep, so keep a good look-out."

This of course was a falsehood, as Fred discovered a few days later when he saw one of the giants walk across the moat and hardly get his ankles wet.

The children reached the other side with happy hearts as not one of them had any difficulty in getting across. They crept round one side of the castle with Rumble in the lead.

The kitchen was soon reached, and as they peered in through the window they saw the giant eating a big plate of goodness only knows what!—it looked like everything mixed up!

Fred, in trying to get a better look at the giant slipped and fell. He made very little noise, but it was enough to arouse the giant, who rose from where he sat and strode to the door.

Rumble was panic-stricken and just stood terrified, too scared to move or to utter a word.

Fred saw in the kitchen a big basket and leaning against the wall was an umbrella. He got an idea! Quickly, he brought the basket and umbrella outside, then yelling to Rumble to help him open it up, he tugged at the handle of the huge umbrella.

After a lot of pushing on the part of both Fred and Rumble the umbrella was got up. Then they tied it on to the handle of the basket, and told the children to hop into the basket.

Just as the basket rose into the air, the giant came from the back of the house. But the wind was a friend of Fred's and soon blew him and the lost children out of danger.

(Another instalment of Fred next week—don't miss it).

Just Chatter

GLADYS McGRATH, of Dee Why, is quite an artist; Deelma Kearney, of Cunnock, likes reading books about girls at school; Mildred Hemming, of Pyramid Hill (Vic.), lives on a farm.

Mary Hyndes, of Potts Point, is 12 years old; Mary Lennox, of White Gate (Vic.), rides a pony to school every day; Ivy Jeffreys, of Adelong, passed her primary final examination.

Dorothy Ellison, of Crow's Nest, is fond of sketching; Ruth Hoare, of Blacktown, likes gardening; Marjorie Rankin, of Dyraaba Creek, writes a very interesting letter.

Beryl Carter, of Dulwich Hill, likes sketching; Betty Kyte, of Neutral Bay, is a great admirer of beautiful scenery; Dorothy Veisey, of Stanmore, writes short stories.

PHYLLIS WIGHTMAN, of Greenwich, is a member of the Red Cross; Betty Handley, of Pampas (Q'ld.), writes a very interesting letter; Dulcie Woodburn, of Cusmo, likes reading stories.

Edna Freeman, of 33 Pilzroy St., Marrickville, wants to correspond with a girl of 14 or 15; Helen Egan of Pymble, writes good little stories.



INTRODUCING Kenneth and Ronald Morgan, of Maroubra.

Margaret Parry, of Penshurst, is fond of sewing and playing games; Marjorie Petersen, of Blackheath, can write interesting stories; Judith Young, of Bondi, had a teddy bear; Estelle Taylor, of Ipswich (Q'ld.), is staying with her aunt at Rockhampton; Eileen Pigeon, of North Sydney, has just had her thirteenth birthday.

Marjorie Cunningham, of Bendigo (Vic.), went to Melbourne recently; Allen Treble, of Ashfield, has a little puppy dog; Knox Taylor, of Townsville (Q'ld.), likes travelling in a boat.

Doreen Cowan, of Nyngan, is fond of writing verse; Ann Marshall, of Crow's Nest, is fourteen years old.

MY LITTLE BROTHER

By Emmie Buchan.

WE have a darling baby
With great big eyes of blue,
And when we laugh and talk to him,
He only answers "Coo."

When he shuts his baby eyes,
And nods his golden head,
Mummy says, "the darling's tired,"
And tucks him up in bed.

I love him, how I love
My tiny brother Jack,
If you gave me all the world
I'd ask you for him back.

Prize of 5/- to Emmie Buchan (15), Tyalgum, Tweed River, for this clever verse.

Connie's Letter

MY Dear Pals,

How are you keeping those good resolutions? Have you broken any? Don't forget the resolution I told you to put on your list—to write to me at least once a fortnight, will you?

The best letter for this week comes from Beryl Jarrat, "Ethne," Pheasant Point, Kiama, South Coast, for which she receives a prize of 5/.

"We went to Macquarie Pass, recently," says Beryl, "a very pleasant spot up in the mountains where the view is beautiful. Nearby came the splashing of a waterfall, and a little creek was rippling along into the thick undergrowth. Everything was so very pretty and fascinating that we thoroughly enjoyed the day."

Well pals, good-bye until next week.

Cheerio,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

Teacher: What does N.S.W.R. on the guard's cap mean?
Bright Boy: Not sufficient wages received.

FOR FUN & FANCY

LITTLE girl (to boy washing his face): Do you look in the mirror to see if your face is clean?
Boy: No, I look on the towel.
Prize card to Keith Allan, 9 Wilmot Street, Toowoomba, Q'ld.

* * *

Why do you laugh up your sleeve?—Because you have a funny-bone there.
When does a chair resemble a lady's dress?—When it is satin.
Prize Card to Doris Connor, Mirani, via Mackay, Q'ld.

* * *

Teacher: Why are you so late, Jackie?
Jackie: I left home late.
Teacher: Why didn't you leave home earlier?
Jackie: It was too late to leave home early.
Prize Card to Jack Wright, 111 Railway Rd., St. Peters.

* * *

"Yes, my boy," said the shopkeeper to Bertie, "I think you will do. I want you partly in the shop and partly out.
"Y-y-yes, sir," said Bertie, shakily, "but what happens to me if the door shuts?"

* * *

Teacher: What makes you think King John was bald, Betty?
Betty: My book says he died without an heir.

* * *

If a horse eats twice what a cow eats, and a cow eats twice what a man eats, and a man eats twice what a dog eats, and a dog eats twice what a cat eats, and a cat eats twice what a mouse eats, what does a mouse eat?
Answer: Cheese.
Prize Card to Jean Braine, Burrawan Street, Port Macquarie.

* * *

Why is it unwise to tell secrets to donkeys? Because they carry tales.

Sydney: What part of the fish weighs the most.
Mummy: The head.
Sydney: The scales, of course.

* * *

When do four and four make five, and two and two make three? Four shillings and four threepences make five shillings; and two shillings and two sixpences make three shillings.
Prize Card to Betty Williams, 177 Tyler St., East Preston (Vic.).

* *

How many weeks belong to a year? 46; the others are "Lent."
Prize Card to Phyllis Selems, 20 Edward St., Enfield, N.S.W.

* * *

Bill: There is a building in our street with 1000 stories.
Tom: Impossible.
Bill: A lending library.



AT THE SEASIDE. For this original sketch in black and white, Stan Broomham (14), 52 Robert St., Willoughby, wins a prize of 5/-.

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THE SECRET OF PICNIC SUCCESS

NO work or worry of preparation, nothing to go stale and soggy—just delicious quality biscuits coming crisp and oven fresh from airtight tins convenient to carry or pack.

Biscuits you can enjoy as sandwiches with ham, or as sweets with jam—and a hundred other ways too. Try the delicious picnic varieties given below.

Include these delicious varieties in the picnic hamper for the children:

TEDDY BEAR KINDERGARTEN TEA CAKE TALKIE

ARNOTT'S

FAMOUS

POPSO CRACKER	SAVOURY DAINTY	OATEN CAKE
THIN CAPTAIN	MILK ARROWROOT	MILK COFFEE
SAO	GINGER NUT	LEMON DESSERT

BISCUITS

ALWAYS ASK FOR ARNOTT'S FAMOUS BISCUITS AND MAKE SURE YOU GET THEM!

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The HEIRESS

Continued from Page 8.



"Why did you leave the last place?"
"I couldn't stand the little boy. He was always blowing sand through the keyhole into my eye."

"REALLY? A mere. How lovely! Moonlight on the mere! It sounds like Tennyson." She seemed hoarse with delight. "Can one swim there?"

"I do, every morning."

There was a sudden change in the atmosphere. Elizabeth's gush fell away. She spoke quietly.

"How splendid! Could I? I wish ——" She checked herself. These words had been unlike any that she had previously spoken. Her voice for a moment had been quite clear—neither hoarse nor cracked. Evidently the thought of bathing in the mere had moved her deeply. Bill was startled. Then, in the old tone, like the voice of a damaged piedish, she resumed: "Just wait till I change my shoes."

She pottered across the room, and was gone. They were alone. Aunt Gertrude covered her face with her hands.

"It's terrible. Terrible," she moaned.

"You see," said Bill, accusingly, "how unwise it is to tempt Providence. This is the girl you proposed that I should marry. Why, a million wouldn't tempt me. I'd rather stick to the chance of Great-uncle Ephraim. Why not? You and I were quite happy until you took this bizarre crotchet into your head. Look at us now. Both of us. Let it be a lesson to you, my dear Auntie. A lesson to you. Great-uncle Ephraim for ever!"

His aunt, greatly depressed, nodded her head. She could not speak. She was a broken woman.

V.

THE walk by the mere was entrancing, and Bill was astonished to find that the little visitor did not spoil it. She was as silent before its beauty as anybody could have wished. Having learned the path, which was a simple one leading through a wood at the end of Aunt Gertrude's garden, Elizabeth next asked at what time Bill was in the habit of taking his swim. He told her—seven o'clock. They walked back to the house, she shambling painfully, as if her shoes were heavy, and once within the house she bade good night and went to bed. So ended the first day of this curious encounter. Bill, sitting in the drawing-room for a last smoke before retiring, found his first impressions of the waif slightly modified. Her hands and her feet were at war. Her gush over music, and her perfectly terrible performance, had made him feel that she must be a fool; yet once or twice she had shown herself no fool. But his final conclusion was laughter, at the preposterous downfall of Aunt Gertrude's scheme.

The night was unexpectedly cold, as it often is in England in June; and Bill was awakened early by a sense of chilliness. He pulled the bedclothes over him and tried to get warm. Then, thoroughly awake, he looked at his watch. It was half-past six, and he generally rose and took his swim at seven. Only a moment's doubt preceded his resolve to go at once. Leaping up, he wrapped around himself the warm dressing-gown which he always used, seized a towel, and made his way out of the house.

It was so chilly in the fresh morning air that Bill ran down the garden and into the wood, and proceeded to run along the narrow path through the wood towards the mere, skipping like a young stag over every obstacle. And as he so lightly ran he heard a strange shrill cry. It came from in front of him—from the mere. Could it be a cry for help? He raced, shouting once, sharply, as he ran. The cry came again. Bill dashed through the last few yards of the wood, pushed aside some overhanging branches, and came to the edge of the mere.

In the morning light that calm, quick-silver-like sheet of water, in which every reflection was brilliantly clear, was as beautiful as ever. Very calm and still it lay, without a ripple. Bill's eye swept over its surface. His heart rose suddenly. There, well out in the middle of the silent water, he saw a dark head, a white arm.

"Hi!" came the voice. "Help! Quick! Cramp!"

"Right!" Without an instant's delay, Bill threw aside his dressing-gown and plunged in, altogether disregarding his pyjamas, which hung about him in bitter folds, but did not hamper his movements. Ugh, the water was nippy! "Hold tight!" Bill gurgled. He was a very powerful swimmer, and he had been in the habit of swimming here since he could swim at all, and so he was out in the middle of the mere, and approaching the distressed bather, in a few seconds. The danger was no longer a danger. Such swiftness would have dismissed far greater peril. Then, as he came alongside, Bill saw to his astonishment that he was rescuing Elizabeth!

"Golly!" cried he. "Hold on: got hold of me?" Slap went his arms. He had never swum more strongly. "Are you all right?"

"Yes," came a little voice—as clear as a bell. "I'm glad you came."

THE return journey was made more slowly, owing to Bill's burden; but the distance was still slight enough, and a few moments brought them safely ashore, under the shadow of the soft willows and into the silence of the wood. Elizabeth, tumbling over as she tried to stand, sank at the edge of the water, and sat there, a slim figure in her bathing costume, her cramped leg stretched out quite straight. She was trembling now, and her teeth were chattering. Forlorn enough and small enough, but without her spectacles, and somehow dignified as well as pathetic. Bill's heart warmed inexplicably.

"I'd better carry you to the house. Where's your dressing-gown? Here, take mine." He picked up his own, and put it around her cosily, so that only her feet remained exposed, and an unexpected mass of damp, rather curly hair.

"My leg's so bad," Elizabeth whispered. "Ouch!"

She had tried to rise, and sank down again in pain. Her little hands were clenched.

"Too bad," murmured Bill, sympathetically. He knelt beside her, rubbing the limb as vigorously as he could, in order to restore circulation. "It was lucky I came a bit early——"

She had paled slightly.

"More than lucky," she said, as if she were breathless. For an instant she swayed against his shoulder. "I might have been among the weeds by now."

"You'd have managed," said Bill, briefly. "I'm frightened you'll catch cold," he panted, presently, as he rubbed. "You oughtn't to have come down alone, you know. Or I ought to have thought of it, and come earlier still."

"I thought I was being clever," she said, in his ear. "Worst of being an idiot. There, that's ever so much better. Shall we go?"

She stood up painfully, her face hidden from him, the dressing-gown—his dressing-gown—draped closely around her. A moment later her arms were raised, and Bill had lifted her from the ground. Then, bearing his burden very carefully, he began the journey back through the wood and towards Aunt Gertrude's cottage. It was not an easy journey in present circumstances. And it gave them both time to think and to observe.

"I hope nobody will see us," said Elizabeth, anxiously. "I should hate Miss Paget to——"



"Bachelor buttons? First floor, Sir."

"Nobody." Bill reassured her. "Auntie won't be up; and this is the one time in the day when the maids are too busy to look out of the windows."

He felt her laugh—or did she shiver? Impossible to know. Once or twice branches heavy with leaves plucked at her hair and at the dressing-gown. And all the time her arms were around Bill's neck, and Bill's strong arms carried her through the wood as if she had been a baby. Nevertheless, as they reached the garden, he was panting a little.

"I'm too heavy." It was a murmur. "You're a feather."

"Stop here and rest a minute."

"And have you catching cold? No! It's quite close now. Another spurt, and we're there."

"I say," began Elizabeth, in a strange little apologetic voice. "I feel a bit mean, you know."

"Well, don't do it again, that's all," said Bill. "Not unless I'm there to fish you out. The water's apt to be chilly." That was everything he was going to say about the escapade. It had ended fortunately. He had luckily been near, and had heard her cry in time. The rest was automatic. He did not want gratitude. But he was conscious that the morning had immediately altered their relationship. They could not in future be strangers. For one thing, he now saw Elizabeth without her spectacles. He saw unobscured that is, a face that was both piquante and delightful. He also saw Elizabeth's hair, and felt it against his cheek, as a curly mass, and not as a miserable collection of odd ends, as it had seemed to be upon the previous night.

There was something intoxicatingly alluring about her this morning. She was changed—in looks, in voice, in manner, in everything. A most peculiar emotion, which he had never previously known, surged up in Bill's breast. He repressed it. Laughter followed, and the impulse to tease. Surely their acquaintance was making rapid strides! Dare he speak a candid word? Should he? No. Yes.

"I say," said Bill. "Er—if I might give you a word of advice—leave your hair as it is." He glanced sideways into a soft brown eye, dull no longer, but fresh with the dewy freshness of early morning.

"What d'you mean?" she demanded. "Wet?"

Bill hesitated again. His courage almost fled.

"No," he said, sturdily. "I mean—not in rats' tails." He heard her gasp.

They were indoors unseen. They were upon the stairs—at the door of her room. He had set her down. Color flamed in her cheeks. The sense that she was quite different this morning from what she had been thrilled Bill anew. She looked really arch, attractive, winning. With that color, with that shyness, she was the most charming picture he had ever seen. It was difficult to think her the same person.

"I want to thank you," she said. "You've been——" She caught his hand, and pressed it gently. "You've been splendid." Then, with the blood in her cheeks, and a broad smile upon her lips, and a convulsion as of laughter, she indignantly exclaimed, "Rats' tails, indeed!" And, turning, was lost to his view, a little figure wrapped in a large woolly dressing-gown that trailed after her as if it had been a Court robe.

VI.

A NUMBER of very peculiar and illuminating thoughts; and he went down to the cream, lattice-windowed breakfast-room whistling a little air. He did not, of course, whistle when Aunt Gertrude, looking apprehensive, arrived; but greeted his aunt with a smile of good cheer. She, however, came close to him, her lips tightly drawn together, and her ordinarily kind and smiling eyes hard with determination.

"I've quite made up my mind," she said. "I'm going to be taken ill."

"My dear Auntie!" Bill threw back his head and laughed.

"Anything else is quite impossible. You must go away, and I'll fall very ill. I'm sure, dear old Dr. Downey wouldn't mind saying I was too ill to be nursed. Hush!"

Elizabeth stopped into the room. Her hair was not in rats' tails, but it had been brushed very severely, so that it lay flat upon the top of her head. Her glasses were in place, and her frock was a dingy red, the color of flannel, and somewhat of its appearance.

"Goodness!" whispered Aunt Gertrude to herself. "Impossible!"

Elizabeth and Bill exchanged a glance—upon her side imploring silence regarding the bathing episode; upon his not imploring anything at all. The three of them settled themselves about the breakfast table, while all without was bright and encouraging with sunshine and the songs of many birds.

"Did you sleep well, my dear?" asked Aunt Gertrude, frostingly.

"Thank you, yes." Elizabeth's voice was suddenly cracked again, so that Bill started with surprise.

"Will you have tea or coffee? I have both here."

"Coffee, please."

During these amenities they had forgotten Bill, who had found a long envelope beside his plate, had sliced it open, and had begun to read the contents. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, with a wild "Hooray!" His face was deeply red, as if with excitement. As quickly as it had arisen, however, his excitement died down. He looked at both the astonished ladies, and said gravely enough:—

"I'm sorry to have to tell you that this letter contains news of the death of a man I never saw. My Great - uncle Ephraim, in fact."

"Dead!" screamed Aunt Gertrude. "And has he?"

"He has left me the whole of his fortune, amounting to five hundred thousand dollars—one hundred thousand pounds in our currency—and I'm a rich man." He was rather pale.

"Rich!" cried Aunt Gertrude. "Then you won't have to marry an —— I mean——"

Bill looked at Elizabeth. She also was pale.

"My aunt," he said, quietly, "has been afraid that the only chance I had in life was marriage with a rich wife."

"Yes," said Elizabeth, quite as quietly. "She told me that when she sent me your photographs."

"Photographs-s-s! Plural!" shouted Bill. "Oh, you wicked woman! Elizabeth, do you know that she revealed to me yesterday morning this notion of hers. She told me that she'd invited you. She admitted that she'd sent you one snapshot."

"Three photographs—one a cabinet," said Elizabeth. "So I thought I'd come and see what you were really like. You sounded awful."

"You impertinent girl!" cried Aunt Gertrude. "He's a rich man!"

"Aha!" exclaimed Bill. "You'd thought you'd come—— Oho!" And with that, to the astonishment of both of his companions, he raised his fist and violently struck the table before him. His face was that of a profound judge pronouncing sentence.

VII.

ALMOST nothing more was said during the meal, of which none of them ate very much. Aunt Gertrude sat with her color coming and going, mincing with a piece of toast; Elizabeth kept her head low, so that only her flattened hair and the large spectacles and the tip of her demure nose could be seen. As for Bill, he read and re-read the solicitors' letter which had brought him the glad tidings.

"This makes a lot of difference," said Bill, ruminatively.

"Yes; you're richer than I am," added a little cracked voice.

"Twice as rich!" snapped Aunt Gertrude.

Silence thereafter. It continued until Aunt Gertrude abandoned her toast and looked coldly towards Elizabeth. And at that all three rose. Bill followed the others; and as Elizabeth was about to go out of the room he caught her arm.

"I want to speak to Miss Paget," she protested.

"There's something I want to say to you first. All right, Aunt Gertrude." Bill had a new masterfulness in his manner, and Aunt Gertrude made no demur. She proceeded upon her way, with straight back and head held very high, while Bill closed the breakfast-room door and confronted Elizabeth. For a moment he frowned sternly upon her. Then he snatched from her nose the spectacles which disfigured her face. "Masquerader!" he hissed. "Take off those absurd shoes! Do your hair properly! Put on a pretty frock! And let's see what you're really like!"

"I won't!" Elizabeth, fiery red, stamped her foot.

"You will!" Bill glared at her. "You've no right to play a trick like this on a nice old thing like Aunt Gertrude!"

"How was I to know she was nice? Or you either? You both sounded awful. And, anyway," flared Elizabeth, "she had no right to think of me as a convenient chattel. She wrote as if the highest good I could hope for was to support an insufferable prig for the rest of his life."

"Prig meaning me," swallowed Bill.

"But you're not. You're a d——" It was Elizabeth's turn to swallow.

"Listen," said Bill. "When you've apologised to Auntie——"

Elizabeth gave one sob. Said she:—"I should be doing it now, if you hadn't kept me here."

"You and I will have a talk," continued Bill, as if she had not spoken. "I'm leaving by the eleven o'clock train." She was defiant. "I'm going back to my friends and comfortable shoes."

Bill shrugged his shoulders.

"You're doing no such thing," said he.

Again they faced each other with flashing eyes. Then, as if the strain for seriousness was too great, they both began to laugh; and Elizabeth's two hands were in Bill's.

"I'm sorry," she said, with real penitence. "I started in fun. I wanted to frighten you both for being sordid." Bill shrugged a second time.

"You succeeded," he told her. "You gave us the fright of our lives—especially Auntie, who must have felt she'd burnt her boats. But you couldn't hide your hands, you know. Hands and feet go together. The hands gave you away."

"What!" cried Elizabeth. "You knew all the time?" Her eyes shone.

"I'm afraid Auntie won't forgive you," Bill prevaricated. "I think you took her in; and she won't forgive that. Who would?"

"Will you?" Elizabeth spoke very low.

He hesitated. He was trying to look into her eyes, and she would not allow him to do so. There was so much to tell her that the rest of his life would not be long enough for the telling. Bill's breathing was a little faster than usual. If only he could see her eyes! At last he abandoned the attempt, and answered:

"I'll forgive you everything on one condition," he said. "It's a hard one."

"Is it too hard?" whispered Elizabeth.

"Perhaps so. It is that you do what you were brought here for."

"You mean, m——" The color overspread her face afresh. Then, breathlessly: "Oh, but you don't need me now."

Her hands were no longer her own.

"After all, I saved your life," Bill reminded her, shamelessly. "You owe me something for that. And, also, I shall want your help in spending my new fortune."

"Nothing else?" whispered Elizabeth. "You shame me."

She was in his arms. Her hair was being ruffled into some semblance of its normal richness.

"For Heaven's sake, burn that pink dress!" Bill said in her ear. He felt her laughter. "It nearly killed both Auntie and me."

"And my singing?" asked Elizabeth, with a smothered bubbling of laughter.

YOU wretch!" cried a voice which made the two of them start apart. Aunt Gertrude stood in the doorway. Her white hair seemed to stand erect with horror. "You little wretch! And your playing! And let me ask you this? Parker has just found Bill's dressing-gown in your room. She asks, what about it? How did it get there?"

She looked very stern; but the corners of her mouth were twitching.

"Auntie!" cried Bill. "I can explain everything. But would you mind first forgiving my future wife? She has been naughty now; but she going to make up for it in future, by being as good as gold. She'll be a daughter to you, Auntie."

"An hour's music a day!" groaned Aunt Gertrude. "And your dresses, my dear!" She continued to frown, with twitching lips, until Elizabeth ran imploringly to her side. Then, immediately, Aunt Gertrude capitulated. "However, if Bill wants me to forgive you, I suppose I must."

"Don't forget, Auntie, that it was you who brought her here," said Bill. "The credit is all yours. You can claim it for the future."

"True," agreed his aunt. "And after all, it is quite nice for a wife—even the wife of a rich man—to have a little money of her own."

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Cricket *Club* Rules

Although there are actually no regulations in force in the various States in regard to residential qualifications for women cricketers, there are regulations that apply to transfers of a player to another club.

THE women's cricket associations of both Queensland and Victoria treat the eligibility of players to play with two or more clubs on similar lines. Once a player has received a clearance from the club with which she is playing stating she is a financial member, that player may apply at the next meeting of the association for permission to play with another club.

Providing the clearance received from her club is in order, and that a meeting of the association should be held midweek, there is actually nothing to prevent a member playing for one club one Saturday and another club the following week.

The reason for the non-existence of residential qualifications is they do not play district cricket like the men, and their players are picked from business houses, social and district clubs.

No player is bound down, and transfers are almost invariably granted, as it is realised a discontented player is of no value to any club.

* * *

IN New South Wales the rules governing transfers are entirely different. No player in that State is allowed to play for more than one club in a season, and a permit must be granted by the grade committee for a member to be allowed to play in a lower or higher grade as the case may be.

Just prior to the opening of the season in Sydney, many players transferred to other clubs, but, had they waited until the season began, and then wished to transfer, they would not have been allowed to play in any association matches until September, 1934.

Probably at the next meeting of the Australian Women's Cricket Council, which will take place some time in February, the matter of residential qualification for State and Australian players will be discussed, and a general rule made.

N.S.W. Tennis Team in N. Z.

AS was expected, Miss Louie Bickerton was successful in annexing the New Zealand women's singles championship, previously held by Miss Joan Hartigan.

Misses Bickerton and Valkenburg met in the finals. In the women's doubles finals, a New Zealand pair, Mrs. Melody and Miss Nicholls, met Misses Bickerton and Hall, and the latter pair registered an easy win in two straight sets.

In the Australian championships, which commence at the N.S.W. lawn tennis ground on Thursday, January 18, 11 pairs from N.S.W. have entered for the women's doubles, and 17 players for the singles.

Women from the other States are competing, and there should be some interesting tennis. The team at present in New Zealand arrives two days after the tournament commences, but the draw has been arranged to enable them to play in the championships.

Misses Bickerton and Hall will pair again, and Valkenburg and Hartigan will play together. Miss Hartigan is expected back from Tasmania in a few days' time. Great interest will be taken this year in both the Wilson and the Linton Cup. There are many promising juniors in all the States, and their performances are worth watching.

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MEMBERS OF the Wagga tennis team, who have been competing during Country Week in Sydney. From the left, T. Cheney, J. Greenwood, M. Cowan and W. Dunn.

THE Queensland Swimming Association have retracted their previous decision not to invite Miss Joyce Cooper to Brisbane. Mrs. Chambers, honorary secretary of the N.S.W. Ladies' Amateur Swimming Association, has received word from the official body in Queensland, asking if Miss Cooper could continue her visit North, after appearing in Lismore. Miss Cooper will leave Lismore on January 23, and will swim in Brisbane with Miss Frances Bult, Victorian Olympian, as a competitor.

Miss Cooper is also scheduled to swim in the Victorian championships, which will be held in Melbourne on February 14.

ROWING TEAM *Selected*

THE New South Wales interstate women's rowing team has now been finally selected, and the crew will commence to train on Saturday, 13th inst.

It will comprise Misses Riley (Y.W.C.A.) bow, V. Williamson (Sydney) 2, M. Harvey (Balmain) 3, and A. Mann (Sydney) stroke. S. Thurston (Sydney) will be the emergency.

Miss Riley will be taking part in her first interstate regatta. In 1931 she acted as emergency for the crew in Melbourne. Miss Williamson will be making her fourth appearance as a member of the N.S.W. crew. Miss Harvey, of Balmain, has previously rowed in Brisbane and Hobart, while Miss Mann, the most experienced rower of the team, has appeared in all the States with the exception of West Australia.

When Miss Goodman retired from active participation in rowing last year, Miss Mann filled her place as stroke.

All the States with the exception of West Australia, who consider it too far to travel, have entered for the regatta, which will be held in Sydney on April 7.

CHAMPION *In Action*

MISS JOYCE COOPER and all the leading swimmers of New South Wales will be seen at the Domain Baths on Saturday.

The most interesting race of the day will be the 100 yards championship, in which we will see Miss Cooper, the English champion, in her first competitive swim.

Others who will compete against Miss Cooper are the Misses Kitty McKay, who has so recently come into prominence, Thora Dennis, sister of the well-known Claire, the diminutive Pat Norton, who provided many thrills last year, Vi Armstrong, who is at present swimming splendidly, Molly Mitchell, F. Visaher, B. Iredale, D. Raine, and Natalie Weber.

Miss Cooper will compete in the 100 yards backstroke and freestyle. At her request the backstroke race will be swum first. In this event she will compete against Miss Bonnie Mealing, another Olympic swimmer.

PACIFIC Tournament

MRS. F. J. DAVY, secretary of the N.S.W. Women's Hockey Association, has been in constant touch with various overseas players with a view to running a Pacific hockey tournament in the near future.

In the past visits have been paid to Fiji and New Zealand, and the latest news received by Mrs. Davy is that women are playing hockey in Singapore and Shanghai. In both these places the suggestion of a Pacific tournament was received with enthusiasm. It has been ascertained that no fewer than ten teams belong to the association in Shanghai.

Popular Personality... *and* Fine Performer

At the forthcoming Australian tennis championships, one of the most successful players and, at the same time, one of the most popular personalities, on the court will be Mrs. Emily Westacott, who made a sensational debut in big tennis as Emily Hood, prior to her marriage.

MRS. EMILY WESTACOTT began her tennis career when only thirteen years of age by playing at the Doboy court, Cleveland Line, and winning school trophies at the Hemmant State School. As Emily Hood, she was at that age accustomed to being chased off the court by her brother and his friends, who wished the girls away as far as possible. They could not foresee that the girl who was his sister and their playmate was destined to become one of Australia's champion players.

After winning about everything there was to be won in tennis competition at school, Emily joined the Wynnum and Manly Tennis Association, where she soon proved herself the trophy winner two years in succession.

Having joined the Hardcourts Association, she represented the Suburban Hardcourts Association in the South. In suburban tournaments open to all associations, with Mollie Pratten, she was successful in winning the ladies' doubles. In 1928 Mrs. H. Macaulay-Turner beat her in singles championship play, but Emily Hood secured the trophy for the ladies' doubles, again with Mollie Pratten, and the mixed doubles, with Harold Wilson.

In 1928 she won the singles championship, also the ladies' and mixed doubles, and the singles and ladies' doubles the following year. Also in that year she was the winner of the Australian Junior singles, junior doubles, and ladies' doubles, played in Melbourne.

Miss Hood next visited Sydney and played in the New South Wales championships, in which she was runner-up to Louie Bickerton in the open singles championship. She also was runner-up in the mixed doubles, playing with A. Willard, to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Crawford (Mrs. Crawford was then Miss Cox). Miss Hood won the junior doubles, but was defeated by Joan Hartigan in the junior singles.

In 1930 she was married and two years later Mrs. Westacott played at Sandgate in the Hardcourts Association, defeating Mrs. Molesworth in the Queensland Hardcourts Cup competition. With Mrs. Beal, she was successful in the ladies' doubles. In that year also, she won the State Championship of the Q.L.T.A., and the mixed doubles with R. O. Cummings.

In the metropolitan tourney last June, Mrs. Westacott won the mixed doubles, also the ladies' doubles with Miss Sadie Moon. She annexed the ladies' doubles of Australia with Mrs. Molesworth this year, when the match was played in Melbourne, but lost to Mrs. Molesworth in the Queensland Hardcourts Championship.

Printed and Published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

WOMEN *who will* GO *to* EMPIRE GAMES

IT is a matter of the utmost gratification to all supporters of women's sport that the representatives from Australia to take part in the Empire games this year will be chosen irrespective of sex.

The games are to take place in England during August, and there will be twelve Australians competing.

THE choice of representatives will rest on individual merit only. In view of the fact that the most prominent swimmers in Australia to-day are women, the decision to disregard sex, when making the final decision, is only just.

Further gratification will be occasioned to the swimmers, for it is only a matter of weeks since the eligibility of Mrs. Chambers (Secretary of the N.S.W. W.A.S.A.) to attend a meeting of the N.S.W. Amateur Swimming Association as a councillor was challenged. Fortunately for the future of Australian swimming, this challenge was unsuccessful.

Further it was on the motion of the secretary of this association that it was decided at the meeting of the Empire Games Association to make the conditions which allowed an opportunity for women to be chosen as representatives.

Claire Dennis is an obvious choice on present form and on her past performance, when she won a world title at the Olympic games. Miss Joyce Cooper, the British Empire champion at present visiting Australia, will be one of the contestants at the Empire games and selectors will, therefore, have an excellent guide in watching our swimmers, when matched against the visitor.

Miss Frances Bult, champion swimmer and Miss Irene Donnett, who recently won the Victorian Ladies' Diving Championship, are two Victorians who will certainly be in the limelight, as will Miss Doris Carter, who recently broke her own Australian high jump record. Swimmer Bonnie Mealing, runner Eileen Wearne and athlete Clarice Kennedy are others whose names are being freely mentioned in connection with the trip overseas.

However, the question is one that allows, at the moment, a wide latitude, for it has not been decided whether representatives will be limited, as for the Olympic Games, to swimmers and athletes.

Miss Joan Hartigan and Mrs. Westacott are two tennis players to be considered, while Mrs. Molesworth, of Queensland, will be in England at that time. There are, too, some very fine golfers in Australia, and one recalls, too, Miss O. Kay, of New Zealand, who won the Australian title last year.

One of the most interesting features of the selection will be that of the choice of manager for the women's section.

One recalls with pardonable pride the capable manner in which women have filled this exacting role in the past.

The pioneer of women managers was Mrs. Redmond Barry, who managed the first Australian women's tennis team to go abroad. Then there is Mrs. F. J. Davy, who marshalled the hockey team across Europe and South Africa, a tour of some 18,000 miles, and again last year to Suva. When the Olympians sailed two years ago, Mrs. Chambers looked to their welfare and repeated the performance recently when Claire Dennis and Frances Bult toured through New Zealand.

Miss Nell Lloyd, who is one of the three women councillors in the N.S.W. L.T.A., has proved her ability in the handling of women's tennis teams in New Zealand and, if tennis is to be represented Mrs. Roland Conway, also a councillor of the N.S.W. L.T.A., can claim recognition through the executive prowess of which she had given demonstrations on many occasions.

The strongest claim that can be advanced in favor of those who have already taken teams abroad is their personal popularity. Girls, who have travelled with them, give glowing reports of their stewardship, not only from the basis of personal contact with their own team members, but with the people whom they have met overseas.

Perhaps the men, however, will be moved by another factor which is equally gratifying—that of the banking account. In every instance in which a woman has managed a team abroad the trip has proved a financial success.

SHE'S the *Only Official* Scorer

To be the only official scorer of the Women's Cricket Association is the unique position that Betty Bonney holds to-day.

DURING the last tour of the New South Wales team to Brisbane, Betty Bonney was selected to accompany the team as their official scorer, and, incidentally, to carry out the other duty, generally imposed on the scorer, that of looking after the luggage.

It was unfortunate, and not without humor, that she should be the first and only member of the team to suffer from the loss of their luggage. A thoughtless guard deposited her bag on the Grafton station, and she was forced to spend the first few days in Brisbane in borrowed plumes.



Betty Bonney —Hollywood Studios.

The neatness and detailed work embodied in the score book, which is Miss Bonney's boon companion during the cricket season, has brought forth congratulations from the cricketing fraternity as a whole.

Since her schoolgirl days she has been interested in cricket, and, in later years when she joined the firm of W. D. and H. O. Wills, she played interhouse cricket. It was during this period of active participation in the game that she realised that she was really too nervous to make any progress as a cricketer, and that her future interest in cricket would be from a spectator's point of view only.

She immediately turned her attention to scoring. Without doubt Betty Bonney is one of the most useful members of the Women's Cricket Association to-day.

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